A. N. C.

MARCH

Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Are you a SISSY?
I W
TO YO
8 INCH
TO YOUR BI
HAIR ON YOUR CHEST••
IN 4 DAYS.

ARTICLES

MAURICE MAETERLINCK
BERTRAND RUSSELL
JOHN DOS PASSOS
BERNARD FAY
EMIL LUDWIG
ROARK BRADFORD
FRED C. KELLY
PAUL WHITEMAN
H. M. ROBINSON
WILLIAM C. WHITE
CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.
JOHN B. KENNEDY

FICTION

KNUT HAMSUN
ERSKINE CALDWELL
OLIVER LA FARGE
IRVIN S. COBB
EDW. L. McKENNA
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.
GRANVILLE FORTESCUE
UPTON TERRELL
JOHN WILEY
JOHN D. SWAIN

SPORTS

GEORGE LOTT
LOUIS GOLDING
DEAN CROMWELL
RALPH BANDINI

POETRY

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

HUMOR

PAUL GALLICO
JOSEPH SCHRANK
RAYMOND KNIGHT
MONTAGUE GLASS

DEPARTMENTS

GILBERT SELDES
BURTON RASCOE
JOHN V. A. WEAVER
A. de SAKHNOFFSKY
MEYER LEVIN

CARTOONS

JOHN GROTH
E. SIMMS CAMPBELL
D. McKAY
TY MAHON
HOWARD BAER
GASPANO RICCA
GREGORY D'ALESSIO

PHOTOGRAPHY

GILBERT SEEHAUSEN

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FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

PRICE FIFTY CENTS

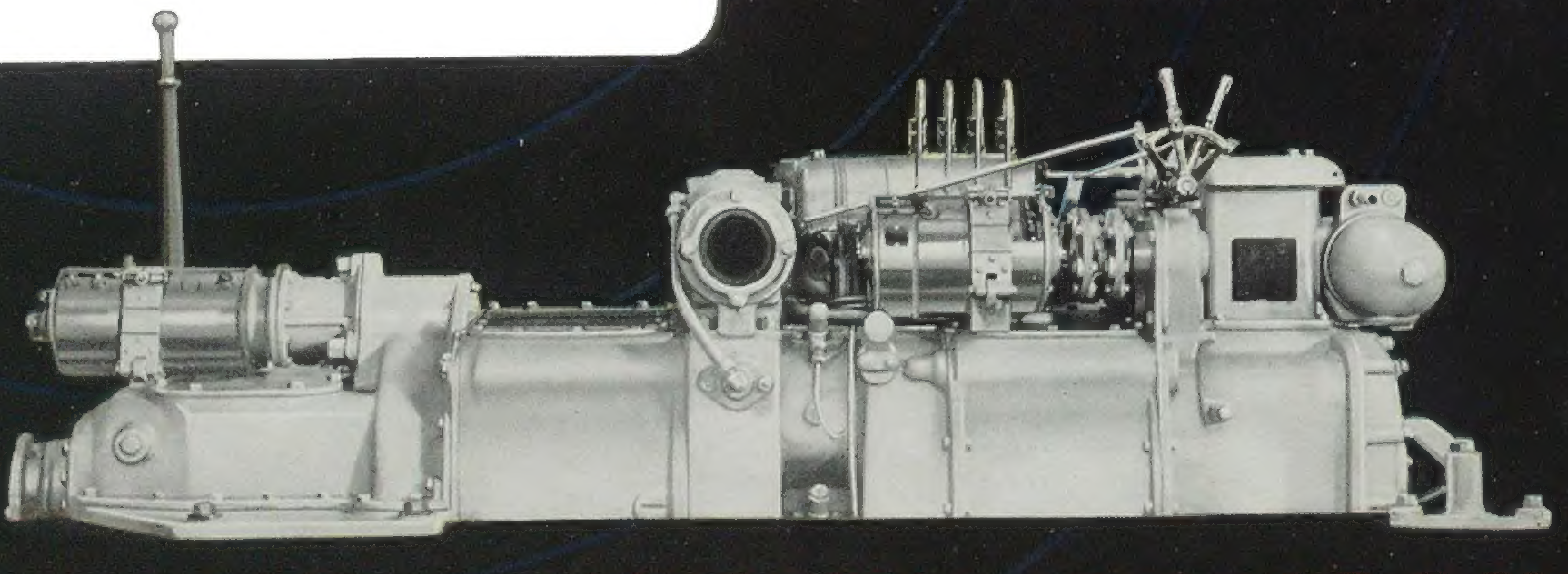
The Sterling
CRANKLESS OPPOSED PISTON DIESEL ENGINE
(MICHELL PATENTS)

After seventeen years experimentation, Sterling has achieved a remarkable Diesel oil engine. Starting is simple and positive. There is a complete, flexible speed range, from 200 R. P. M. to maximum. The operating characteristics equal the highly developed Sterling gasoline engines. The length is short, height low, and weight of the higher speed models—complete with reverse gear—12.6 pounds per horsepower.

There is a decided freedom from maintenance through the elimination of crankshaft, cylinder heads, gaskets, valves, and camshafts. Power is converted into rotary motion with a minimum of active parts, promoting long, non-stop runs. This Sterling incorporates the correct principles for a Diesel.

Built in sizes ranging from 50 to 675 horsepower.

Please accompany your request for catalog with a memorandum of your requirements.



STERLING ENGINE COMPANY
1230-1270 NIAGARA STREET • BUFFALO, NEW YORK, U. S. A.

ESQUIRE
March, 1934

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Vol. 1 No. 4
Whole No. 4

★ WHAT MAKES A GOOD JULEP? ★

Antique
WHISKEY
PAUL JONES
Paul Jones
★★★★
WHISKEY
Antique
WHISKEY

FRANKFORT
KY
★ ★
MO
DISTILLERIES

CONNOISSEURS may argue heatedly on whether or not the mint in a julep should be crushed.

But on one point they agree: that the whiskey that goes into the julep must be fine, mellow whiskey. Here are two whiskies that connoisseurs have favored for years — not only in mixed drinks, but "straight" as well.

One is Paul Jones, which was first produced by Colonel Paul Jones 'way back in 1865, and from which the famous "Paul Jones" square-dance took its name. The other is Antique, known during prohibition as the finest of all medicinal whiskies.

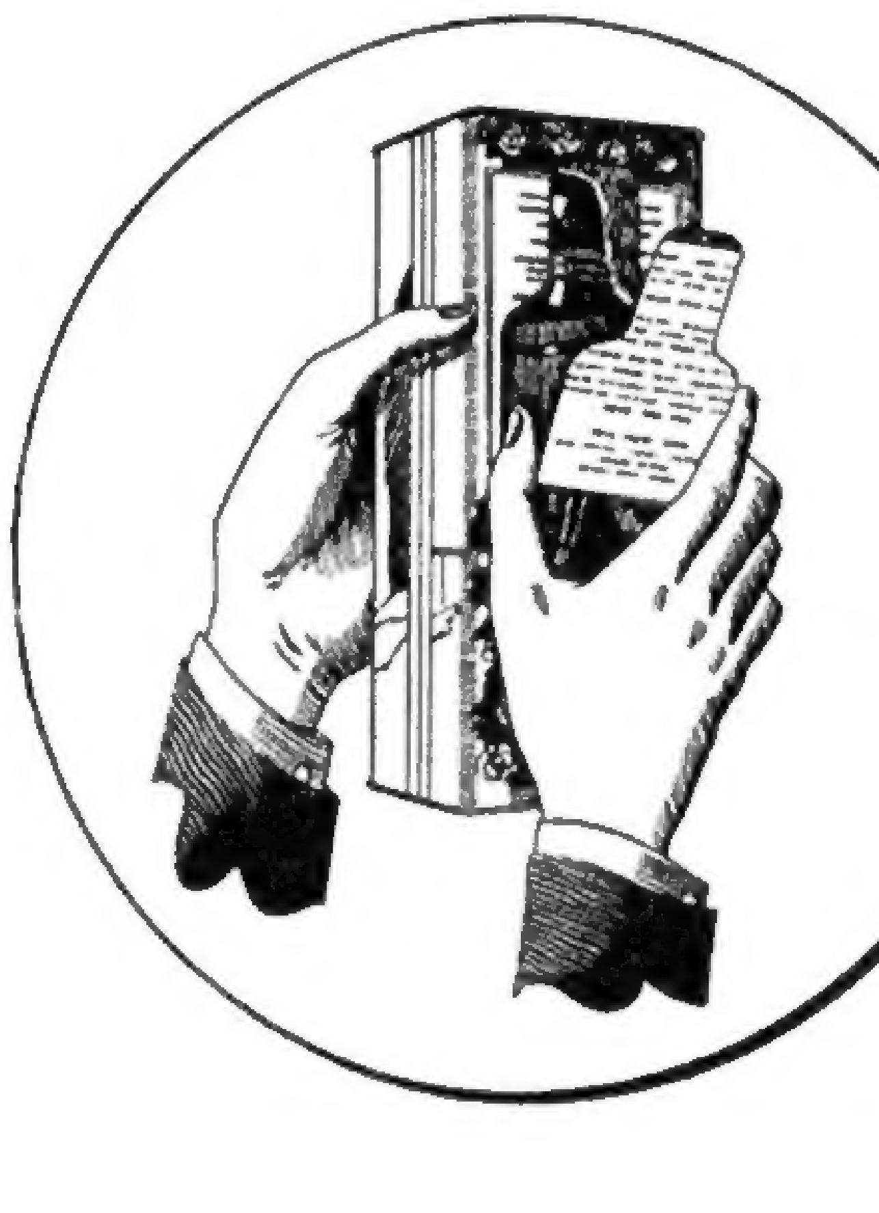
Both are products of Frankfort Distilleries, America's largest independent distilling organization, and one of the very few distilleries which operated under government license during prohibition.

The exclusive Frankfort Pack is your protection

The Frankfort whiskies shown here come to you sealed in the patented Frankfort Pack — a tin-top-and-bottom carton that makes tampering or adulteration impossible. This carton, *used only by Frankfort*, is your assurance that the whiskey you buy is the fine, pure liquor placed in the bottle by the distiller at his bottling plant.

This advertisement is not intended to offer alcoholic beverages for sale in any state wherein the sale or use thereof is unlawful.

In addition to Paul Jones and Antique, Frankfort offers these other fine brands: Four Roses, Broad Ripple, Meadville, Mattingly & Moore, Old Baker and Old Oscar Pepper. All of these whiskies are bottled only in full measure packages. Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville and Baltimore.



G. B. Shepherd

JUDGE a good wine . . by the company it keeps . . .

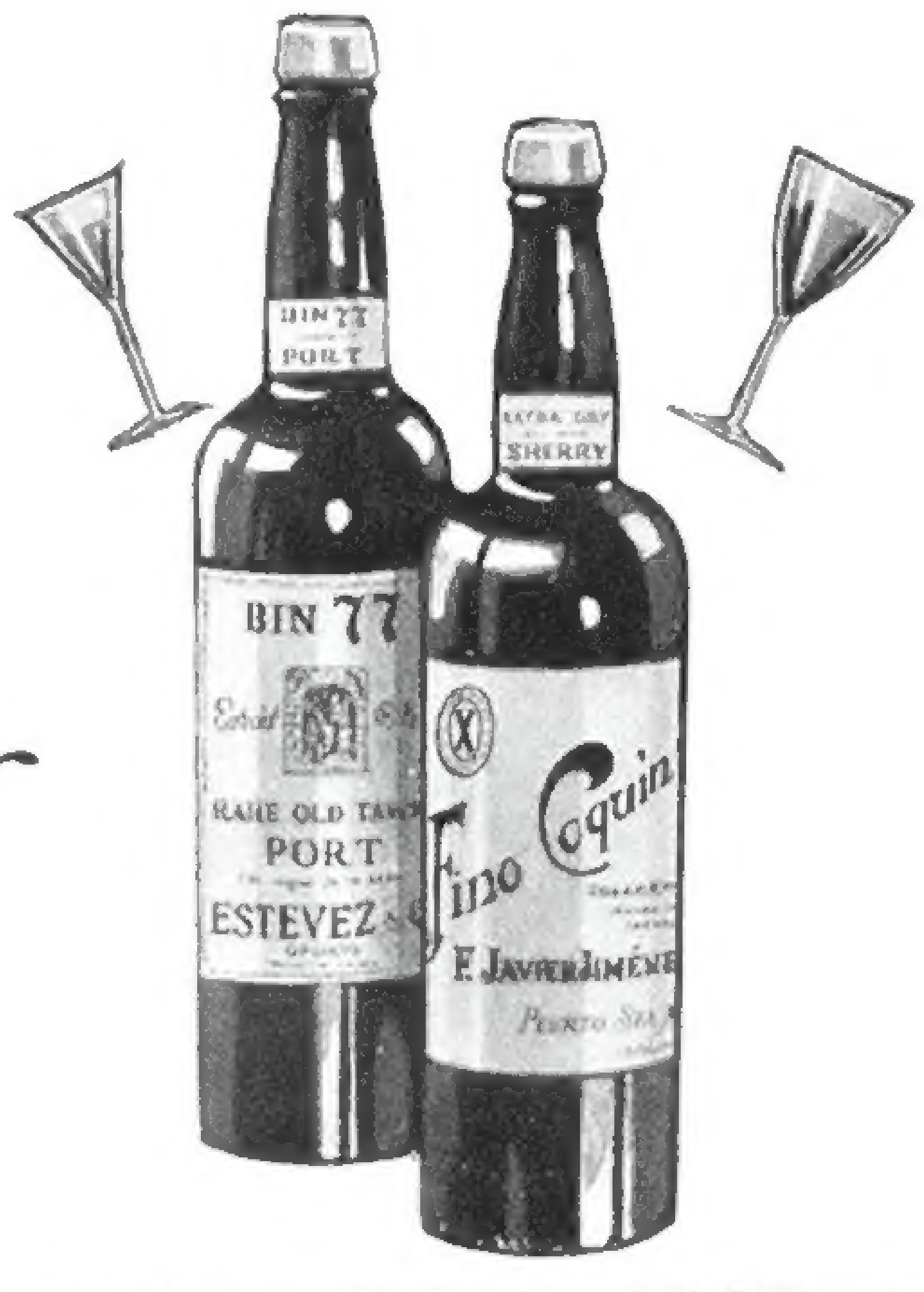
THE vintages of the House of Estevez are welcome in royal company. The Pope, an ex-king, and the House of Lords value Estevez wines so highly that by royal warrant they have been appointed to the tables of that distinguished group.

The smart set have replaced the cocktail hour with the Sherry Hour, and for good reason . . . Fino Coquin, F. Javier Jimenez, an affiliate of Estevez, is a venerable sixty year old Sherry that appeals directly to all five senses. The bouquet, the warmth, the flavor, the sensation, yes, and even the sound of this grand wine mingle to achieve the greatest satisfaction. For those who prefer a nip of old port . . . vintage BIN 77 is a bit of liquid heaven.

Estevez wines are Chateau Bottled in Europe and *untouched* until you uncork them. *If your dealer cannot supply you, write us directly.*

ESTEVEZ VINTAGES
BY ROYAL WARRANT
Appointed to
Alfonso, the Ex-King of Spain
Members of the House of Lords
His Holiness, the Pope at Rome

SHERRY is an Excellent
Drink at ALL Times . . .



PORT WINES . . . Estevez, Oporto, Portugal
Bin 77 . . . Extra Old Tawny . . . Georgian . . . Albertian.

SHERRY WINES
F. Javier Jimenez, Pt. Santa Maria, Spain
Fino Coquin . . . Grand Solera 1822 . . . Amontillado 1890 . . . Old Solera, dry . . . XXX Sweet Brown—and many other Amontilladoes, Vino de Pastos, Pedro Jimenez Olorosos and Amorosos

House of Estevez

EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, NEW YORK, N. Y.

PURVEYORS OF FINE VINTAGES SINCE 1857

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS - SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. - EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, NEW YORK - LONDON, ENGLAND - OPORTO, PORTUGAL - PT. SANTA MARIA, SPAIN

This advertisement is not intended to offer Estevez Wines for sale or delivery in any state or community wherein the advertising, sale or use thereof is unlawful.

When Appearance Counts the Most . . .

TALON·TAILORED TROUSERS*

WITH THE THIN, SMOOTH, CONTINUOUS, SEAM·LIKE CLOSURE

To that self-confidence so essential to success, perfection of detail in appearance contributes not a little. But the wrinkled, gaping ugliness of the button closure in trousers destroys this detailed perfection in even the finest tailoring.

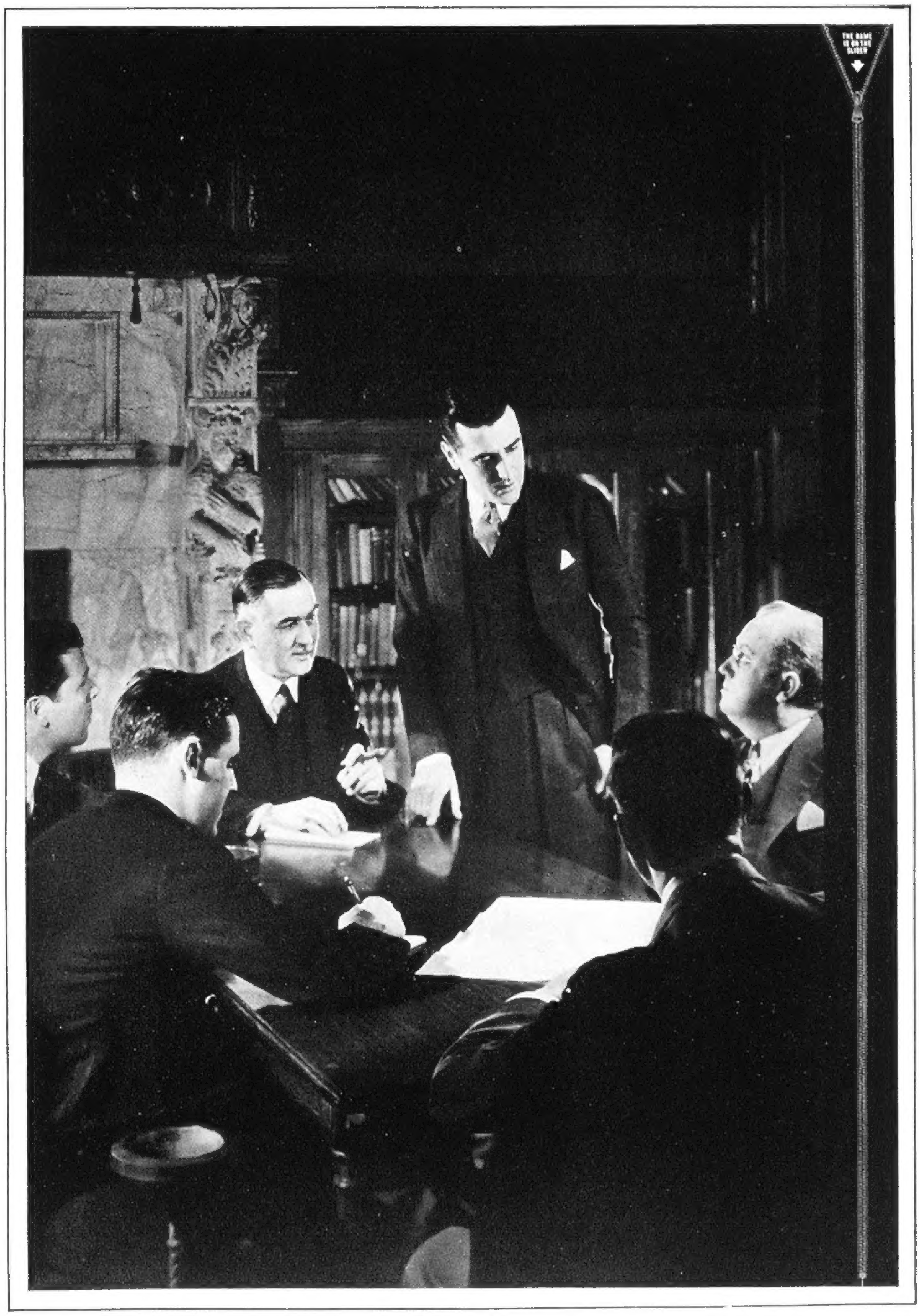
The unsightliness of the old method of closing trousers need no longer be tolerated. A tiny Talon Slide Fastener specially made for trousers is making possible a closure so thin and smooth that it is no more conspicuous than a seam.

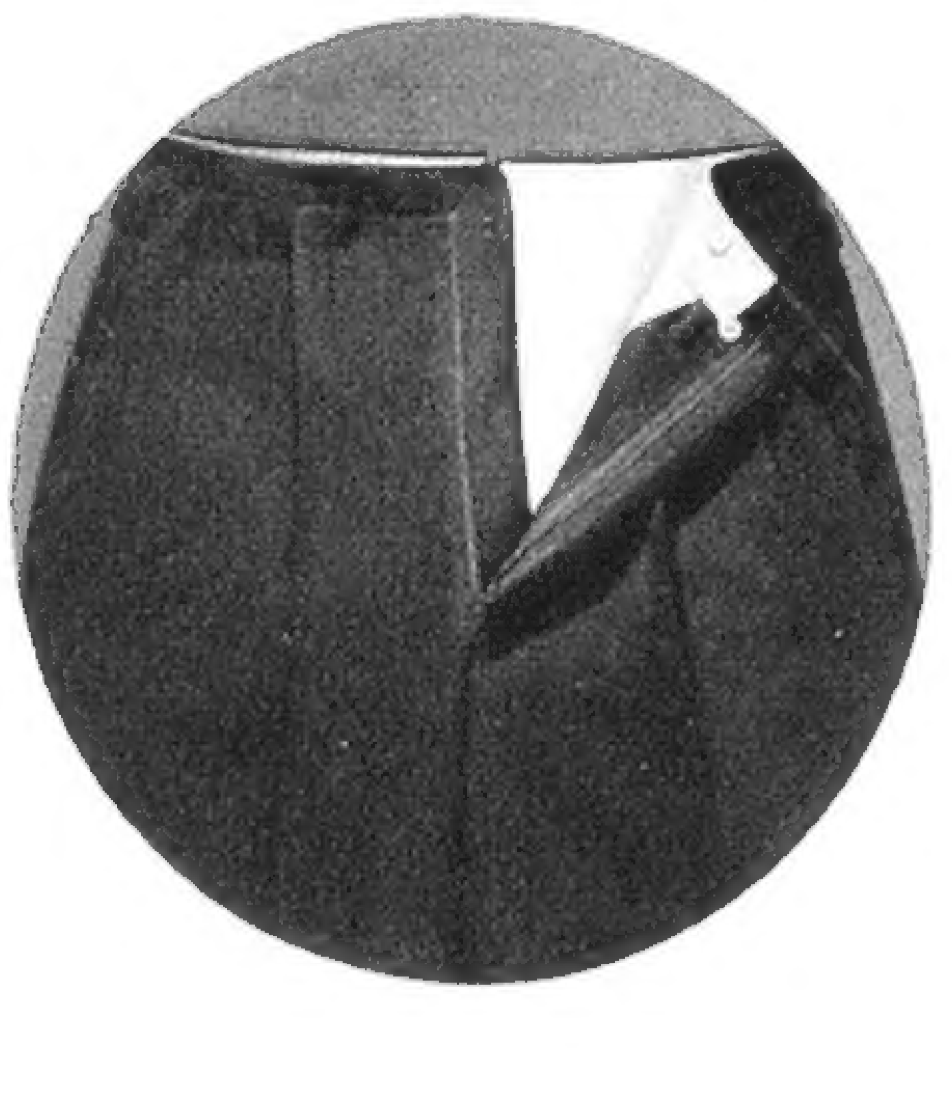
And today thousands of men are wearing suits with Talon-Tailored Trousers. They are acclaiming the flawless closure, the trimness—the new security and convenience that feature these new garments.

You may prove for yourself the refinements of Talon-Tailored Trousers. Just ask for them at any of the leading stores.

●

HOOKLESS FASTENER CO., MEADVILLE, PENNA.
NEW YORK • BOSTON • PHILADELPHIA • CHICAGO
LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO • SEATTLE


THE NAME IS ON THE SLIDER



* Why TALON means New Distinction in Trousers

1 Talon trouser fastener is a special slide fastener made expressly for trouser use . . . very small and extremely flexible.

2 Talon is absolutely invisible when the fly is closed.

3 Talon scientifically applied—cannot catch in underclothing.

4 Talon creates continuous closure so smooth and *thin* only a fine line indicates the opening.

5 Talon eliminates ugliness of the button fly. Side wrinkles and gaps between buttons are gone.

6 The old button-hole strip is entirely omitted—eliminating the traditional bulkiness of fly tailoring.

7 Talon excludes the possibility of embarrassing disarray.

8 Talon, when in use, does not require the undoing of the top button of the trousers. It moves smoothly and easily from just below the waist-fastening, to the bottom of the fly.

9 Talon is the slide fastener that is not harmed by dry cleaning or pressing.

10 Talon, unlike the old buttons and button-holes, gives perfect, unchanging service far beyond the life of a suit.

THERE IS ONLY ONE SLIDE FASTENER SPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR MEN'S TAILORING • ITS CORRECT NAME IS TALON
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

CHANDON
★ en 1743
CHANDON
BRUT
IMPERIAL CROWN
MOËT & CHANDON

MOËT & CHANDON

ESTABLISHED 1743

Champagne

IMPERIAL CROWN — WHITE SEAL

And so at last a fine vintage is wrapped for your cellar. Eight years ago, the grapes proved worthy of Champagne tradition. In the spring of the following year the wine was bottled and reposed in the caves to mellow and mature and to await the full bloom of its character and bouquet. A few months ago it was decided that it had won its right to the Moët & Chandon fame. Then each bottle was bedecked with the insignia of its honored name, and wrapped—never to see the light of day until the happy occasion for which its bubbling gaiety was stored.

LABOURDETTE & CO., INC.
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS
L
350 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
IN THE UNITED STATES

This advertisement is not intended to offer Moët and Chandon Champagne for sale or delivery in any state or community wherein the advertising, sale or use thereof is unlawful.

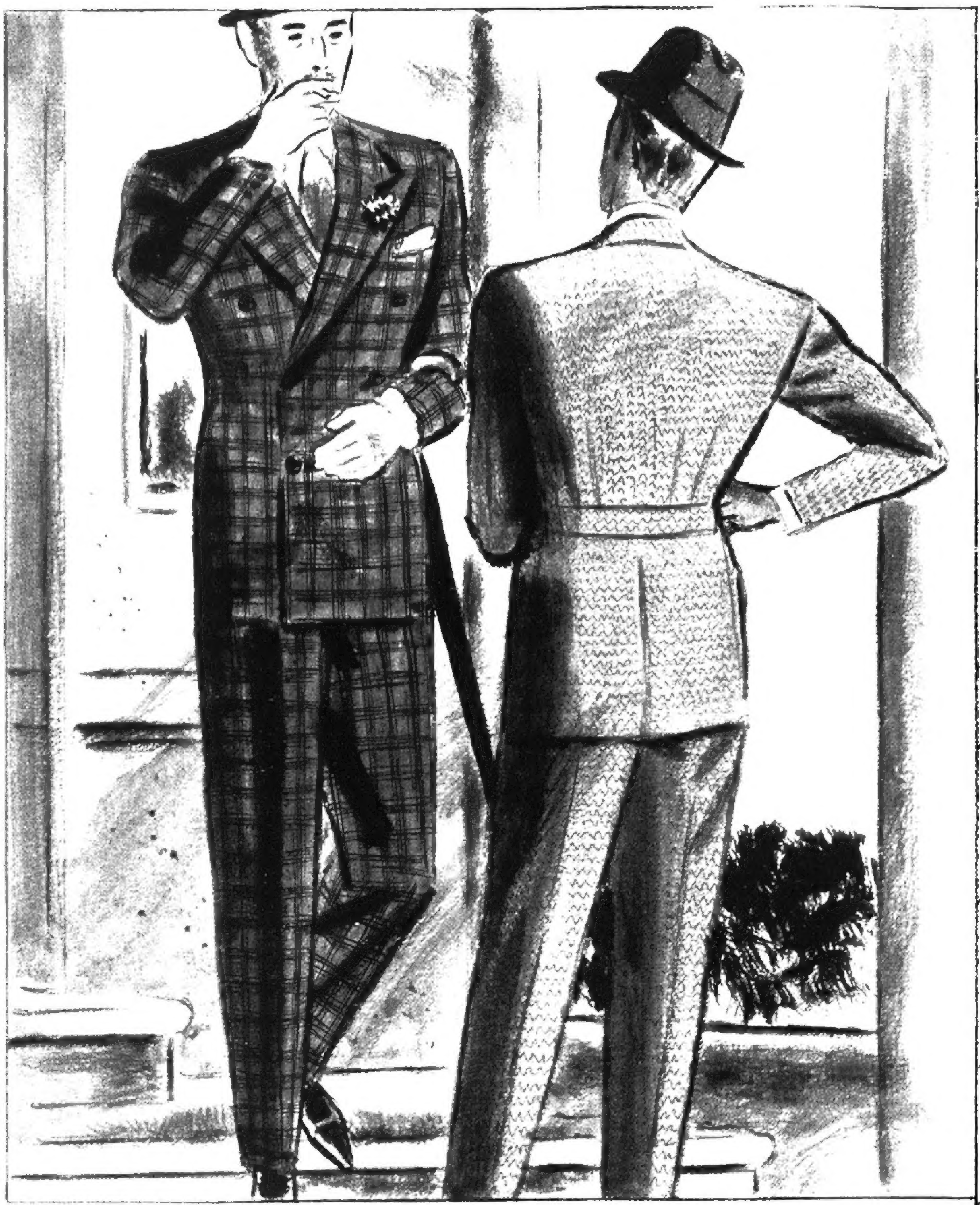
A LETTER TO THE M. F. H.

Invited to hunt with the Quorn, the Pytchley, or Mr. Fernie's hounds. Something to stir the heart of any sportsman. Much good hunting there is in this country, but none that confers quite the cachet of following a famous pack in the Shires. Many papers there are for reply to such an invitation, but none so suited by tradition and quality as one of the fine papers from the House of Crane.

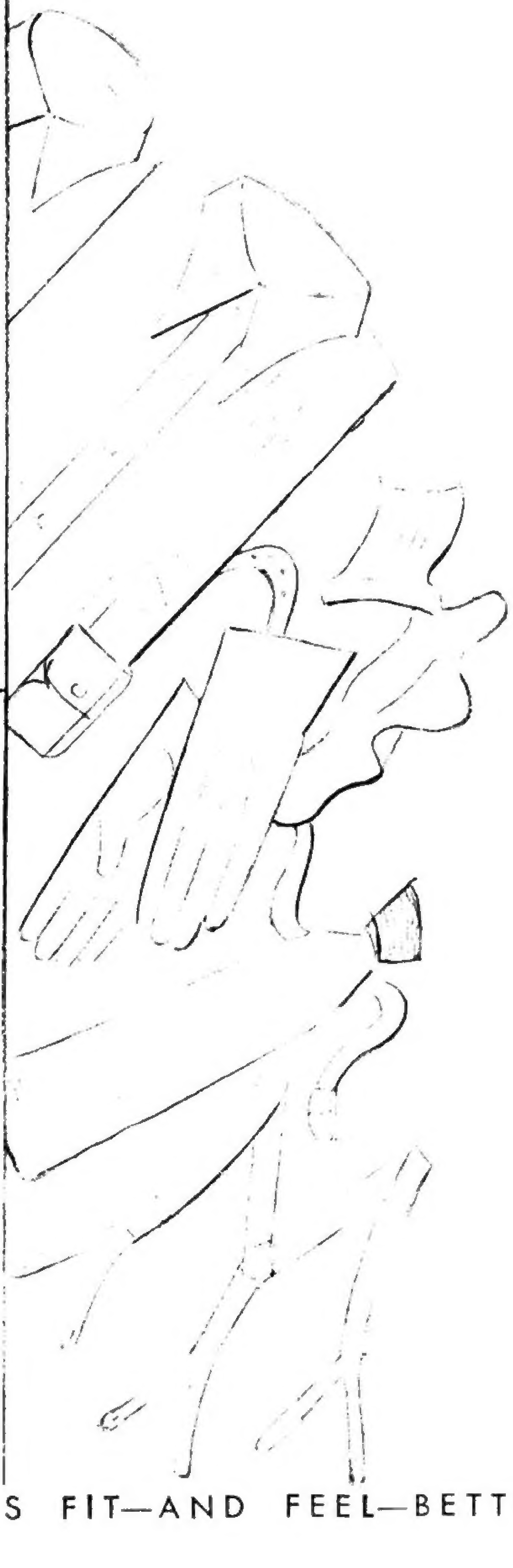
For your personal correspondence we recommend Crane's Kid Finish. Gentlemen, accustomed to Crane's Bond in their business correspondence, will find it of like quality and of a texture that invites writing. It also lends itself handsomely to engraving and stamping. Available at the better men's stores and at all good stationers. • MADE IN DALTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Crane's
FINE PAPERS

REPEAL *of the* . . . . DISCOMFORT AMENDMENT *to the* MALE CONSTITUTION



At last a really new idea in men's apparel. "Lastex", the spun elastic yarn, is now weaving comfort into everything a man wears—into his business suit, Tuxedo, sportswear, bathing suit, riding clothes, shirt, collar, tie, belt, suspenders, underwear, pyjamas or what has he. It is a comfort that has to be experienced to be appreciated. Prominent manufacturers are featuring men's wear made with "Lastex", at leading department and clothing stores in principal cities. "Lastex", 1790 Broadway, New York City.



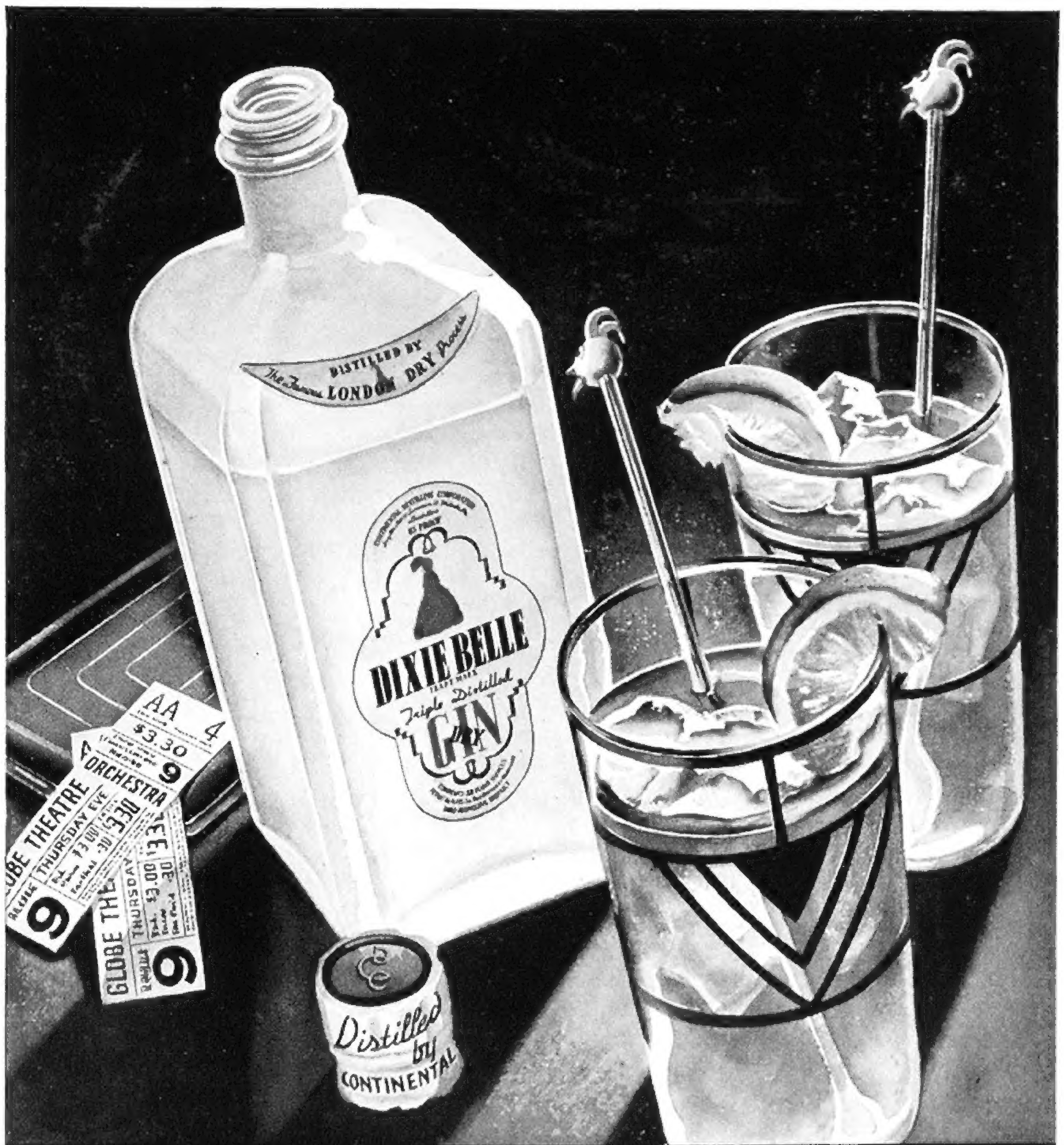
NRA

Lastex

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

THE NEW SPUN ELASTIC YARN THAT MAKES THINGS FIT—AND FEEL—BETTER

PLEASANT Interlude


DISTILLED BY The Famous LONDON DRY Process
DIXIE BELLE
Triple Distilled
Dry
GIN
AA 4
$3.30
ORCHESTRA
GLOBE THEATRE
THURSDAY EVE.
9
Distilled by CONTINENTAL

DIXIE BELLE GIN

TRIPLE DISTILLED *dry*

A PRODUCT OF CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION · PHILADELPHIA

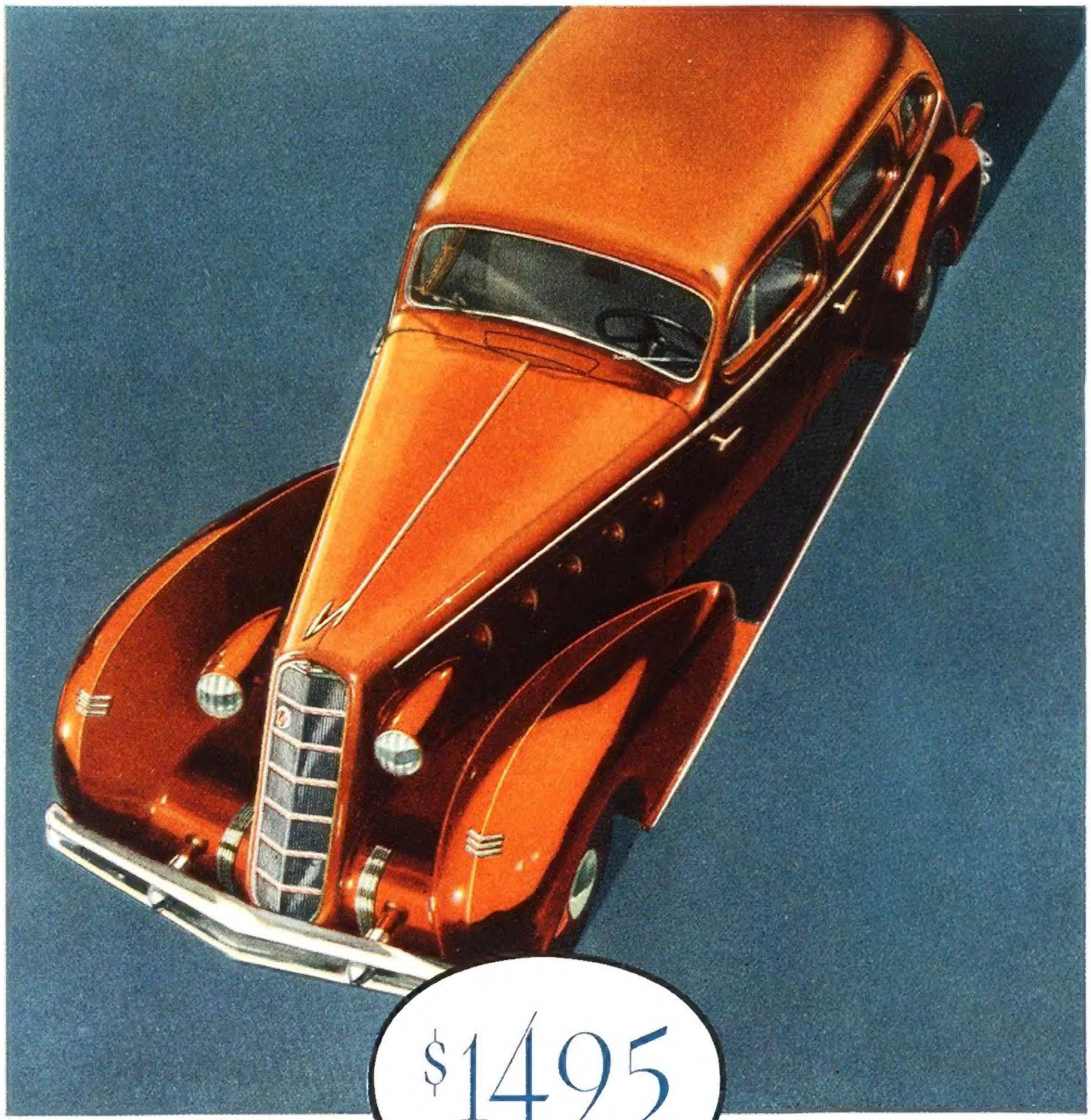
Your taste instantly applauds the quality of DIXIE BELLE Dry Gin. Its outstanding superiority is immediately apparent. DIXIE BELLE has that agreeable smoothness, that exquisite refinement of bouquet, the superb dryness which distinguish a pure, wholly distilled quality gin. When buying liquor look for the "Distilled by Continental" Seal. It is your safe guide to quality.

This advertisement is not intended to offer alcoholic beverages for sale or delivery in any state wherein the sale or use thereof is unlawful.

CADILLAC HAS DESIGNED AND BUILT

The Newest Car in the World

LA SALLE



$1495

AND UP · F.O.B. DETROIT, MICHIGAN

America, *you—above all other nations*—know how priceless is *style*. . . . For *nothing* can be *desirable* that is *anywise* out-of-date. . . . *Cadillac* presents *La Salle*—the *newest* car in the *world* . . . so smart, so different, so captivating that it puts *years* between *yesterday* and *today*. . . . As *final assurance* of its style and elegance and quality—remember that *all* bodies for La Salle are built by Fleetwood, the foremost custom builder in the world. . . . La Salle prices are actually almost a *thousand dollars* below those of last year. . . . The moral, of course, is obvious—*get a La Salle.*

Edited
by
Arnold Gingrich

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publishers:
David A. Smart
Wm. H. Weintraub

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TRENDS IN DRESS

Picturing the new clothes and accessories in sketches .... *by* Fellows, Hurd, Sharp, Oxner and Erman, beginning on 78

John Groth, *Art Director*

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous essays is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

As for Esquire's intentions

So many people have asked us what Esquire aims to be, that we feel called upon, even at the risk of being repetitious, to open that subject up again. What does Esquire stand for? these worthies want to know. And whom, in particular, are we trying to gripe? Well, if the thing must be discussed on this lofty plane, Esquire's platform will have to read something like this: Esquire *stands for anything that will afford amusement to men of intelligence.* We don't mean "gentlemen," as such, or "intellectuals," as such. Nor, when we say men of intelligence, are we thinking of men of any one particular level as far as educational background is concerned. We mean, simply, any and all men who have adult minds. We have known woodsmen who possessed this intelligence, and Ph.D.'s who lacked it.

And as for griping anybody, Esquire is crusading neither for nor against anything or anybody. It simply refuses to be bound—not to say hog-tied—by any delicate consideration for the feelings or prejudices of minorities, however vociferous they may be. Take the case of the teapot-tempest regarding the publication of "A Good Job Gone," for example. We simply put that to a vote because, being a new magazine, we were not entirely sure of ourselves on certain questions of "Who wants what?" The story was voted in by a ratio of yea's to nay's which stands, at this moment, at over nine to one. That's all we wanted to know. It will appear in the April issue. And when it does appear, a lot of people who have expressed themselves very violently either pro or con, ought to feel a wee mite foolish, because they will then see that it is neither a piece of propaganda for, nor a brief against, miscegenation. It's a story.

As for your suggestions

We think we're caught up, for the time being, what with the binding strengthened and the page numbers finally raised. But don't let us rest on the oars. There must be a lot of features still susceptible to improvement, if you'll only point them out. The one that has us talking to ourselves, right now, is this business about the continuations in the back of the book. You don't seem to like it, and we don't rank it high in the list of our prides and joys, but neither you nor we, so far, seem to know what to do to improve it. How about it?

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

NL CNT QNS 7 EXTRA

AFTER READING COMMENTS ON PROPOSED PUBLICATION OF "A GOOD JOB GONE" IN YOUR LAST ISSUE BEING ENTHUSIASTIC ADMIRER OF LANGSTON HUGHES PROSE AND CONSIDERING HIM IN THE SHORT STORY THE EQUAL OF FLAUBERT AND WILLA CATHER I PLEDGE MYSELF TO TEN YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS TO YOUR MAGAZINE IN EVENT YOU GIVE US OPPORTUNITY TO READ THIS STORY STOP THE CHILDISH PREJUDICE OF PEOPLE WHO ARE FEARFUL OF CONTACTING REALITY SHOULD NOT DETER YOU WHO CAN BOAST SUCH MAGNIFICENT CONTRIBUTORS FROM DOING WHAT HAS IN RECENT MONTHS ADDED ENORMOUSLY TO THE READING PUBLICS INDEBTEDNESS FOR AMERICAN MERCURY AND SCRIBNERS

NOEL SULLIVAN
SAN FRANCISCO

BUT WHEN IS A 50c WORTH?

I've just finished reading your February issue of Esquire, and want to commend you on its contents. I can't truthfully say I read it through for I am not entirely a man of leisure. However, as soon as I get a few days' spare time I will try and finish what I have not yet read.

One article calls my interest especially and this is the real purpose of the note—Mr. Fairbanks' article. How true he is. However there's one thing in general criticism of male movie stars that I wish to propose—has it ever come to the attention of Mr. Fairbanks or anyone connected with the more fashionable world—that the dancing, ballroom dancing, is perfectly foul? This thought has so long rankled in my brain that I air it with relief.

Although perhaps it may be a matter of personal opinion—I would say that not even in the cheapest dance halls do we find the general average of ballroom dancing as stupid as that of the average screen star.

As Esquire is a proponent of all that is modern, forward and fashionable for any male that chances to read its pages—I want to make a direct plea—along with Mr. Fairbanks—for a taste of reality in dancing in the "society" movies as well as clothes.

As you have already heard, the monthly editions of Esquire are awaited anxiously, read delightedly, and guarded cautiously here at Choate. Keep it up (and lower the price for Lord's sake).

Yours respectfully and admiringly,
The Choate School — Edwin S. Mills, Jr.
Wallingford, Connecticut

SEE APRIL AND MAY ISSUES

It seems to me that it would lend variety, and consequently, spice, to your publication if you would substitute photographic studies of one kind or another for the consistent use of cartoons, caricatures, etc.

Best wishes for a long life.

Yours truly,
Berkeley, California — David F. Selvin

THAT'S RIGHT, WE'RE WRONG

Go ahead and publish the white-black yarn. You'll catch hell if you do and hell if you don't and the story promises to be different, so why not?

Yours truly,
Winfield, Kansas — Carl Whitson

MOUTHWASH TO WHIT BURNETT

As a subscriber and a booster for Esquire in these parts I wish to protest against the use of the sacred Name of Jesus Christ in an article by Whit Burnett page 89-93.

There is no defense or justification for the idle and vain use of such a Holy and Revered Name. Jesus signifies Savior and Christ signifies annointed; and St. Paul says that "in the name of Jesus every knee shall bow." Now I know Esquire is not a prayer book but surely does not have to accept such low vulgar stuff as that from writers of Mr. Burnett's level. Perhaps if somebody "shoved a stomach pipe down his gullet" and at the same time washed his mouth out we would need no further protests along this line.

Thank you and best of luck to Esquire.

Yours sincerely,
Hamilton, Canada — H. J. Sullivan, M.D.C.M.

Editor's Note: Esquire recognizes fashions in language as in clothes, and this is an inordinately profane era. The best writers echo the common speech of their day. Esquire neither can nor will attempt to break this long-standing habit, but we respect the viewpoint expressed by Dr. Sullivan.

STEREOTYPED, STILTED, VULGAR

I am embarrassed for you by two observations I have made while reading your February issue.

The first is the number of stereotyped and stilted hells and damns which your readers seem to think is the manly way of saying something—even a lady reader used what she thought was a gentlemanly "damn."

The other is the vulgarly overemphatical attention you have given to whether or not Langston Hughes. If his story is trash you won't dare print it; if it is good, why hesitate to print it? The worst racial prejudice gives way before a good story—but it'd better be good.

Respectfully,
Elizabeth City, N. C. — Raymond Denton

CURTAIN CALLS FOR COUNT ALEXIS

If your automobile, aircraft and motor boat designs are not being presented in a purely facetious spirit—and I judge that such is not the case—may I ask what you think you are editing? Buck Rogers, H. G. Wells or a 1910 Popular Mechanics?

With the exception of one of the boat designs, which was good, and an instrument board, which was very good, the sketches look like nothing human or mechanical.

In the first place, they are most unbeautiful. The involved discussion of why they are supposed to be good-looking is plain bunk. Analyze it, or dissect those freak curves, and you ought to be able to see that all these designs have is a lack of height, which actual practice demands for comfort. Less elaborate treatment would give the impression of a lot more speed than these designs show.

In the second place, the designs are mechanical absurdities. That cute little tail fin on one car—required, I think it is claimed, to keep the car on the road. I'm skeptical of that, but if it is needed, why not make it large enough to be of some use? It reminds me of these 145-lb. Cupids with 144 sq. in. wing area! And those front-wheel spats. Did the designer ever try steering spatted wheels at high speed? They have just one fault—the center of pressure gets so far ahead of the king pin that you do a Frank Lockhart, pronto. And what do you think that trick fin on the seaplane would do? *I* think it would require extra structural weight, set up twice the drag, and, probably be subject to a hell of a lot of flutter.

Very truly yours,
Chillicothe, Ohio — F. G. Presnell

In my opinion it takes the brain of a 12 year old child to read anything written by a 12 year old. Says who, that your magazine is a disgrace? Nuts, it's swell, wonderful, marvelous. The contributors are colossal. Editorially perfect, there is one thing missing. May I suggest more of Count Alexis de Sakhnoffsky? More automobiles and more automobile and clothing advertisements. This Sakhnoffsky has fascinated me for years. I prize his sketch of that racer. (As you may have gathered) I am rabid on the subject of automobiles. Let's have more of him. Congratulations! My best wishes for your continued success.

David Stephenson Greiner
State College, New Mexico

P.S.: By all means, let's have "A Good Job Gone." It sounds swell. Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Taboos?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, REAL PRESENTS?

Well you and your darned magazine almost ruined my Xmas. I gave my husband a sample copy for Xmas to see if he would like it. And did he? I think he liked it better than his real presents. Not only that but how can you expect a gal to celebrate Xmas when her hubby even takes Esquire to bed and reads far into the night?

And anyhow he kept turning the pages before I had finished reading them over his shoulder! (It's a good thing I read most of it while I was wrapping it.)

Just for that you will find 5 bucks enclosed and for goodness sake don't skip an issue.

Sincerely,
Hollywood, Calif. — Rita LaRoy

ADVERTISERS (AGAIN) PLEASE NOTE

More sound and more fury. Our attitude is and has been that of the subscriber whose comments are captioned "A Lift from Voltaire" in the current issue.

But what a let-down, what complete exasperation, when we come to the back cover. What the devil do we care what Mrs. So-and-So desserts or why, where she is going or how tirelessly she smokes Camels. Please, cut it, no more testimonials and never from women.

Yours truly,
New York City — Wilfred S. May

RAH, RAH, RASCOE

Your magazine has my hearty approval, which the enclosed renewal will signify. My especial applause for the book review, and the rebuke you gave the reader who hesitated to take the magazine home for his children to read.

Yours very truly,
Groveton, Texas — Wm. H. Hensley

SOUND AND SENSE FROM MISSISSIPPI

Enclosed please find check to cover 2 subscriptions, which is "proof of the pudding" as it were.

Your magazine exposes such a wealth of material that it seems unnecessarily dumb on your part to start something that you can't finish. I say this advisedly from a geographical and mental point of view that bids me advise that no self respecting (and we have thousands of them) black man or woman would countenance for a minute a co-mingling of the races—so why lose the respect of both sides?

Thus having dismissed your serious quandary, let us turn to your humorous phase. Of this, I ask why in heaven's name, an article called "Yonder's Henry" is labeled humor, while one of the most delightful and mirth provoking offerings—that of Stewart Edward White—is called an article?

The book is truly splendid and not the least of its attractions is the work of the dark-hued Campbell.

Very truly yours,
Pass Christian, Mississippi — G. H. Brown

SUGGESTION NOTED AND ADOPTED

As a subscriber to and an admirer of Esquire I have a suggestion to make to you.

As Esquire is the name of your magazine and as it is particularly intended for men it has seemed to me that it might be a quaint touch for you to revive an old custom and add Esq. after the names of your subscribers. By so doing you are reiterating the name of your magazine and at the same time emphasizing its masculinity. Both touches serving to remind your subscribers of the uniqueness of your publication.

I am returning, herewith, your address with my suggestion added to it.

Yours very truly,
Washington, D. C. — H. P. Erwin

SAGA OF A SON-OF-A-BRICK

I just received my third copy of your magazine this morning and surprisingly every issue is better than the previous issue. It is so good that instead of waiting on my customers, I have made my clerks do all the work. Well a few minutes ago I received a couple of prescriptions and I had to compound them. I left the magazine out in front of the store and some dirty son-of-a-brick steals it. But I cheerfully paid another half dollar for one. My g. f. is getting me a year's subscription for a birthday present and say it shall be the best birthday present I've ever received, by that I mean the most appreciated.

After I am finished with my copy I have eight to ten fellows waiting to read it. Say they are now howling for me to finish and write the letter later. You know I am not going to go to sleep tonight till I finish it from cover to cover. You know one young chap offered me twenty-five cents if I'd let him have it before the rest of the bunch so you see it must be good. Perhaps I may rent it out with the books, it would be in greater demand than the majority of the books in the library.

Also let's have more styles for the young professional and business man around twenty-five years of age. Here's wishing you all the success in the world from myself and the gang to the Best Magazine in the good old U. S. A. Also don't worry about the magazine being too dirty; a real he-man can take any kind of a joke in the right way. Also if you keep in mind that it's a MAN'S magazine and it's the MEN you're out to please you'll be surprised at the increase your magazine shall show month after month. So keep it up, we are all rooting for you.

Respectfully yours,
Weirton, W. Va. — John M. Unkovich, *Ph. G.*

THEY DON'T IN TEXAS

I have just read the January issue of your magazine and am very much impressed with it. I noticed your announcement on page 15, of the fact that you would publish a story by Langston Hughes, young Negro author, provided your readers desired it. I am very much in favor of your publishing this story and trust the "yeas" will outnumber the "nays" and that we will soon be favored with this story.

Yours very truly,
San Antonio, Texas — Oliver W. Johnson

Continued on page 14

TRADE W MARK
"CANADIAN CLUB"
Canadian Club Whisky
Hiram Walker & Sons

"CANADIAN CLUB," happily, is one of those few products known the world over for consistent, unvarying excellence. When Hiram Walker, in 1858, founded this now vast business, he laid down hard-and-fast principles of quality and purity. Those principles have not been changed in 75 years. They are practiced faithfully today, in every process of distilling and leisurely mellowing "Canadian Club"—whose age is attested by the government's official stamp which seals the bottle. Those same principles are your assurance that any product bearing the name of Hiram Walker & Sons measures up to the high standards so evident in "Canadian Club."

Hiram Walker & Sons

WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO · · PEORIA, ILLINOIS

This advertisement is not intended to offer Hiram Walker whisky for sale or delivery in any state or community wherein the advertising, sale or use thereof is unlawful.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

Continued from page 12

ARKANSAS PAPERS PLEASE COPY

I might suggest that you add to your brilliant staff some Arkansas farmer to censor Esquire's tendency to be a little too metropolitan. Where does Wm. Salyer of La Crescenta, Cal. get that "Your magazine is definitely a class mag," and "Your readers are among the sophisticates"? Tell him to look up your aims as expressed in the first paragraph of your Autumn number—and stick to 'em!

Th' best of regards,
Seattle, Washington Carl Grahn, Jr.

P. S.—If you let the fogies scare you out of publishing that Langston Hughes story, you'll be short one reader—for life!

WELL, DID WE WRITE YOURS?

When you first asked for opinions on the advisability of printing Langston Hughes' story "A Good Job Gone" I didn't bother to write, though I felt very strongly on the subject. I had an idea that the request was merely a gesture, that there were no readers of Esquire bigoted or stupid enough to object to such a story. I really believed that the genus "100% American" had been extinct ever since the middle 1920's.

Apparently I was wrong. Unless some of the letters were composed by the staff of Esquire for the purpose of stirring up controversy, which I do not believe, one is forced to the conclusion that even today there is an amount of racial prejudice and bigotry in the country which Adolf Hitler himself could hardly hope to surpass.

White or black, Langston Hughes is one of the great writers and poets in this country today—and God knows we have few enough of them—and it is certainly an outrageous injustice to refuse to print his story because it deviates from the Octavus Roy Cohen conception of the negro. If it is a good story, and if he wrote it, it probably is, print it by all means.

Yours very sincerely,
Hanover, N. H. Joseph Warren Bishop, Jr.

ANSWER TO FOUR LETTERS

Of all the confounded insolence! causing me to write the first letter of a lifetime to a magazine.

I hope I can remain coherent long enough to add to the "resounding yeas." What a precious lot, the writers of the negative letters must be. Let us take them in order; Better be damned by our conscience for frankness in utterance, than for squeamish hypocrisy. Send the second writer a subscription to the "Youth's Companion." If he cancels Esquire on the future possibility of a two-tone story appearing, one of the captions under Ty Mahon's dumb blonde, will eventually get him anyway.

Perhaps the third is a direct descendant of the Rev. Mr. Wilson, and the Negro is his modern substitute for Hester Prynne.

What a laugh for the last (but not least) how he must revel in his righteousness; send him a copy of Paul Lawrence Dunbar's "After the Quarrel" or this: George Douglas Johnson's "service":

> When we count out our gold at the end
> of the day,
> And have filtered the dross that has cumbered the way,
> Oh, what were the hold of our treasury
> then
> Save the love we have shown to the children of men?

I am white and over twenty-one, and if you do not publish the damn thing I will buy your magazine anyway.

It is breaking a new trail through the forest of present stereotyped magazine articles. All praise to your individualism. The publication of Hughes' story will meet the challenge to it.

Yours very truly,
Albany, N. Y. Harold S. Cole

ONE DAY'S MAIL FOR MR. ALLEN

I

I was rather surprised to read the letter of Mr. Leonard F. Allen of the City of Brotherly Love in your department "The Sound and the Fury." It seems to me that in delivering his blow below the belt of Esquire he was taking the occasion to brag of his power of purse and was also advertising a paucity of common sense. Of course, I could go a lot further; but you see, I am trying to keep this rebuttal on a nice, polite plane.

Mr. Allen's letter has opened my eyes to the fact that regardless of my thoughts to the contrary, there must be some of the old school left. You know, those who are still taking themselves and their pseudo prestige so seriously that they try to strangle any sort of expression that differs from their own by fair means or foul. Usually this strangulation is attempted by foul means because the executioner knows no other way.

Now, frankly, I personally, can not see what harm Langston Hughes' story would do. In fact I'm looking forward to reading it. But even was I violently opposed to it because of the author's color I would be too Scotch to cancel my subscription on the one hand. Whereas on the other, I do not think it would be any of my business to do anything that might deny other subscribers their reading something they have an expectation of being interested in.

Sincerely yours,
Madison Heights, Va. Alfred Percy, Jr.

II

During the last four years of the present economic upheaval we have not only learned to economize but also to discriminate. We are learning steadily to differentiate between fair and good literature, and it certainly is pleasant to note that appreciation for good literature has grown tremendously. In other words, the reading public no longer accepts whatever is handed to it, on the contrary it has learned to make demands. Americans want good literature.

Mr. Leonard F. Allen does not want good literature. Mr. Allen has not had a chance to learn the desire for literature, since Mr. Allen has not as yet grown up. Why, Mr. Allen still dreams of days when Negroes were sold on the public markets. Why, Mr. Allen does not even know that we have such Negroes as Langston Hughes, who has probably become a greater American by publishing his books to his thousands of readers than Mr. Allen himself, who makes one thousand dollars' worth of purchases from Jacob Reed's Sons. I think that Esquire is presently well established and can afford pointing out to our Allens that their money is not sufficient reason why a good magazine should carryon perverse race discrimination against a people who have been lawlessly persecuted since the day they were brought over to us.

In closing may I point out that it was originally a mistake on the part of the editor to propose Mr. Hughes before actually printing his articles or stories. Editors above all others must realize that art knows no boundaries. If Esquire is to remain "the American periodical" then you must prevent and root out all parasitic forces acting to disintegrate art and literature as they have society.

Best wishes for your success.

Respectfully yours,
Rochester, N. Y. D. Aronoff

III

Let me add my vote to those who wish that controversial story printed. That fellow from Philadelphia with his $1000 annual clothes bill must be a foolish sort to adopt such a silly attitude on the thing. After all, he can easily skip the story if he wants to.

Cordially yours,
Belleville, Illinois M. H. Parres

IV

My husband, his father and brother are in the clothing business. It would be a silly thing for a customer in their store to become offended because they recommended Hart Schaffner Marx suits and the customer disliked the fabric or cut of the suits.

Such a shame that Philadelphia should produce such narrow people as Leonard F. Allen and that he can't realize that Jacob Reed's Sons are merely endeavoring to bring him the newest in clothing and news.

May your magazine prosper—it is bound to if you do not pay attention to cranks who would undermine your very object of making Esquire a MAN'S magazine.

Sincerely yours,
Vincennes, Indiana Delta Mae Walk

V

We are pleased to advise the editorial staff of Esquire that it may now relax on calloused haunches as far as the controversy over the Langston Hughes story is concerned.

Adopting the persecutory policy of the Philadelphia correspondent who threatened to withdraw his $1,000 annual business from Jacob Reed and Sons, recommenders of Esquire, if the story were printed; we have advised Abel and Abel, Inc., Southern Branch, that our account amounting to a slightly higher annual figure, will be transferred to another firm if the Hughes story is NOT printed in your magazine within a reasonable period of time.

Therefore, the question of to print or not to print "A Good Job Gone" may rest in abeyance until these two unfortunate firms have decided which of them is to sustain the $1,000 loss of business.

Very truly yours,
R. C. Wilton
J. R. Merrill

P. S.—Carbon copy to Abel and Abel, Inc., 26 E. Main St., Marshalltown, Iowa, and, just to show we don't think $1,000 is all the money in the world, WE admit our intention to continue our subscriptions to Esquire whether the story is printed or not.

VI

Talk about your "Foul Blows from Philly" I think that letter was fouler than the foulest. I am but a senior in high school and Mr. Leonard F. Allen may be a regular man-about-town, but for all his worldly experience he is still a short-sighted crank. Publish Langston Hughes' story and you will win many more compliments (if it has any literary value) than you will criticism. Congratulations on the magazine—you've got something good! Don't fail to keep up the fashion notes.

Very sincerely yours,
Ventura, California David Zander

VII

I read the letter in your February number in which an adult infant in Philadelphia threatened to discontinue reading your magazine if you published a story by a Negro author.

I'll put it to you like this: Unless you publish that story and a *number of other* stories that are *different* from the present run of standardized, formula fiction, I shall never again speak a good word for your magazine nor take any notice of it; and I shall persuade some of my friends to do likewise. I too first heard of Esquire through a clothier; but I am not the kind of infantile bozo who would quit buying from the clothier because a story is written by an author of another race.

The public, I am certain, is sick and tired of the childish stuff published in national weeklies under the name of fiction; and a few readers such as the one referred to may give editors the impression that most fiction fans are about seventeen years old and unable to understand life and reality. But there are millions of the older ones who want something *different*, and are looking to Esquire and other new publications to supply it.

Do not make the mistake of turning your publication into the standardized channels. If you do, it will not last long. Better try to publish an intelligent magazine, as men do not accept the romantic bunk.

Yours frankly,
Shreveport, Louisiana H. Temple Deamon

VIII

Three lusty cheers for Esquire. It's great. Your authors are of the best.

One suggestion however. Let's have some styles for younger fellows. I realize your magazine is for men, but then we high school seniors consider ourselves men now.

Why not print the story by Langston Hughes? Those who object can read the other good stories, and as for Mr. Allen's discontinuing business with Jacob Reed's I think he's nuts, they rightfully recommended Esquire to him. Let him cancel his subscription but don't blame it on Jacob Reed's.

Yours very truly,
Evanston, Illinois George D. Colburn, Jr.

IX

I note on your "Sound and Fury" page that the "heavy spending" Mr. Leonard F. Allen objects to the forthcoming story by Langston Hughes.

Hasn't he by this time discovered that a great many of the best cartoons are by E. Simms Campbell . . . a Negro, and a damned clever one! ! !

I take off my hat to you and your GREAT publication but tell him (Mr. Allen) to keep his panties on.

The best of luck to you.

Des Moines, Iowa H. Cavanagh

X

Who, may I inquire, is Leonard F. Allen; or more accurately expressed, Who does Leonard F. Allen think he is? That's a darn poorly constructed sentence but in a minor tone expresses my opinion of his letter.

Yours very truly,
Robert L. Rice

Mary Ann is only 9 months old, but apparently wanted the story. She chewed most of the announcement page before stopped. No bad effects.
Niles, Michigan R. L. R.

ITALY
MARTINI & ROSSI
DRY
MARTINI
VERMOUTH
SECCO
MARTINI & ROSSI
TORINO

Silver tray from Abercrombie & Fitch; frosted glasses and bar glass from Bergdorf Goodman. Ready: a "Perfect" Cocktail — 1 part gin, 1 part M. & R. Italy, 1 part M. & R. Dry, green olive, lemon peel.

Like using a **GOLD TOOTHPICK** *at the table,* **SWEET COCKTAILS** *are no longer quite the thing*

● The Nineties had its revolting little gadgets (you could buy a dandy at Gorham's for $25)—but prohibition had its sickly-sweet cocktails. By comparison, the toothpicks were a triumph of social finesse. Both offended the guests' sensibilities. But the cocktails did a *complete* job. They went deeper.

They're disappearing fast, thank goodness—those vicious liquid-heartburns. People are going back to civilized cocktails—Martinis, Manhattans—cocktails made of vermouth.

Why vermouth? Because it fills the true purpose of a cocktail: to stimulate the appetite. Doesn't dull it as sweet drinks do. It is tart—tangy. And delicious. Sends you to the table with an alert palate. Try it in a cocktail—if you like cocktails—or as an apéritif, straight. You'll want both kinds, Italy and Dry (Green Label). Then you'll realize why vermouth is considered one of the greatest of all drinks.

Of course we mean Martini & Rossi Vermouth which for generations has been the standard all over the world. Ask your favorite dealer for a bottle or two of each kind.

Note: *There is a widespread impression that sweet vermouth is made only in Italy and dry vermouth only in France. This is not the case. We make an excellent dry vermouth called "Dry" as well as the famous "Italy" vermouth.*

MARTINI AND ROSSI VERMOUTH

IMPORTED AND GUARANTEED BY W. A. TAYLOR & CO., N. Y.

OTHER
WAYS
TO DRINK
VERMOUTH
All are good

MIXED VERMOUTH:

Most people prefer straight vermouth to sherry as an apéritif. Most popular proportion: ½ "Italy," ½ "Dry." Serve in cocktail, sherry or miniature highball glass.

VERMOUTH CASSIS:

One part Martini & Rossi "Dry" Vermouth, one-half part Creme de Cassis (black currant cordial), add seltzer as desired. Exceedingly popular in Paris. A grand, mild long drink.

"AMERICANA BIANCA"

A drink widely used throughout Italy. Fill glass ⅓ full with "Italy" and "Dry" Vermouth—half and half. Add several drops of bitters and a slice of lemon peel. Add seltzer as desired. No ice.

This advertisement is not intended to offer Martini and Rossi Vermouth for sale or delivery in any state or community wherein the advertising, sale or use thereof is unlawful.

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

John Dos Passos hates footnotes and so does Esquire. But John Dos Passos is far better known for his hatred of injustice than Esquire is. So he asks us to explain that, inadvertently, we did Frank B. Copley an injustice by failing to mention, in the January issue, that Copley's biography of Frederick W. Taylor was the source of the anecdotes worked into the Dos Passos sketch of Taylor which appeared in our pages under the title, "Man With a Watch in His Hand."

•

Somewhere in Africa a dark runner is running his legs off, bearing **Ernest Hemingway's** African Letter to the nearest postoffice. He has been running like that for some days now and the thought bothers us. We wish we could tell him to stop, because he's missed the issue. This will, we hope, be the only hiatus in the monthly appearance of Ernest Hemingway in these pages, as Mr. Hemingway expects to write regularly on either fishing or hunting. He does one or the other, wherever he is, every month in the year.

Louis Paul

Discovery of the Month is **Louis Paul**, whose "first story" is "No More Trouble for Jedwick," on page 58. It is not only his first published story, but the first short story he ever wrote, and this was the first magazine to which it was submitted. A fine variety of firsts.

He lived, in his childhood, a few doors from the home of Miss Mae West in Woodhaven; cannot prophesy as to how this circumstance will affect the future of American literature, but can record that the neighborhood kids, himself among them, were properly awed by the handsome blonde vaudeville actress on her visits home, thus beating the movie public by some twenty years.

He joined the army, using the banana-eating route, and after that worked as hospital orderly, movie extra, teacher in a school for immigrants, San Francisco wharf-laborer, then joined the army again. Now he is settled in New York, writing novels. He has written two, both turned down, and is working on a third.

•

Maurice Maeterlinck has been world famous as poet and playwright since long before most of us were born. Probably the best known of his works, at least to Americans, are "Pelleas et Melisande," as the scenario of the Debussy opera which has been a favorite vehicle for Mary Garden, and "The Bluebird," a staple in the repertory of children's theatres all over the world. His present preoccupation with cosmology may be something of a surprise to Maeterlinck enthusiasts, who will perhaps value his article in this issue more for the light it sheds on Maeterlinck than for its informative value concerning Einstein's Theory. The article, as presented on page 24, has been condensed and pruned considerably—a permissable liberty, we felt, in view of the fact that Esquire is a non-technical magazine for the general reader.

Bertrand Russell is the famous English philosopher and liberal moralist and, since the death of his older brother, may be known, if he chooses, as Lord Russell.

•

William C. White has spent considerable time in Russia, although, for the past three years, he has been *persona non grata* for some secret Soviet reason that he could never find out. Now, since recognition, that's all fixed up, and he's going back again this spring.

•

Knut Hamsun is the Norwegian novelist, one time winner of the Nobel prize, and one time Chicago street car conductor. The story goes that once, on Halsted street, a lady passenger asked whether the car were north bound or south bound and he had to excuse himself and go up front, to ask the motorman for the right answer. He is famous for the idyllic beauty of his nature descriptions. Titles that come to mind most readily are "The Growth of the Soil," "Hunger" and "Pan."

•

Erskine Caldwell, having alienated many of the solid citizens of the South by his extremely frank portrayals in "Tobacco Road" and "God's Little Acre," has of late been standing his Maine neighbors on their ears with candid cracks expressing his opinion of farm house goings-on in the vicinity of Mount Vernon. "Tobacco Road," by the way, has been doing very well as a play in New York this season. Caldwell and Manuel Komroff were two of the most popular contributors in our first issue, there having been a flood of requests for further stories from each of them. Caldwell has obliged, but Komroff, just back in New York after a long stay in Hollywood, can't seem to get round to writing anything.

•

Rodney DeSarro, whose amusing caricatures appear on pages 23, 76, and 77, has cut out for himself a good job as Ralph Barton's successor, not to say ghost. He has been criticized for this, and right snottily too, by people who feel (on nobody knows what authority) that Ralph Barton wouldn't like it. He was born in Naples twenty-six years ago, with an abundance of hair which made someone exclaim that he would be an artist, but as far as he knows, no one had the presence of mind to predict that he would one day sire a style like Ralph Barton's. He has been told that Ralph Barton has a daughter. So has he, five months old. He sincerely hopes that that won't be looked on as plagiarism.

Rodney DeSarro

Dos Passos' brief biography of Zapata, on page 38, will appear, with additional material that could not be included here because of lack of space, in his new book, "In All Countries," which will be published in April.

Roark Bradford is the author of "Old Man Adam and His Chillun" and "King David and the Philistine Boys." Out of the former, as everyone knows, came "Green Pastures."

•

Ralph Bandini, whose account of Broadbill Fishing appears on page 36, ought to be qualified to write about the most difficult, dramatic and dangerous of all game fish, as he has been fishing for broadbill consistently since 1916. He has been a member of the Tuna Club of Santa Catalina Island for twenty years, was its secretary for sixteen, and is a member of its board of directors. He has done much writing and lecturing in California on big game fishing and plans further articles for Esquire on this subject. If you can read "A Day with a Broadbill" without breathing fast and feeling your hands for blisters before you finish it, you're a better man than we are.

•

John Gould Fletcher was one of the originators, with Amy Lowell, of Imagism, which, in case you've forgotten, was that form of poetic expression which started (about 1915) the last big poetry boom which lasted through the early twenties. For a long time he lived in England but is now settled in Arkansas.

John Gould Fletcher

Paul Gallico is a sports writer who has frequently contributed fiction and articles to the magazine. Pending the appearance, in April, of "A Good Job Gone," those of you who have been yelling for something totally unlike the usual fare in magazine fiction can have yourselves a time with "Keeping Cool at Conneaut," on page 41. The subhead warns you.

•

Oliver La Farge won the Pulitzer prize, some while back, with his novel, "Laughing Boy." He was born in New York and is a Harvard man. He is a grandson, by the way, of John LaFarge, the painter.

•

Emil Ludwig spent considerable time in Hollywood last fall, before his return to Europe, and his present article, on page 29, is a summary of the impressions made on him by the Celluloid City at that time. His next article for Esquire will deal with some of the salient differences between Europeans and Americans, as such.

•

George Petty works by fits and starts, and this issue was made up during one of the fits. But we'll make up for it next month—there will be some more of those smooth gals that have proved so popular.

Paul Whiteman is Paul Whiteman and if that doesn't mean anything, it will after you read the article on page 57.

•

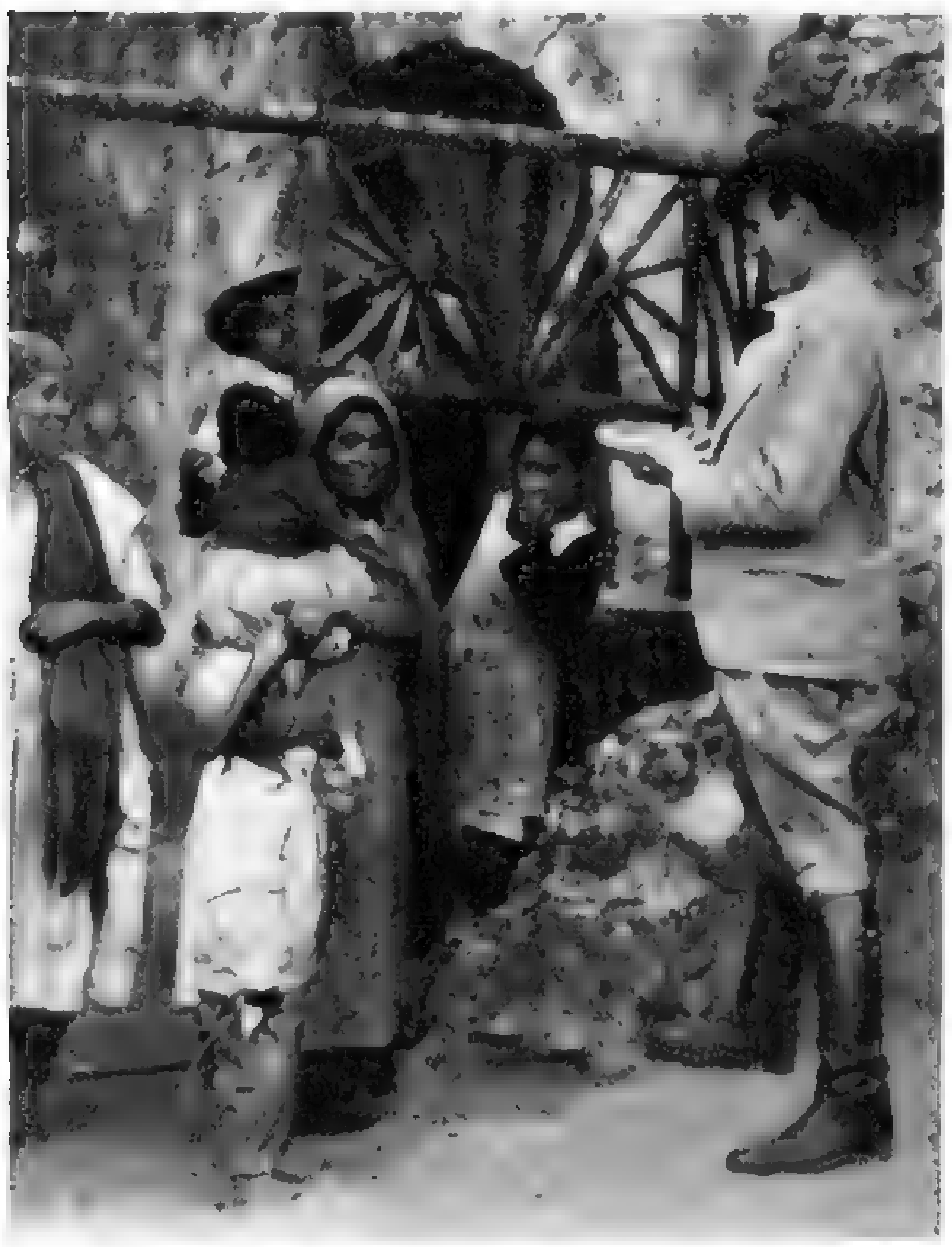
Meyer Levin made the puppets pictured on pages 61 and 62, as well as the stage setting and incidental props. He will have another set in the April issue.

•

Joseph Schrank lived abroad for a number of years and was a frequent contributor to "This Quarter." He has worked on a number of periodicals and in New York theatrical offices, and has written poetry and plays.

•

Speaking of the absentees, **Robert Buckner** is missing this month, through no fault of his own. He wrote his story, and the big trouble was that we liked it too well, with the result that we got all involved with a lot of full color illustrations that couldn't be finished in time to catch this issue. The story will run next month. It's about advertising agencies, and it's funny.



JOHN GROTH

If you are curious about the prototypes of the characters featured in **John Groth's** drawings from Mexico, this picture will be of interest. John is the one with the boots on. Incidentally, he forgot to sign a lot of drawings again, notably those on pages 38, 74 and 75.

•

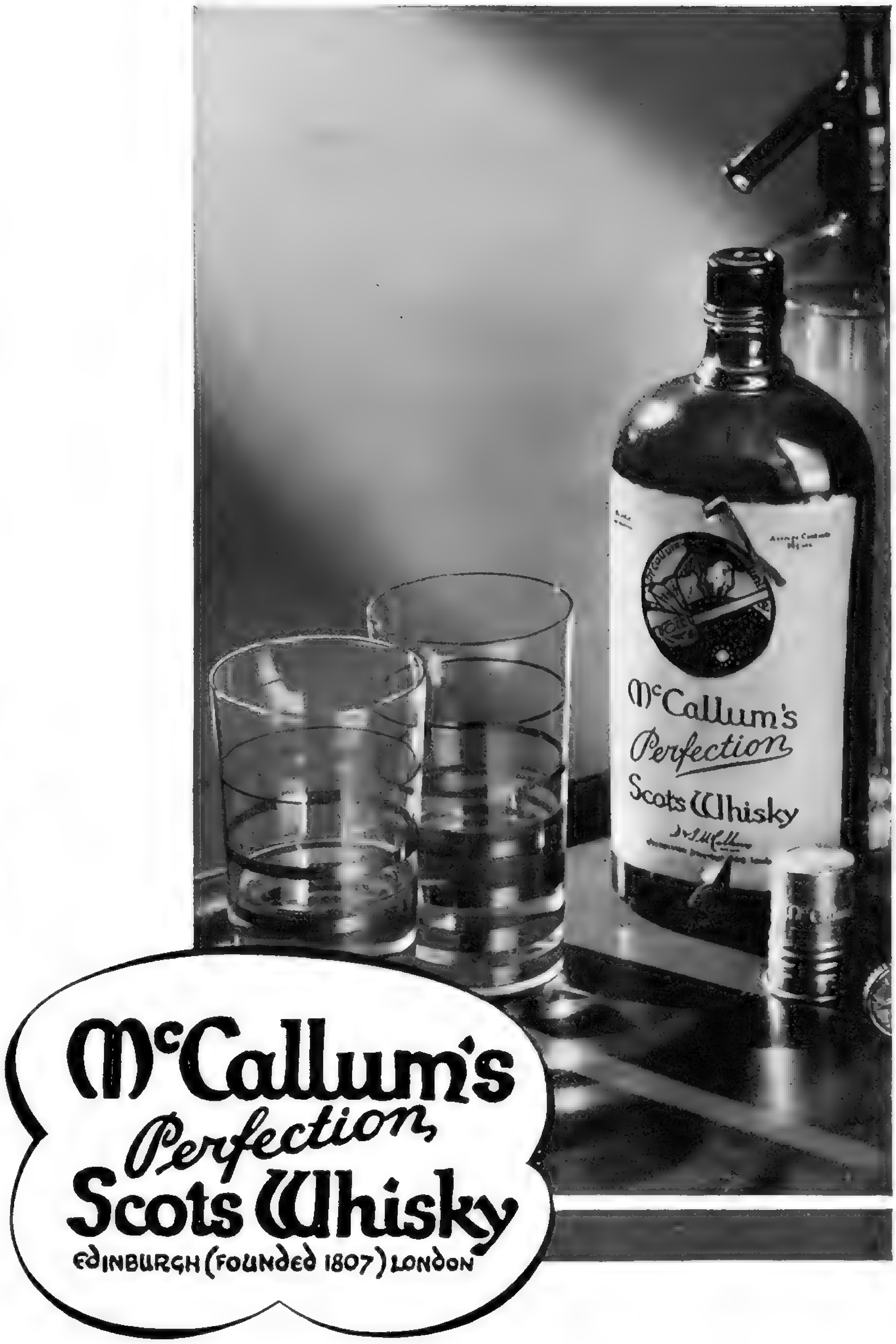
So far, nobody has objected to our classifying **Louis Golding's** series of old time prize fights under the heading of sports. Somebody will, before the series ends, because one of them, "The Young Coachman and the Highborn Lady," is a piece of three-star literature. We're very sorry about the bum job of classifying that we seem to be doing. Sometimes we have to make up the classification, particularly on the front cover, before the manuscripts are received. And sometimes, well, things just strike us differently from the way they seem to hit you.

•

Ty Mahon is saving up to get his picture taken, and those of you who have wanted to know what he looks like will find out one of these days.

•

George Lott is the Chicago boy who first gave the American language one of its most compactly eloquent phrases, the term "tennis bum." As this is written his proposed 1933 ranking is Number 10, and by way of entering a protest, he is currently engaged in beating up on a number of the stars whom the association proposes to rank ahead of him.

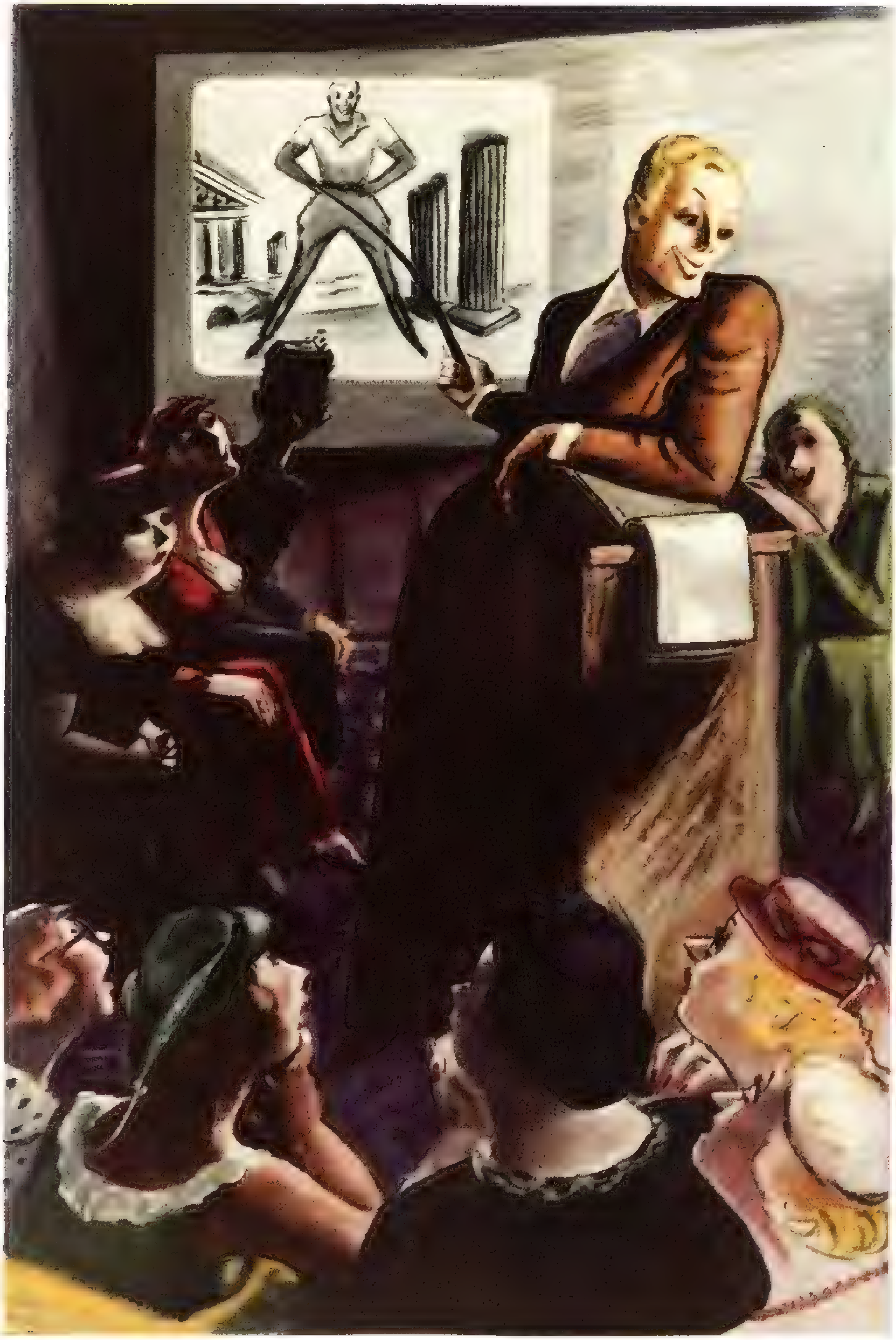


How you will enjoy reunion with that grand old-timer McCallum's — "Perfection" to all the World for many a year. The first nip tells the tale — a genial tale of mellow maturity. For McCallum's is distilled, aged-in-the-wood and bottled in Scotland to thrill your palate with its genuine Scots flavour and smoothness. Imported in taped, sealed, tamper-proof bottles.

SINCE 1807

Distributors:
TOWER WINES & SPIRITS CORP.
New York - Chicago
HERMAN ELSBACH & SONS, INC.
San Francisco

This advertisement is not intended to offer McCallum whisky for sale or delivery in any state or community wherein the advertising, sale or use thereof is unlawful.



ENEMIES OF MAN NUMBER 1

PAINTED FOR ESQUIRE BY HOWARD BAER

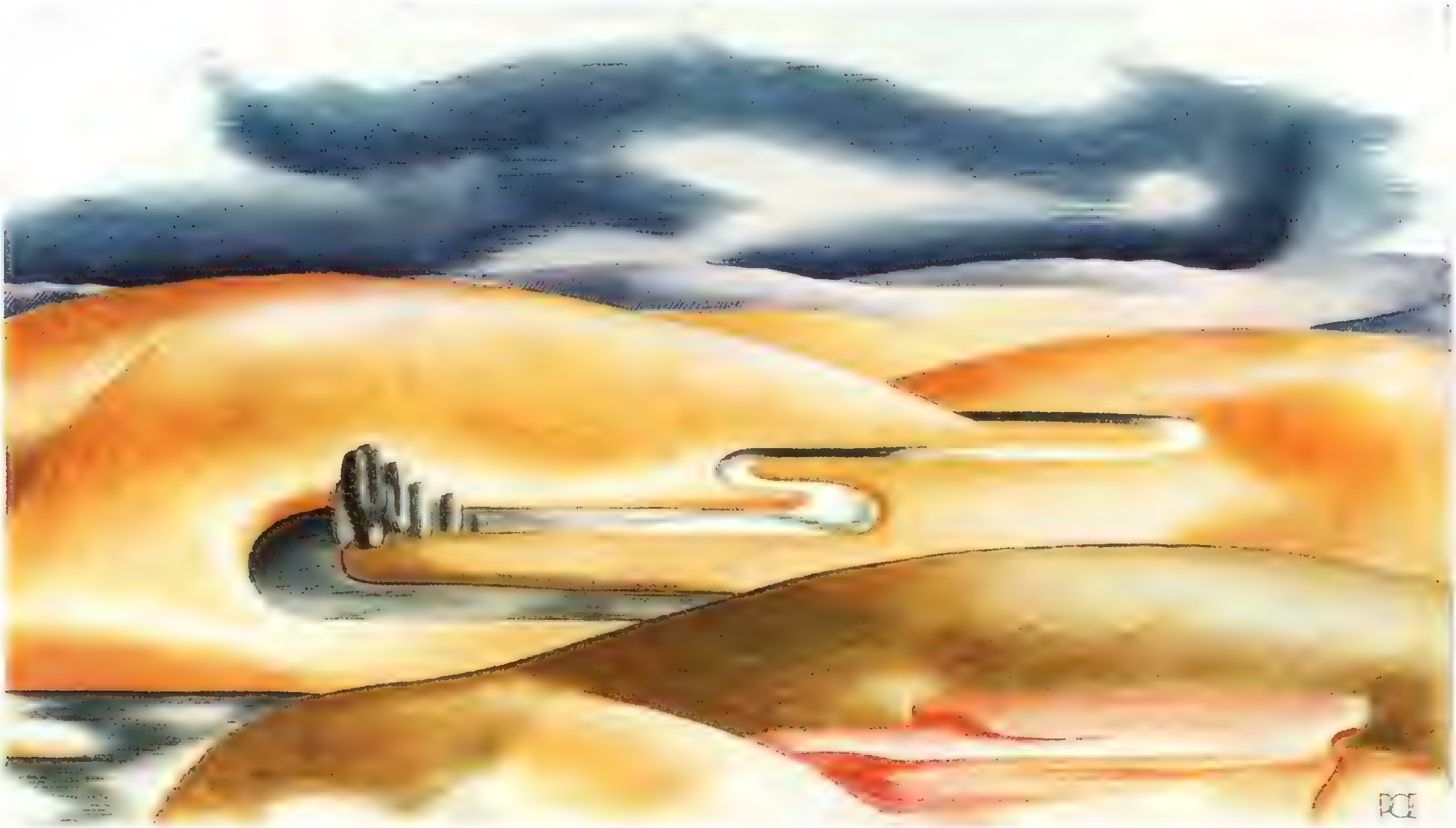
ULYSSES OF THE LADIES' CLUBS

Here he is, men, hale and hearty and (who said anything about halibut?), your Public Enemy Number One. Howard Baer, who thought this series up, had no trouble in deciding on the leadoff man. But who, would you say, ought to follow? Who, in the order of their disfavor, are the other enemies of man?

Forever Upon the Prairie

A poem of that place where the hills of the east break down and leave the west alone

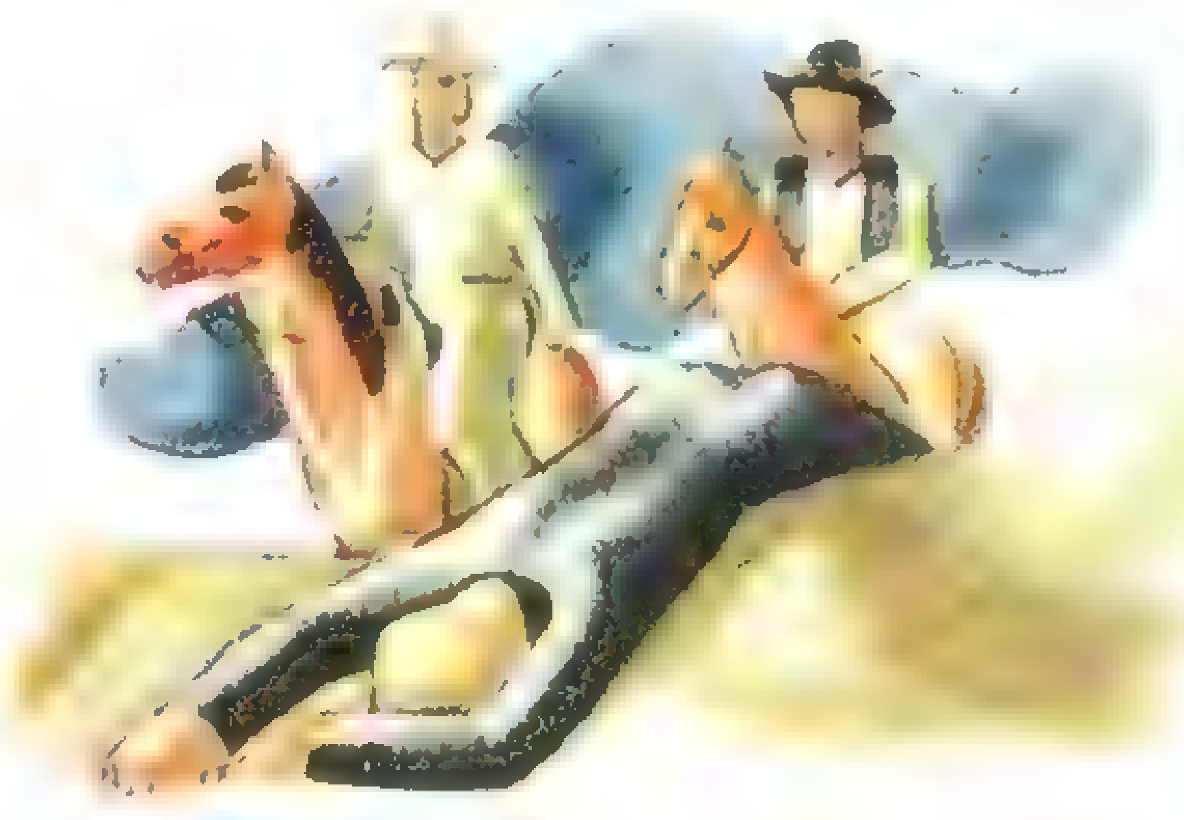
by JOHN GOULD FLETCHER



North, east, south, west, goes by this sea of grass,
Sunsmit, unchanged;
Across it days and clouds and dreams and darkness pass
As when the buffalo ranged;
Across it man in his littleness moves by,
Forever fixed to the solitude of sky.

It seemed to him, the land
Was a gigantic woman, sprawled asleep,
Beneath the sun; a river crawled to her hand:
The nape of her neck was girdled with the deep
Green of the corn; over her granite knees
The skirts of the blackjacks trembled in the breeze—

And afar from the westward, over the slow blue ridges,
The wind came crying, but it woke her not.
It seemed to him that she was fixed to this spot
As in a spell; a spell only he could break:
That she was lonely and desired to wake.
But men went by and saw but troubled not:
This vast gigantic earth-woman carven from horizon and sky!
And hour on hour went by,
Blue of the untroubled zenith brought down into a blot,
While he sat and looked at her, sitting on a ridge, his head bowed to his knees,
Where the hills of the east break down
And leave the west alone:
Wave beyond wave, unquenched prairie grass
Over which storms and sorrows and furies unheeded pass.
Now slowly down from the ledge of the rock that sizzled in the sun,
He went, stumbling and staggering, to fall and lie prone at her feet,
Where the hawk in his flight and the jack-rabbit before him had gone,
And the lazy cattle would eat—
He clutched at the rounded hummocks, he drew himself up, very slow,
By the edge of the knees of the woman-shape, which to his dream
Lay prone upon the land; the cottonwoods by the stream



Shivered for a moment, shaking their leaves the way the wind would go.
The wind-mills whined in the breeze,
Sundisks to the sundisk turning.

He strove to get closer; in his eyes was a crazy light;
His throat was a-burning
With the will to total extinction, to unsummoned night;
To forget the dun towers, the vast and appalling weight
Of the great oil-town from which he had that day come,
And the sweet curves of her body brought peace from too much debate,
Mole-darkness under the sun. . . .

So they found there later, the lean bronzed riders, the leathery men with the hard edge
To their lips and to their tongues the slow drawling speech,
He was dead there forever upon the prairie, beyond the pale drift of the sedge,
In a realm they could not reach:
He had found his earth-woman at last, and the love without memory or hope—
Lips locked to a stone—
He had entered by the way of the darkness the unchanging sea where men grope
For the peace of the night, and are gone.

Prima Donna's Husband

How to be happy though married to a famous diva, temperamental in public, tempestuous at home

by ONE WHO IS

My wife was singing *Mimi* in "La Bohème," one of the roles she likes best, and for which Puccini himself had saluted her with jubilant kisses on both cheeks and called her "*ma diva divina!*"

I was among the standees. Usually, I see the opera performances from their ranks because I can the more easily slip backstage between the acts to be on hand if Madame Altissima needs me for anything. That is part of my 24-hour job. Not all prima donnas want their husbands present the nights they sing—indeed, some of them expressly forbid it—but my dear lady expects me to stand by, just as she requires her maid, her three atomizers, and her family of fantastic French dolls in the dressing-room.

Conversation going on alongside me caught my ear this particular evening for good and sufficient reasons. Often I overheard bits of talk that amused me among these devotees of music, and on occasion I entertained Madame Altissima with the choicer morsels. But I wouldn't repeat this:

"Though she sings like an angel right from Heaven, I hear she is a hellion," said the younger chap of the two, "and leads her husband a dog's life. I've been told that the scars on his face are not from Heidelberg duels, as given out, but from the knives she has flung at him!"

I am schooled in self-control and didn't even turn a hair.

"Well, he seems to like it," replied his companion. "They've been married to each other at least ten years, and there hasn't been a sign of divorce about them yet—that's rather a record."

"No credit to her, I'll bet," said the other. "I'd hate to be a prima donna's husband, but if I was I'd——" The look of the dominant male came into his jaw and eyes.

But I never heard what he'd do, for the duet between *Mimi* and *Rodolfo* at the end of the first act had begun, the older man of the two gossips had signaled for silence to his companion, and before they resumed their topic I had to go backstage.

I found Madame Altissima in a tantrum over the fact that the *Rodolfo* of the evening, a squat Italian tenor from Palermo, had deliberately spoiled some of her finest moments in the garret scene—once by crowding her almost off stage-left, and again by grimacing and blowing through his false moustache during her big aria in which poor *Mimi* tells the artist about herself.

"He's a pig—a pig-dog—a guinea pig!" stormed my prima donna to me. "He's sore because he isn't singing with Ponselle. Oh, I know! I want you to pull his long nose for him, Maddy. If you don't, I will, and I'll do it in the next act, too! . . . And I refuse to sing *Tosca* with him next Tuesday in Philadelphia—I hate Philadelphia and I hate him! Do you hear what I say, Maddy? You must make Gatti give me another *Cavaradossi* on Tuesday, or I won't sing *Tosca*—I'll have laryngitis!"

Softly, I agreed to all points in the tirade. That was the only thing to do at the moment. Most of Bohème was still to be done that night. Further emotional upset was unthinkable. Tomorrow, she'd forget all about it, especially if the press notices were good, and I knew they would be, for three of her most enthusiastic critics were in the press box (I had seen to that!), and I had arranged for several very important and flattering phone calls for the following day—one from a visiting prince.

"No, don't pull his nose, Mizzi," I suggested, after coaxing her to lie down and relax for five minutes, while I sprayed Parma violet perfume over her (she has a different scent for each role she sings, and Heaven help the maid if she gets her odors mixed!) "Why not loosen his beard on the sly instead, and let that worry him—say in the last act where he thinks he's so wonderful?"

Madame Altissima laughed at that idea, declared that I was a genius in "public relations," and so the day, or the night, rather, was saved. And I must add that she never sang the death scene of *Mimi* better than when she clutched a handful of *Rodolfo's* false vandyke to her convulsed bosom.

Little did the two standees, if they saw it, imagine that the prima donna's husband was responsible for this ravaging of the tenor's manly beauty, and I could fancy the younger man saying:

"See what she did? She *is* a hellion, as they say!"

However, the unfinished phrase of that young fellow lingered in my mind as to what he thought he'd do if he was a prima donna's husband. Whatever it was—and I suspect I know—I am sure it couldn't be done. Doubtless, in his callow innocence, he was thinking how he'd show her who was boss, and that the caveman had the right idea of marital relationship. I've heard that many, many times, from both men and women. But they don't know what they are talking about.

For there are two things that the successful husband of a prima donna cannot be—a real husband in the ordinary sense of the word, or a boss. He can be, and is, if he knows his job, a manager, a press agent, a diplomat, a secretary, a housekeeper, a nurse, and a mother—yes, I said "mother"—but he can only approximate being a husband, and never a master, because his wife must perforce control connubial bliss to almost the point of continence, and she earns the money!

Verily a prima donna husband learns these two articles in his special catechism of marriage sooner than he wants to—though the sooner the better. Frequently, divorce results on their account, for in natural rebellion against this double dose of inferiority the man may take on a mistress, or determine to pursue his profession or business and at the same time keep up with the duties of being Grand Vizier to a Sultana of Song. I advise strong he-men and spoiled millionaires not to undertake the job.

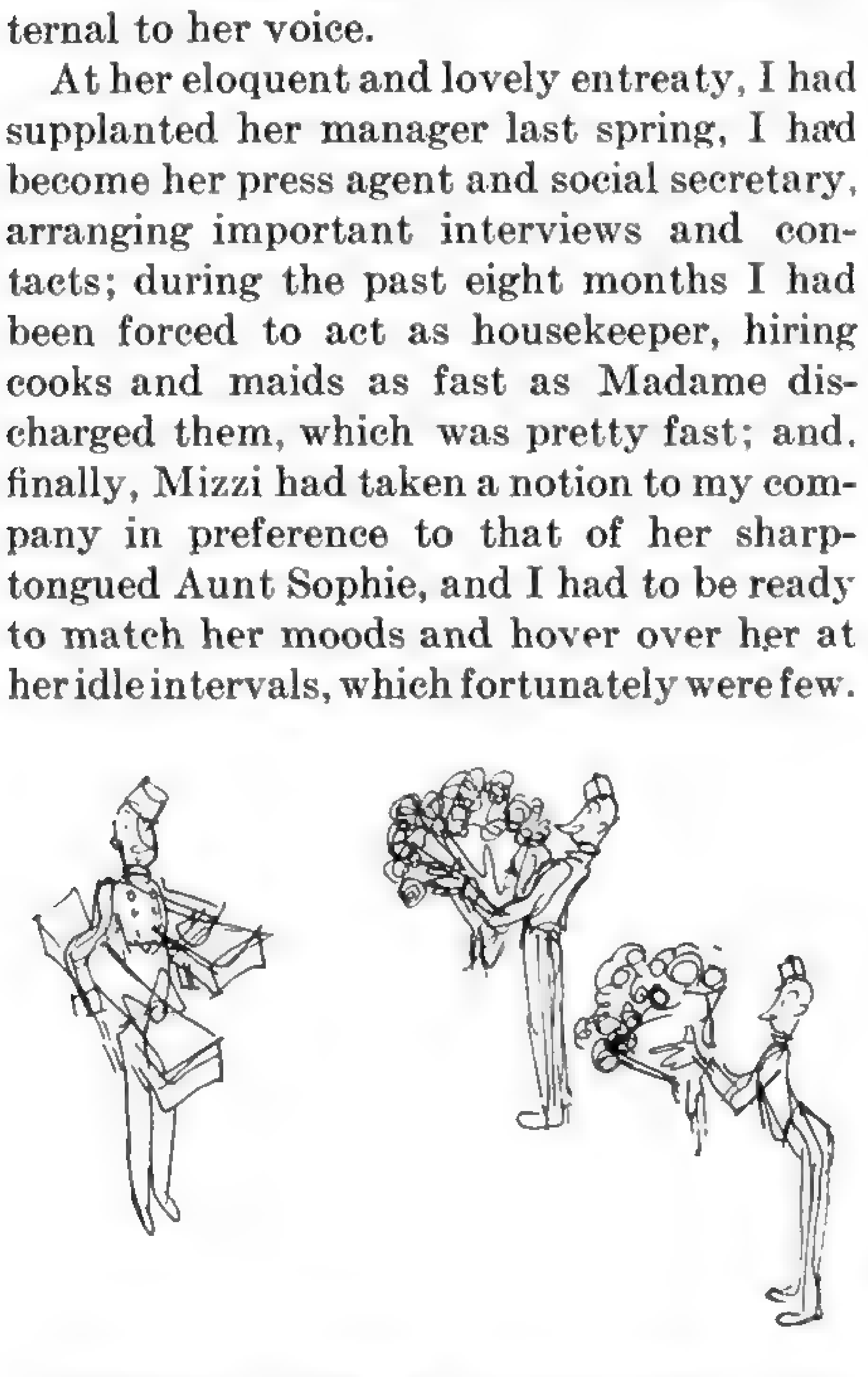
Nine-tenths of the time, to be a successful husband of an opera star he must give up his own business and make his wife his sole occupation. Of course, there are exceptions, when the husband is a musician or an impresario himself, and the two of them can combine professional interests, but in the majority of cases he has to relinquish his career in favor of hers, or suffer the consequences.

Take myself. I think I am typical of the prima donna husband who is a success at it. As the older of the two standees said, Madame Altissima and I have been married more than ten years; in fact, twelve, to be exact. At the time we were married I was a leading silk importer, with an annual turn-over of about a million dollars. My income was in five figures, but it was only one-third of hers.

Before marriage (it was the first on both sides) everything seemed rosy and simple in prospect. We were to be independent and free, yet completely united. Mizzi and her manager, her coach, her servants, and an old ugly aunt-companion, who acted as court jester and amused her niece with malicious and biting gossip about stage people. And she had a wizard of a physician—a vital adjunct to a prima donna—whom she sent for at the slightest excuse, once making him fly a thousand miles for a sore throat.

Prenuptially, it looked as if she had first-rate prima donna entourage. But at the end of a year as her husband I was brought face to face with the stark fact that I couldn't be a self-supporting silk importer and her *alter ego*, too. Blinking the issue, I tried to continue in my dual capacity for another year. It was a crazy decision, because I had to be with Madame Altissima in South America, during the spring and summer on opera engagements, and she was booked for appearances in Covent Garden and the Vienna Staats Opera in the fall and winter. My offices were in New York and Paris. Despite my cleverest devices and constant communication with my brother Paul, who was my partner, and my competent executives, I saw that the time was coming when I would have to choose between the silk business, which had been in my family for three generations, and taking care of a famous soprano who gradually and most insidiously had grown to depend on me for everything external to her voice.

At her eloquent and lovely entreaty, I had supplanted her manager last spring, I had become her press agent and social secretary, arranging important interviews and contacts; during the past eight months I had been forced to act as housekeeper, hiring cooks and maids as fast as Madame discharged them, which was pretty fast; and, finally, Mizzi had taken a notion to my company in preference to that of her sharp-tongued Aunt Sophie, and I had to be ready to match her moods and hover over her at her idle intervals, which fortunately were few.



Flattering, perhaps, but what was I getting into? Adoring her, I kissed my velvet fetters, nor felt the steel beneath.

As might have been predicted by anyone not involved (I was still blind to the inevitable sequence), my cables, radiograms, transatlantic telephones, letters and necessary appointments concerning the silk trade got on Mizzi's nerves. Under the highest tension, anyway, with a new role in which she was to make a world première, she grew more and more difficult to live with as the opening night approached. Everyone in the house, including myself, had to wear felt slippers and not speak above a whisper.

No one dared to address her. I had to, on important matters. When I did she walked out of the room in deadliest silence. When I said nothing she wept at my "sullenness" and lack of sympathy! Thinking that it might be well for me to get out of the way for a few days, I suggested that I take a flying trip to Paris to attend to some business complications of my own.

"But I'll be back in plenty of time for the première," I said. "And you won't need me till then, darling."

"Nor *then*, either!" she shot at me, contemptuously.

"Why—why—" I began, when she went on:

"You know very well *why!* All you think of is your stupid old silk trading. I hoped you had a soul above commerce! But no, you have a peddler's mind!"

Even at this insult I did not dare lose my temper, for I knew if Mizzi upset herself further she would be ill, probably for days, and that would endanger the all-important world première; so I held my tongue and swallowed my just indignation.

"If you loved me half as much as you say—less than half—you'd let your brother carry on the business," she continued. "He can, just as well as you, only *you* prefer trade to art!"

That was a cruel cut, for Mizzi knew that my brother and I had inherited the silk business of our father and grandfather, and that I had tried to break away from the family yoke and paint in Paris, with mediocre results.

"Unless you give it up, or become a silent partner, or whatever it is, I am going to telegraph Moroni and ask him to take over all my business affairs again. He's a crook, I know, but he gives good service, knows how to raise prices, and he has an inside track on Society."

Moroni had gypped Madame Altissima out of thirty thousand dollars the first year of our marriage before I discovered it and succeeded him, and she was threatening to go back into his thieving claws!

"No, you mustn't do that, Mizzi!" I protested, still keeping cool.

"I will—I will—I will! What's the difference? He cheats me, yes, but you lose me as much because you are too full of your own affairs to think of mine! We can't go on like this, Maddy, really we can't!"

We didn't. I gave my brother Paul complete authority in our partnership, and within five years the firm was on the rocks, as he spent most of his time—as he had done in earlier days when I was in charge—galloping all over the world, from California to India, playing polo, his one passion in life.

Generously, and against my better judgment, Mizzi insisted on putting a small fortune in our failing business to save it, not realizing that *I* should have been her gift to Madison & Sons, Silk Importers, five years before. But the impulse and act were characteristic of her, as was her inconsistent remark when bankruptcy was effected.

"Well, Maddy," she said, "I'm terribly happy that the old thing is off your mind at last—now you are free!"

(I'm afraid that a philosopher would have said that I was more of a slave than ever.)

Fortunately, I was most competent as Madame Altissima's manager and public (and private) relations counsel. Her income increased fifty per cent, and the investments I made for her flourished—this was prior to the financial crash of 1929. Concert tours greatly enlarged her public. Radio broadcasts brought her substantial sums and tons of fan letters. Successively, she had the honor of opening opera seasons in London, Berlin and New York.

But the irony of it all was that the more I made her the public's, the less she was mine!

One of my most important duties was the drawing up of the daily schedule, which had to be rigidly followed, whether Madame had to stay in bed all day preparatory to the night's performance—and be watched hourly as to right nourishment, relaxation, mental diversion—or whether there were twenty appointments appertaining to the season's work which she had to take care of personally.

Just because her life is so laid out to the fraction of each hour, a prima donna wants to kick over the traces. And because she knows that if she does, the penalty is out of all proportion to the fun of cutting loose, she is apt to indulge in strange devices for the release of this very human rebellion against automatonism. Love, too, being denied her in normal measure (she must deny herself in sexual matters and the feminine desire for children if she would continue her career at zenith), she may do peculiar things by way of compensation.

For example, Madame Altissima loves to play with her collection of fantastic French dolls, pretending that they are her children, and to please her I must make believe that I am their father! Hours of her days in bed are passed in this childish way. It was a difficult stunt for me to enter the spirit of the game, at first, but I learned how.

Again, she likes to pretend that she has fallen desperately in love with one of her many admirers, usually picking out the handsomest and most flagrant pursuer of the moment, and declaring to me that she is going to give up everything—career, fame, husband, social position—and go off with him and settle down to a home and family. When she staged this for me the first time, I nearly collapsed with rage and grief, especially as she met the fascinating gentleman in question and went to dinner with him in defiance of me and my schedule.

I had an agonizing four hours till she came back.

"He's a big fool, Maddy," she said, by way of explanation, "and so am I! But it was as exciting as a scenic railway ride while it lasted, and as tame at the end as when you get out of the car feeling how ridiculous you were in those breathless dips and dangerous curves!"

Gradually, I came to understand. Mizzi neither smokes nor drinks, nor cares to gamble, and I have come to the conclusion that in escapades like these which occur about every six months, she has a substitute dissipation. A sort of emotional safety valve. But the poor "lovers" probably regard these excursions as altogether different "rides" than the scenic railway variety.

Indeed, prima donnas "play" with men more often than not, I am afraid, for, as I have hinted, they must curb passion as it has a decidedly deleterious effect on the voice if not controlled with Spartan rigor. I have known great women singers who lacked the requisite asceticism and they have invariably paid high for their weakness, nine times out of ten losing the quality of voice demanded of them and their places in the starry firmament.

(Of course, there have been prima donnas who chose to have children, and succeeded in both fields of motherhood and opera, but they are rare birds. Then there are a few prima donnas who never marry, and whose love affairs are more or less pasteboard. Usually, these virgin singers are mentally

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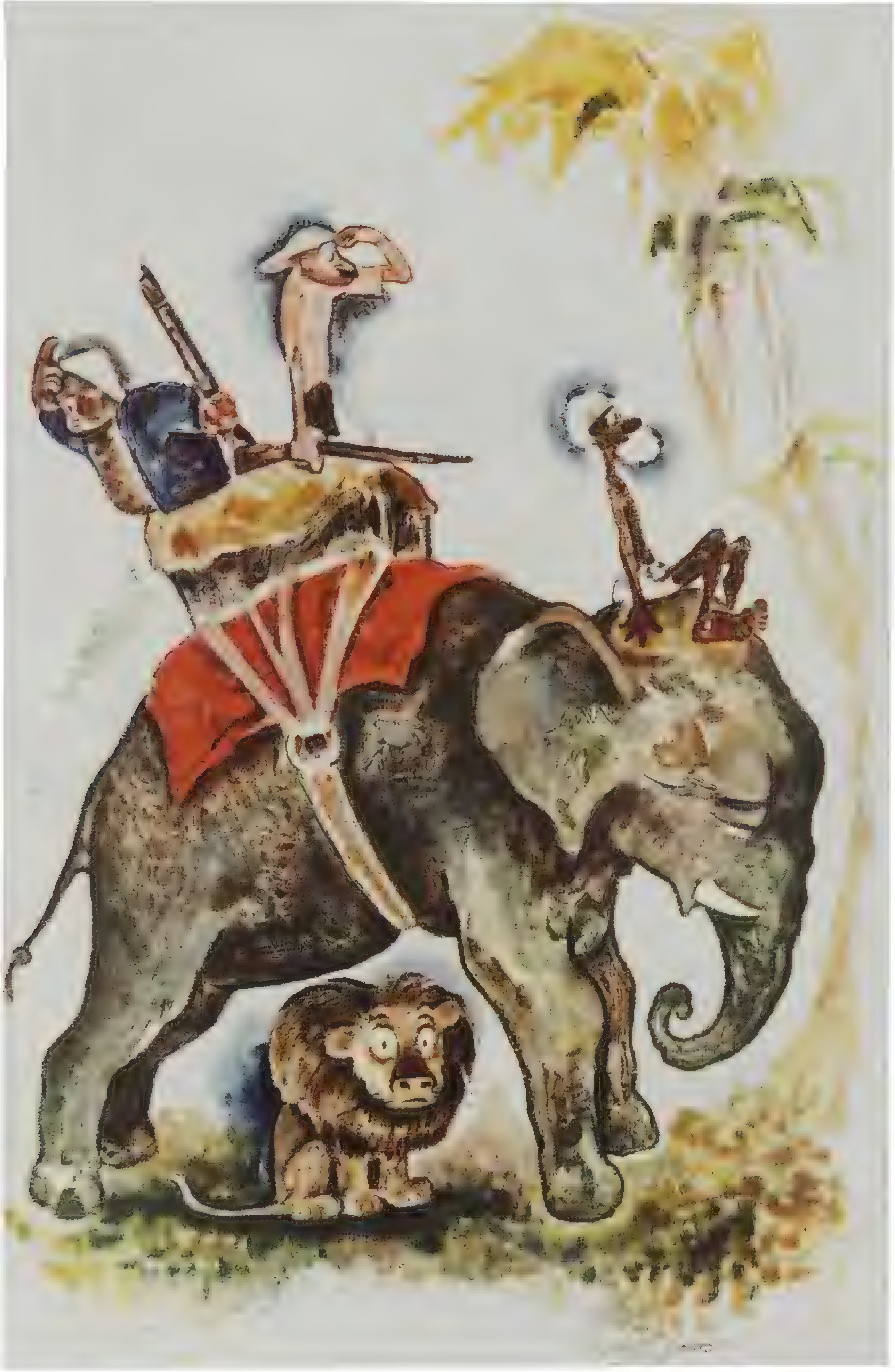


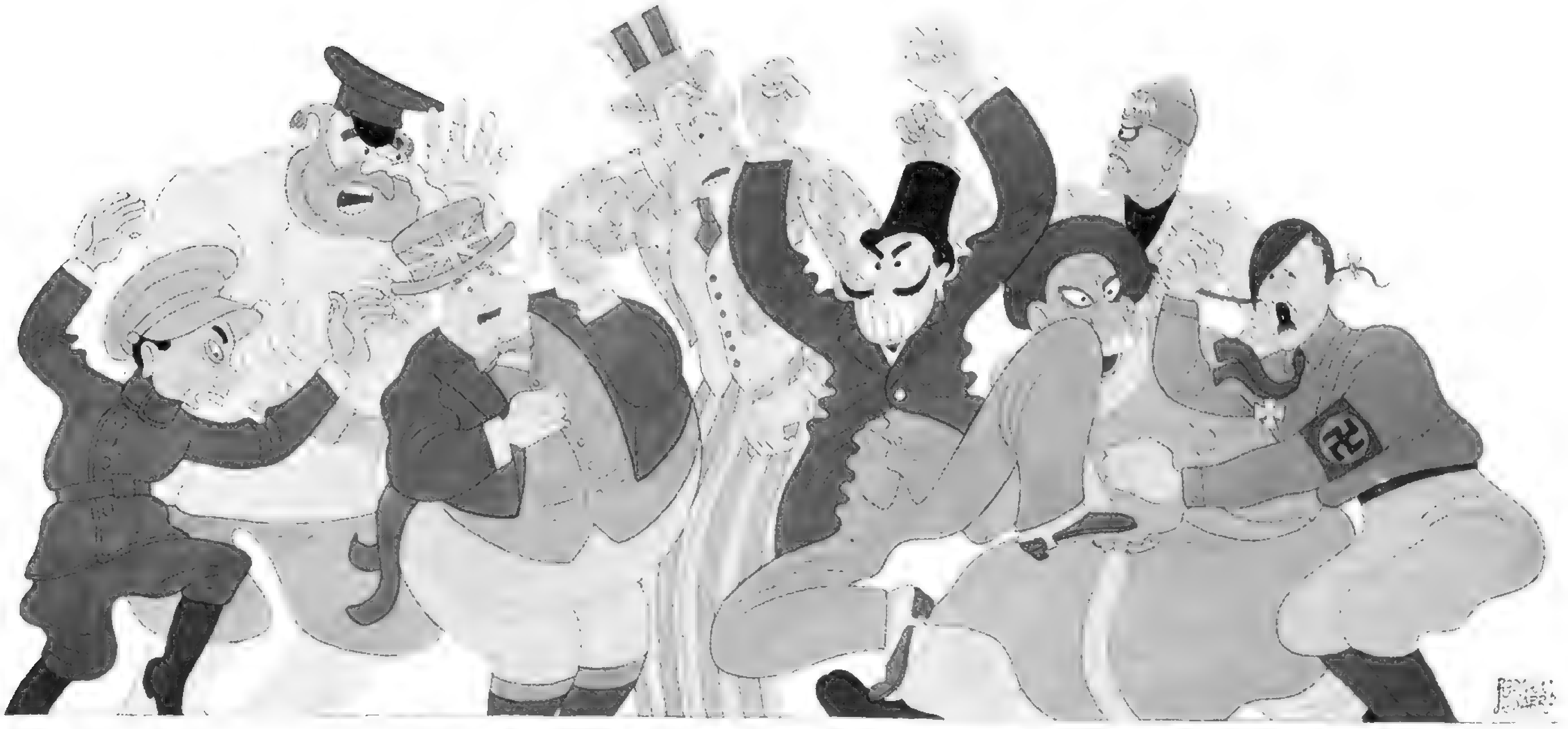
A MONOTYPE BY JOHN GROTH

"Now where the heck did that lion go?"

The Way to War

A sprightly expression of a Gallic sophistry, to wit: too many hates spoil a good war

by BERNARD FAŸ



War is everywhere. There is war in Cuba between rival factions. There is war in Spain. There is war in Germany. There is probably a good deal of war in Russia. There is fighting here and there in Jugoslavia. There are battles all over China. And the newspapers every morning announce that Germany is going to invade Austria, that Japan and Russia are going to war, that France and Germany are ready to start their big fight, that Italy and Jugoslavia are preparing to attack each other, that Hungary has its campaign against Rumania all mapped out, that Poland is meditating to strike the first blow against Germany or that Germany is all set to invade Poland. Financiers coming from Europe and musicians visiting America and lecturers are all talking about war. As a matter of fact the Labor Party in England is preparing its new campaign and very busily and cleverly stirring up the popular fear of war all over England. War is everywhere, and people who used to be most devoted to the pacifist ideals have become imbued with the war spirit.

Nobody, in general, cares for peace more than a Jew. His mental habits and his trade instincts make of him the most systematic lover of peace on earth. But in 1934 even Jews are talking of war. They have been so roughly handled that they are ready and willing. Not very long ago in the streets of Chicago a Frenchman was stopped in the streets by a Jew whom he knew slightly and who came straight to him and asked, "When are you going to make war on Germany?" The Frenchman replied, "I am sure I don't know." The Jew said, "You should hurry. If you don't the Germans will be ready and will lick you." Then the Frenchman answered, "War is a dangerous thing, it is a risky thing, and it is a costly thing." "Well, I know that the whole world will be with you, and moreover," said the Jew with great excitement, "if you go to war now, *I* am ready to do my bit." And he jingled the change in his pocket.

War is everywhere. But is there really going to be a war tomorrow morning? And if there were would it be a Franco-German war? Would it be a Russian-Polish war, a Japanese-Russian war, a Franco-Italian war, an Italian-Jugoslavian war or a Hungarian-Rumanian war, or some other one?

Of course each of these wars is possible and all are possible. Generally speaking, in the midst of this economic crisis and of these difficulties all nations hate all nations and each nation hates each nation. There are many difficulties between France and Germany and between France and Italy. Germany doesn't like the Versailles treaty, which took much from her, and Italy doesn't like the Versailles treaty which didn't give her enough. But Germany also hates Italy who has taken Southern Tyrol, where the Germans claim live distinctly German-speaking, German-minded people; and Italy has no great love for Germany because Germany is aiming at absorbing Austria and building in the center of Europe a large empire which would be a constant menace to the northern frontiers of Italy. Hungary doesn't like Rumania, but both hate Russia. Poland and Germany have no use for each other, but they agree that Russia is a common danger. Denmark, Sweden and Norway are united in their desire for peace and their coolness towards Hitler, but Danish people think that the Swedes are terribly haughty and the Norwegians terribly peasant, and the Norwegians will never forgive the Danes for keeping Iceland and shutting them out of Greenland. Germany is bitter against France but is probably even more bitter against England, though they don't show it as much: France has built a wall around Germany on land, but England has closed completely the sea to Germany. Switzerland is mostly preoccupied by the danger of a German invasion. The Swiss army is in top form and is always ready to face northeast. But also the mountain passes looking southwest are well guarded, and the feeling there is not much better. Italy has a traditional friendship for England and a sincere admiration for English character and civilization, but since England has obtained possession of the island of Malta in the middle of the Mediterranean Sea and near the coast of Sicily, an island which by its name, its situation, and its civilization is clearly Italian, there has been a certain amount of coldness and even bitterness in the English-Italian relations. In 1914 you could say clearly who was the enemy of whom, but in 1934 no such thing can be said because everybody is the enemy of everybody. There is bad feeling everywhere. Even the most pacific and peace-loving countries are angry. Denmark with its old traditions

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Science into Fantasy

The Belgian Shakespeare ventures into Einsteinian fields and, like Melisande, he is not happy there

by MAURICE MAETERLINCK

THE relative triumph of relativity, which completely ignores the fundamental mystery of gravitation, rests upon two extremely daring, not to say unreasonable, postulates, two very debatable postulates, to say the least of it. These are, that there is no speed greater than that of light, and that the universe is finite (time also, in consequence?) but has no limits or borders, because it is curved inwards. In other words, it is alleged to be a sphere, or rather a four dimensional hypersphere (time being the fourth), of which it is impossible for us to form an image.

Granted this finite universe, without borders and limits (this is the most recent formula), like an orange, which is equally finite and without borders (but who would say it was without limits?)—in what element does it stagnate or float? There must be something around it to show that it is spherical. Otherwise, we should be back again to our old, classical universe, without shape, borders or limits. But the moment there is anything around it which is not the universe itself, the latter ceases to be the universe.

The radius of this universe is supposed to be eighty-four million light-years, according to Einstein. But, according to Van Sitter, it is only two million of these same light-years. According to Jeans, it would take light five hundred million years to travel round this spherical universe. The rays would not extend in a straight line into infinity, as in the universe of Euclid and Newton, but would encircle it and meet at the antipodes of the star which emitted them. Becquerel, who is an ardent champion of Einstein's theories, imagines, in his turn, an "ultra-macrocosm," aged a thousand Parsecs, or three thousand, two hundred cubic light-years. What is the basis for these contradictory and fabulous figures? Where does science end and fantasy begin?

Several of these cosmic hypotheses (and not particularly those cited), in spite of their enormous dimensions, give one the feeling that they are at times ingenuous and childish. One is astonished that men are not ashamed to propose them to serious people.

IF THE hypothesis of the curvature of the universe and the return of light were correct, we should witness the extraordinary phenomenon of those anti-suns and anti-stars of which Becquerel speaks. That is to say, after having traveled around the universe, the light rays would return to their point of departure. Then one should see an anti-sun in that part of the heavens opposite to the real sun. And if the rays were not absorbed, this phantom sun would shine as brightly as the sun that gives us light. The same would be true of the stars, which would go round the Cosmos two or three times and would reappear in double and triple form, although only the ghosts of the original star. Then our firmament would be nothing but a vault of flames.

I may say, in passing, that I do not see why this phantom sun should necessarily appear in that part of the heavens opposite to the real sun, but this is a minor objection. For the rest, we are told that, if we do not see these imaginary stars, it is probably because the light rays are almost completely absorbed. We are further told that Einstein's space is only half-spherical, and finally, that light would collide with the *barrier of time.* "To the observer," says Becquerel, "no moving object, no ray of light, could ever cross this barrier, or even return. Yet, if we could measure the speed of a moving object as it moved away, we should find that this speed increased indefinitely. To man this gives the complete illusion of a universe infinite in space as well as in time."

I confess that I do not clearly perceive this barrier of time or understand how it functions. But, since it is a question of imaginary stars, may we not rather say, at least in this case, that it is the Einstein theory which appears illusory and the universe which really reveals itself as infinite? Is it not we who emerge from our bubble-universe into the real Universe, which is without limits of time or space?

AT THIS point we come upon further difficulties. According to some, time follows a straight line into infinity. According to others, it bends inward like light and space. What is this time which curves inward upon itself? Is it the end of eternity? But what can we put in place of eternity? Furthermore, could time be reversible, when we have always, and rightly, believed that its essential mark was irreversibility?

CONSIDERING the universe as finite, Einstein declares that absolute space does not exist, and he extends this theory to cover the non-existence of absolute time, that is to say, time is not the same for an observer in repose and an observer in motion.

But why deny the existence of absolute time simply because two observers, one in repose and the other in motion, do not appreciate time in the same way? Time to these two observers is, after all, essentially *human.* What is the warrant for diminishing or annihilating, in its favor, absolute time, that is, eternity, whose existence is even more incontestable than that of space?

"I prefer," say Eddington, on the other hand, as cited by Becquerel, "to regard matter and energy, not as factors producing the different degrees of curvature in space, but as *elements for the perception* of the curvature."

This is reasonable and gets us away from mathematics, but it makes man the only witness and supreme judge of the universe. So we are back again to pure homocentrism. This practically leads to the admission that "the law of gravity is purely subjective." That is to say, it is entirely "in the interior of our spirit," as Littré puts it. This admission, it is true, is made only under certain conditions, too technical to be introduced here in an argument intended for the general reader, but it is none the less real and worthy of attention.

"Gravity," says Becquerel, "should be the action of neighbor upon neighbor. To the question 'why does an object which is lifted and then left to itself fall to the ground?' everyone is tempted to reply: 'because it is attracted by the Earth.' Modern physics must formulate a different answer.

"The attraction of the Earth for the falling object is actually an optical illusion, because the Earth acts upon the object indirectly. Generally speaking, all matter or all energy determines, in its own vicinity, the properties of Space-Time, and produces a modification of Space-Time, which manifests itself to us in what we call the field of gravity. The property of acting on an object . . . is inherent in Space-Time, modified by the proximity of matter or energy.

"It is important to notice that the deformation of Space-Time must not be considered as the cause of gravity. . . . The phenomena of gravity are simply manifestations of the deformation which occurs in the presence or proximity of matter, which is subject to the law discovered by Einstein, but whose first cause remains a profound mystery.

"Now we are certain," Becquerel adds, "that the field of gravity is the manifestation of the non-Euclidean character of the

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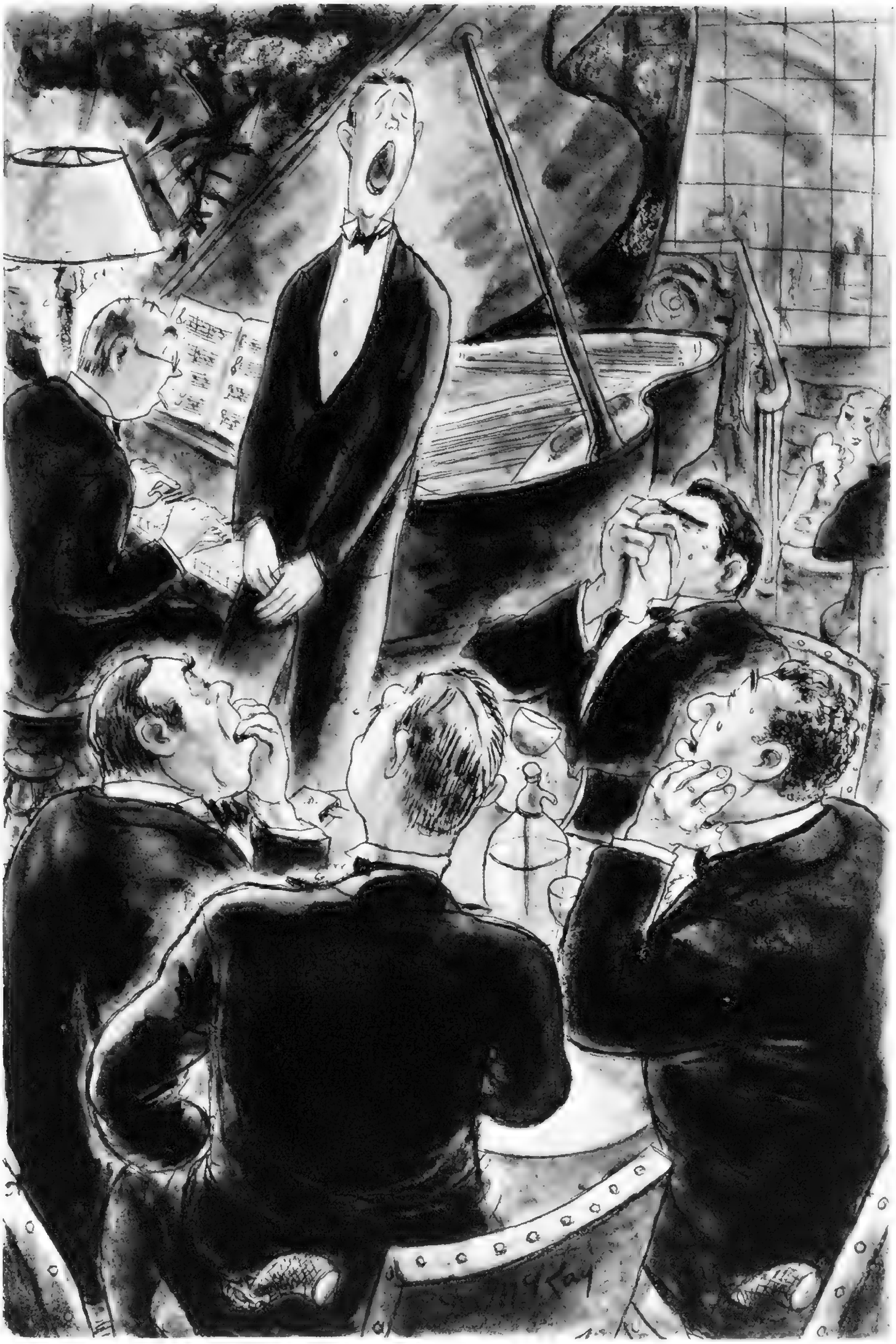

"Give me a ho-o-me, where the buffalo ro-o-am."

Technique for Politicians

A prediction, based on present trends of politics, of the rise of one great world government

by BERTRAND RUSSELL

THE ART of politics, as it appears to practical politicians, is a branch of the art of persuasion, but it differs from this art, as practiced by advertisers, in one important respect, namely, that the holders of power are able to enforce attention to their persuasions. The real problem of politics, therefore, is the problem of power, and governmental power depends upon technique. The technique involved, so far, is of three kinds: military, economic and psychological. These three are of about equal importance.

The importance of military technique is apt to be underestimated by liberal minded persons, and especially by those who do not like war. At all times, however, it has been a vital factor in great events. In the ancient world armies did not need constant communication with their base, as they have done since the invention of gunpowder. Hannibal could maintain himself in Italy for many years almost without intercourse with Carthage. But it was necessary to be able to dispatch troops quickly from the capital to quell rebellions in outlying districts; it was for this purpose that first the Persians, and then the Romans, constructed great roads which, incidentally, made ordinary travel easy and facilitated the spread of civilization.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the profession of the private soldier required much more skill than it does at present. This was, therefore, the period of small professional armies, which could be recruited by monarchs without the need of any popular appeal. As the skill required in the private soldier became less, it became possible and therefore important to have large armies. For this purpose popular enthusiasm was a help, and the victories of the French Revolution are largely attributable to this cause. Modern war requires not only huge armies, but enormous numbers of munition workers. It cannot, therefore, be successful unless the nation is at one with the government. This is the chief reason which has caused so many governments to become more or less democratic.

THERE are signs, however, of a new development in which victory will depend upon scientific skill rather than upon numbers. Victory will go to the government which can most successfully spread its poison gas and bacteria among the enemy. This is a problem rather of technical ingenuity than of man-power, and suggests for the future an oligarchy of scientific experts. This change will facilitate the holding of power by minority dictatorships, whether fascist or communist.

One of the difficulties of warfare in modern times has been that the generals and admirals, through being conservative in politics, have acquired a conservative outlook upon other matters also, and more particularly upon the technique of war. The Duke of Wellington objected to rifles as an innovation. The British Admiralty continued to construct men-of-war of wood, and to view steam with disfavor, for about half a century longer than they should have done. It was the American Civil War, conducted in the main by people who were not professionals, which led the way to the modern type of battleship. If I were conducting a war, I should insist that all the generals must be business-men and all the admirals civil engineers; I should confine professional soldiers and sailors entirely to the lower ranks.

It is likely that during the next fifty years the importance of air warfare will exercise a decisive effect on politics. Owing to the fact that the aeroplane moves in three dimensions instead of two, attack is easy and defense impossible; moreover, the importance of the sea is enormously diminished, since it is probable that sea communications could not be kept open in time of war. For these reasons, war, if it occurs, will be more destructive than it used to be. It may therefore be assumed that in the next war all the belligerents will destroy each other, with the result that the whole world will fall under the domination of the largest neutral, provided any important country has the sense to remain a spectator. In this way a world government may be brought about, and civilization may survive.

THE importance of economic technique in politics is generally recognized nowadays. It is obvious that liberalism as it existed in the nineteenth century, depended upon the existence of a large number of small economic units competing one against the other. The peasant proprietor employing a little hired labor, and the small employer in industry, could, while they were still oppressed by the aristocratic monopoly of political power, imagine that liberty and equality were the sole necessities for a millennium. Economic experience has refuted this dream. Industrial enterprises have grown larger and larger until in the most important of them nation-wide monopoly has been achieved; the peasant proprietors, through mortgages, have come under the power of the banks, and thereby of the leaders of finance. Thus the liberal régime, by the natural operation of economic forces, has produced a few captains of industry and financial magnates who control the lives and fortunes of a vast population of economic slaves. Liberty and equality have disappeared, and liberalism has been compelled to develop into State regulation of industry and finance.

The increase of productive capacity is another technical fact which increasingly dominates politics. Already more than a hundred years ago, as may be seen from the writings of Robert Owen, our present problem of starvation due to excess of goods was visible to far-sighted men. This problem is, of course, an entirely artificial one created by plutocratic mentality. The reason that men cannot consume the goods that the world is capable of producing is that most men are poor; the reason that most men are poor is that the rich, who hold the power, consider it right that wage-earners should be poor. If wages increased in proportion to productive capacity, the world would, without difficulty, absorb all that it can produce, no matter how much this might be; more especially would this be the case if a part of the increasing productive capacity were used to shorten the hours of labor. It would be to the interest of employers, as a whole, to raise wages and shorten hours, but it is not to the interest of each individual employer to do so while others do the opposite; competition, therefore, whether national or international, makes it impossible for the world to derive the obvious benefit from the increased productivity of labor. Competition belongs to the liberal era, and should now be discarded, but it is so firmly rooted in the minds of the rich that most of them prefer ruin to discarding it.

PSYCHOLOGICAL technique is as yet in its infancy, but it is likely to become of immense importance. So far it has been practiced most efficiently by the Catholic Church, but the Catholic Church perfected its methods before the invention of printing. While, therefore, it holds its own in education, wherever the State permits, it is no longer supreme in the methods of propaganda which appeal to so-called adults, such as the Press, the cinema, and the radio. Propaganda by these more modern methods is as yet somewhat disorganized, except in the U. S. S. R. and Germany; [illegible] it becomes organized it will more and [illegible] be taken over by the government. Anti-governmental propaganda will become increasingly difficult, and I think it may be assumed that before long no government which succeeds in holding power for so much as ten years will be dislodged except as a result of defeat in war. I base this chiefly upon the purely technical fact that methods of persuasion in the present day require more expensive technical apparatus than was needed in the time of Peter

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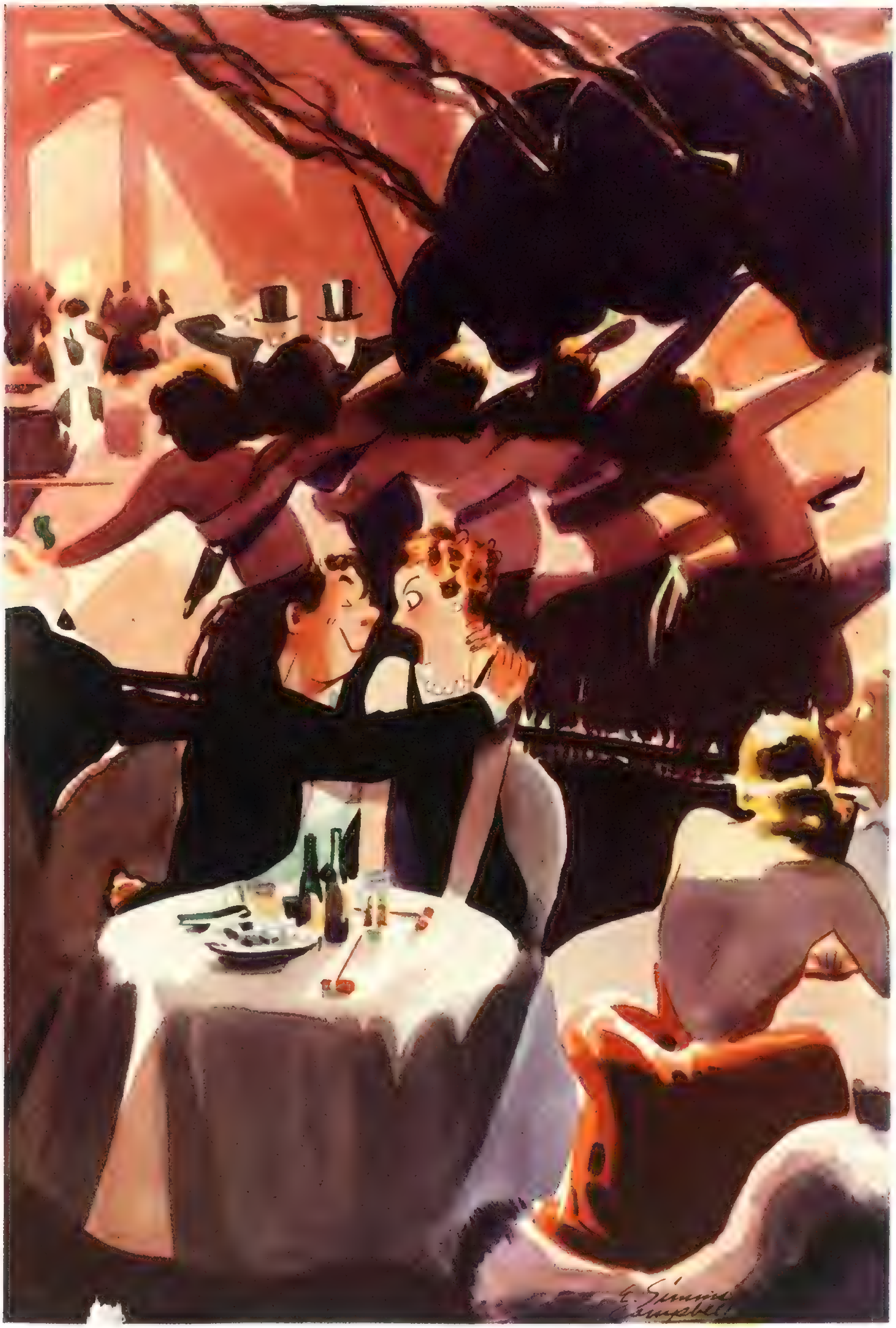
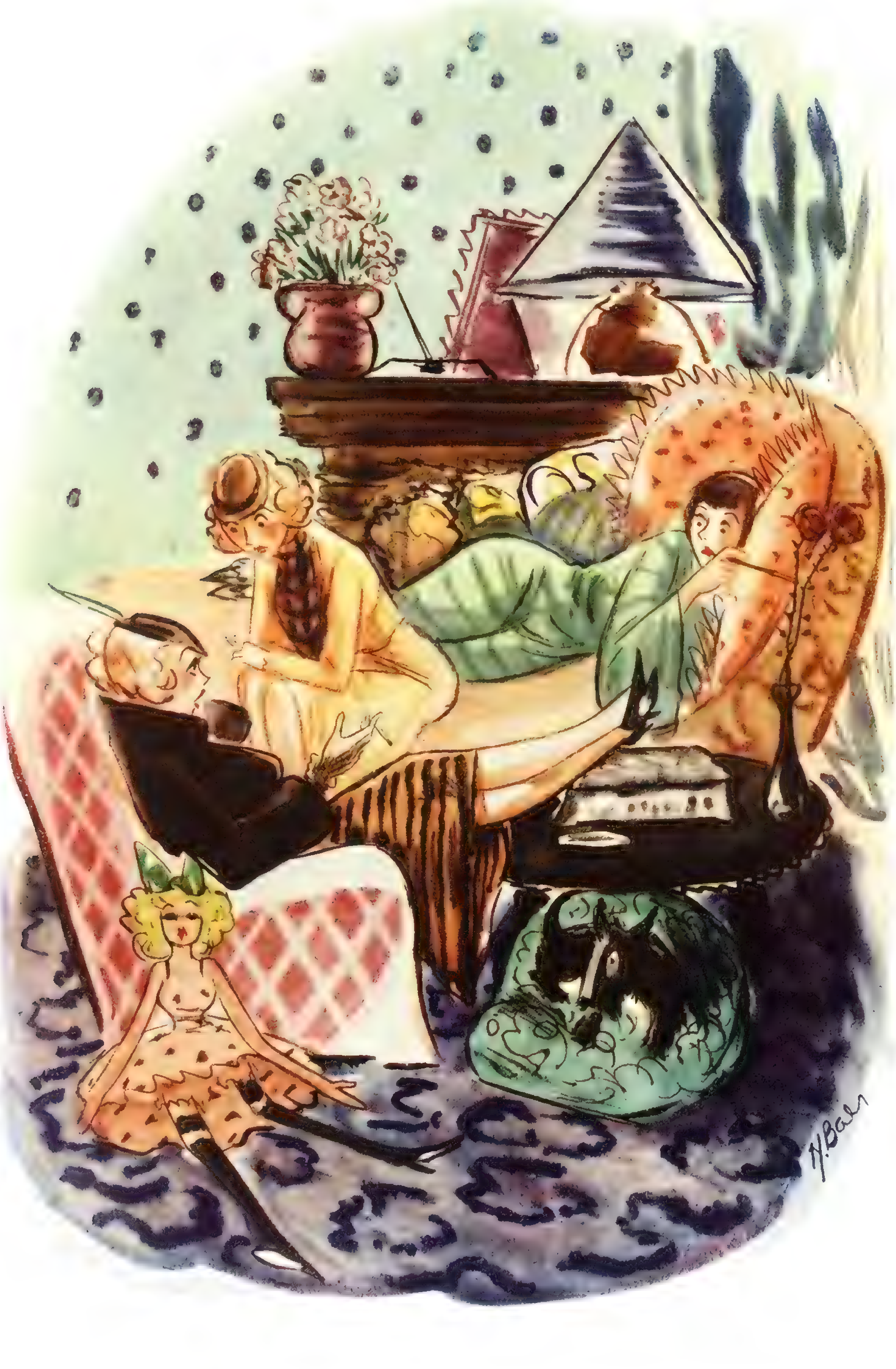

E. Simms Campbell

"Do you realize I'm your wife?"



"Trouble is, I'm the type that mother won't let me associate with"

The Paradox of Hollywood

A view of Hollywood as the best and safest possible place for mothers to put their daughters

by EMIL LUDWIG

FAMOUS places, like famous people, are disappointing at the first meeting, but at the second they surprise one with unexpected qualities. At first Hollywood also appears less startling than anticipated.

To begin with, it is not unreal enough. There is very little to be seen of all those artificial houses and streets which constitute that papier mâché world as one imagines it. The famous California sun, on whose account the whole industry was transferred to these remote shores, and which makes it necessary for strangers to travel five thousand miles, is absent or is not used. Eighty-five per cent of all pictures are made in dark, barn-like edifices under Jupiter lights, with the result that there are not so many constructed outdoor sets. The few wooden streets remind one exactly of stage scenery when it is being taken out into the street for transportation. The extensive storehouses in which every kind of furniture, bronzes, lamps and pedestals are kept are simply storage warehouse rooms, where just as many tasteless objects are gathered. That wooden and cardboard battleship looks like an exaggerated toy, and the trick gadgets no longer surprise anybody who knows how dictators govern their people.

If one happens to meet a couple of Chinese women walking along the studio streets in the sunshine, they are no different from those one has just seen in the streets of Los Angeles. Whoever comes here looking for exciting experiences will be disappointed. No bourgeois society in America or Europe is more moral than these film folk, whose sole passion is money, and whose sole pleasures are domestic: bathing, playing, or sleeping. Apart from Spain and Italy, the last of the moral countries in Europe, I have everywhere seen more powerful urges to erotic and sentimental adventure than here, where such urges have been dulled by hundreds of movies and have been so exhausted by the camera that they attract nobody once outside the studios. Even the mixture of nationalities produces no interesting movement, as in Geneva. It all reduces itself to money-making, economizing, investing and an occasional pleasant evening amongst friends. Any mother who is anxious about her daughter's virtue could not send her to a safer place than Hollywood.

In view of the crazy publicity to which they are exposed when working, it is no wonder these people all retire within their own four walls when work is done. A person who knows that he is being photographed a couple of thousand times daily, whose profession it is to leave several thousand feet of film of his physical appearance behind him every day, is like a man dragging his biography behind him on a string. This mania is so overpowering that even during rest intervals, in the semi-darkness backstage, photographs are continually being taken. A special photographer is posted there to get every star, every guest, every chance group, in case it might be useful, that is for publicity purposes. This daily life of ten hours in an illuminated glass case does not produce affectations, but rather a kind of second naturalness, a consciousness of the beautiful, or at least, characteristic attitude, which is prepared to be preserved for all time.

Nothing trains people for social life in the exterior sense of the word better than the feeling of being controlled by the eye of the camera at every moment. When a layman first sees his film, and his eye and ear realize with horror how he actually looks, moves and speaks, the experience is crushing but later gives him a lesson in how he *should* look, move and speak. A movie actor can be sent with greater prospects of success to any congress, ball, or reception than can a diplomat or a merchant. He is more accustomed to the outward appearance which we all must and do assume in social life; in this respect he is superior to a stage player.

HERE we are dealing with the agreeable surprises of Hollywood. To me the most astonishing was the fact that through the collaboration of a hundred different departments and thousands of different people, a movie, a work of art, or a piece of artistic handicraft, can be produced without the thread being lost. Although I think that the preparation of a manuscript by three or six authors kills all originality—the Hollywood mania of mixing up a script as if it were a cocktail—nevertheless I marvel at the collaboration of all other factors. In no other art and in no other manufacture and a film is both—is the final end so obscure during the various stages as in the movies.

Success is made possible only through the enduring and persistent vision of one man and the patience of all participants. When the production of a play in the theatre lasts two or three weeks, the director and the actors are freshened by the more or less constant variations in the manner of playing. The third act affects the first in such a way that some scenes in the latter have to be subsequently altered and rehearsed, but such an act lasts half an hour or more. In the movies, where each scene lasts from three to five minutes, the director's whole effort is to bring those minutes once to their highest point of tension or beauty, and so the production, with all altered or superfluous shots, lasts only about so many hours.

The patience of everybody concerned is the greatest virtue of the film world In order to play for ten minutes on one day, an actor will wait from eight to ten hours, rehearse, read, rehearse, eat, rehearse, sleep, rehearse, play cards, rehearse—all in the same room. He has no chance to warm up to his part, to work up an act, but must always start from zero and rise to the highest point of an emotional scene and hold it. I consider this training in patience the greatest moral result of the movies.

This is only possible because of a definite cordiality. Of course, jealousy, intrigues and gossip are found here as everywhere, but I have also witnessed true comradeship, and decent, even affectionate relations between the so-called "classes," who must work together, differentiated only by the scale of their salaries and activities. In this hierarchy, the author stands away down; he is even more despised here than in the theatre. Nobody remembers that he actually evolved the entire play, and if he makes a suggestion he is received with a faint smile. Above him stands the camera man, who is feared by all, for he is the trainer of the wild animal, and can let it be friendly or hostile, according to his humor. Still higher stands the actor, who believes he is irreplaceable, despises everyone else, and regards himself secretly as the author, director and camera man rolled into one. At the same time he is the soldier who risks his blood and life, while the others are merely generals who sit safely behind the front and issue commands.

The director is not so much feared as he is hated or worshipped. When he is clever he listens to the advice of everyone concerned, but follows only his own instinct. When he is a fool, he plays at being a dictator. For those erotic interludes which animate or confuse work in the theatre there is here no opportunity, because rehearsals always take place in the light of twenty gigantic lamps and a couple of dozen pairs of eyes observe continually. What precedes the choice of an actress for a movie is another matter, but once work is begun, everyone has a feeling of complete detachment.

I FOUND HOLLYWOOD more uninteresting, but more friendly and moral than its reputation, and I should have nothing to say against it, if the people to whom it belongs had not one particular defect: they are too rich. We writers do not see much of this, but we can't help noticing it. This is probably the last corner in an impoverished world where money is literally squandered. Profits are so great that it is worth while to support an army of authors and pay them by the week, instead of paying them by the manuscript and actually developing them

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Son of the Sun

The story of a man who had a cold-phobia, spending a winter among the children of the snow

by KNUT HAMSUN

The first snow had fallen during the night and lay like a thick, white blanket upon the ground. The painter had awaked with a happy remembrance of having received a letter the day before, a surprising and redeeming message. It made him feel young and happy and he began to hum to himself, but as soon as he strolled over to the window, raised the curtain, and caught sight of the snow, his song ceased. A disconsolate feeling came over him, entered his very soul and his poor, round shoulders shivered sympathetically.

Each winter brought the same terrible time to him, a sickness that was like no other suffering and which no other person could understand. The mere sight of snow cried "Death" to him, shouted "Destruction" into his ears. The long evenings came, with their darkness, their dull, meaningless silence. He could not work in his studio, and his soul, like the bear, sought its lair and slept, silenced.

One summer, years ago, he lived in a village, in a light spacious room. The lowest panes of the window were white-washed to keep out passing curious eyes, but the thin coating of lime reminded him of ice and the thought brought suffering that he could not relieve. He sought to discipline himself, forced himself to stay there many months, saying daily over and over again that even ice had its beauty for some people; that winter, as well as summer, was the expression of an eternal idea and, too, belonged to God. All for naught! He could not touch his work, and his daily torture took its toll of his body.

Again, somewhat later in his life, he chanced to settle down in Paris at the time when the city was having its joyous celebrations. He liked to go out on the boulevards to watch the excitement until one night, right in the middle of summer, something happened. The evening was sultry, and the fragrance of foliage and flowers in the great parks hovered over the city. The streets were bright with electric lights. Laughing, jubilant people billowed back and forth, shouting, singing, throwing confetti. Joy was rampant. The painter, too, went out on the streets determined to mix with the crowd and join in its rejoicing. But within a half an hour he took a cab and went back to his house. A remembrance had come to him from the past, for in the glare of the lights the confetti drifted down like snow from the heavens and his joy was at an end.

This went on for several years. Where did his soul belong? Perhaps in a sunny country, in a land of palms. Perhaps on the banks of the Ganges, where the lotus never withers.

As has been already said, it had snowed the night before. The painter thought of how the birds must be freezing in the woods and how the roots of the violets suffered in the earth before they died. And he wondered, too, what the rabbits could find to nibble on.

He could no longer go outdoors. For many months he scarcely left his room but walked the floor or sat in a chair, thinking. Nobody realized what a time he had during this, his imprisonment. He was still young enough to go out and enjoy life. Nor did he lack the power and the will to do it. But at the whim of the frost or of this change in the weather he was reduced to sitting in his room and brooding. At such times his wife locked up in the cupboard what little fruit she might have bought for the children. Otherwise he would have taken it, set the few apples and grapes, poor as they were, before him, and looked at them a while longingly, for they were the fruits of the south and of summer. Finally he would have eaten them, skin and all.

This man, who was now so lean and worn in body, was in the summer a different person both in body and in mind, but ever in the winter with its dark days and long black nights he seemed overwhelmed by a fearful gloom. He suffered changes from one mental state to another, violent and sudden like a storm from the sky.

Often he would drop to his knees before his youngest child and ask God that his boy might not become a painter like himself. His son was to sow and reap! There was nothing man could do like putting seeds into the earth and working the soil to make them grow! His boy, too, would thus be spared from setting foot in a foreign land. In vain, when away from his own, a man looks for a pleasant home in which to live. People do not understand the words he speaks, nor his looks, nor his smiles. Even the heavens are different. The very sky is changed. The stars are altered and cannot be recognized. If he looks at the flowers, he finds them a different color; if at the birds, different feathers. And there's never the same flag on the pole.

The painter noticed with terror that the cold was increasing and that everything living seemed as if it were dying. His window opened on the woods and upon a broad road by which people traveled to and from the village. No longer were there any leaves to stir on the trees. The spruce needles were like cold steel awls sticking out from branches covered with frost. It was a glorious day for a sporting mob. One poor titmouse still had strength enough to move its wings, and where it flew in the air, it left a thin stream of vapor behind. Nature itself had no breath. It was still as death. No wind, even, stirred the air. All was as stiff and white as tallow.

Bells sounded. A gentleman and a lady traveled by in a sleigh. Over them and the horse a cloud of vapor hovered, ever renewed as they journeyed onward. These two, thought the painter, had probably never seen a bunch of grapes growing on the vine nor tasted one either. Their faces showed no dissatisfaction with the weather. They drove along on their little errand to the village, shouting now and then to the horse when it seemed to them he was making slow headway through the tallow. The glances of the man and the woman showed little wonderment at this terrible, cold enigma around them. They gave it no thought, for they were themselves children of the snow, and had grown up in it. And now the two there looked like seals, sitting on their haunches. The man's beard bristled with ice.

The poor, frozen painter saw his little daughter playing outside in the yard near the window. She was dressed in thick woolen clothes from head to foot. Under the goat-hair stockings only a single thickness of leather protected her feet from the snow. Her steps crunched, with a sound that was painful to him, in the snow as she walked along dragging her sled. Her father's shoulders began to tremble and he closed his eyes as if he were too exhausted to hold them open. Cold sweat stood out on his forehead. The child shouted to him. She lifted up her rosy-cheeked face and called to him that the

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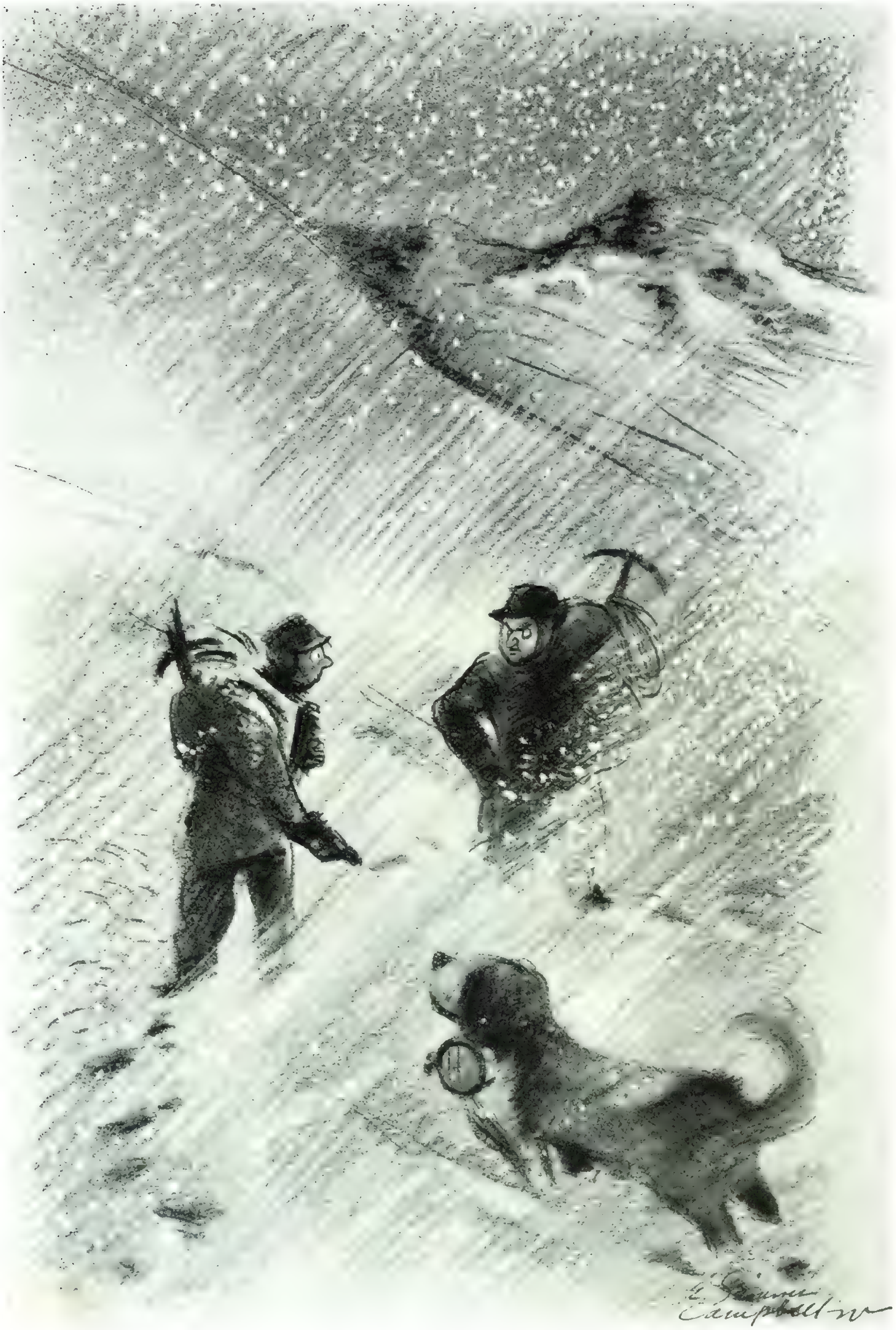

E. Simms Campbell

"Look, he's lost"

The Sick Horse

The story of a horse which showed no good points but, in the end, had horse-sense

by ERSKINE CALDWELL

Benton came running around the corner of the house yelling for me to come quick. I didn't have a chance to ask him then what the trouble was, but when we got to the barn I heard Benton saying something was wrong with King. I had been looking for that, and I wasn't a bit surprised. If a man ever got the worse end of a bargain, I sure thought it was Benton the Friday before when he swapped Jim-Dandy for King and a durn mowing machine.

All I could think of then was that maybe the best thing for the new horse was a stiff dose of medicine. I didn't have a chance to mention that to Benton until after we got inside and had opened the stall door.

Benton was blocking the door and I couldn't see the horse right away.

"Is he down yet, Benton?" I said, pushing past him.

Benton jumped aside as if somebody had tickled him in the ribs.

"He don't have to get down for me to know he's sick, Clyde," he said. He laid his hand on King's bony rump and stared at the scrawny tail. "I should have found out before I traded if he was taken to sick spells. But somehow I was thinking about something else—"

Benton stood back and I had a good look at King. I'd seen him in the sunlight the day the trade was made, and I never thought I'd see a worse looking nag, but when I took a good look at him this time, I knew I'd never seen a bundle of horsehide like that in all my life. King was standing on four legs that looked like they had been—well, to tell the whole truth, that horse looked for all the world like one of those playthings the kids make by sticking match stems into a potato.

"I reckon we should have kept Jim-Dandy," Benton said, stopping short and looking at the horse. "But I had a feeling at the time—"

"He needs medicine, Benton," I said. "He needs it bad."

Jim-Dandy was the finest horse we'd ever had. I guess Benton was thinking that too, because he kept glancing over to the next stall where Jim-Dandy's halter was still hanging. Benton had made up his mind to swap, though, and he got a mowing machine to boot. I could tell by looking at King that he'd never last long enough to eat the hay that mower cut.

"Clyde," Benton said, "what had we better do?"

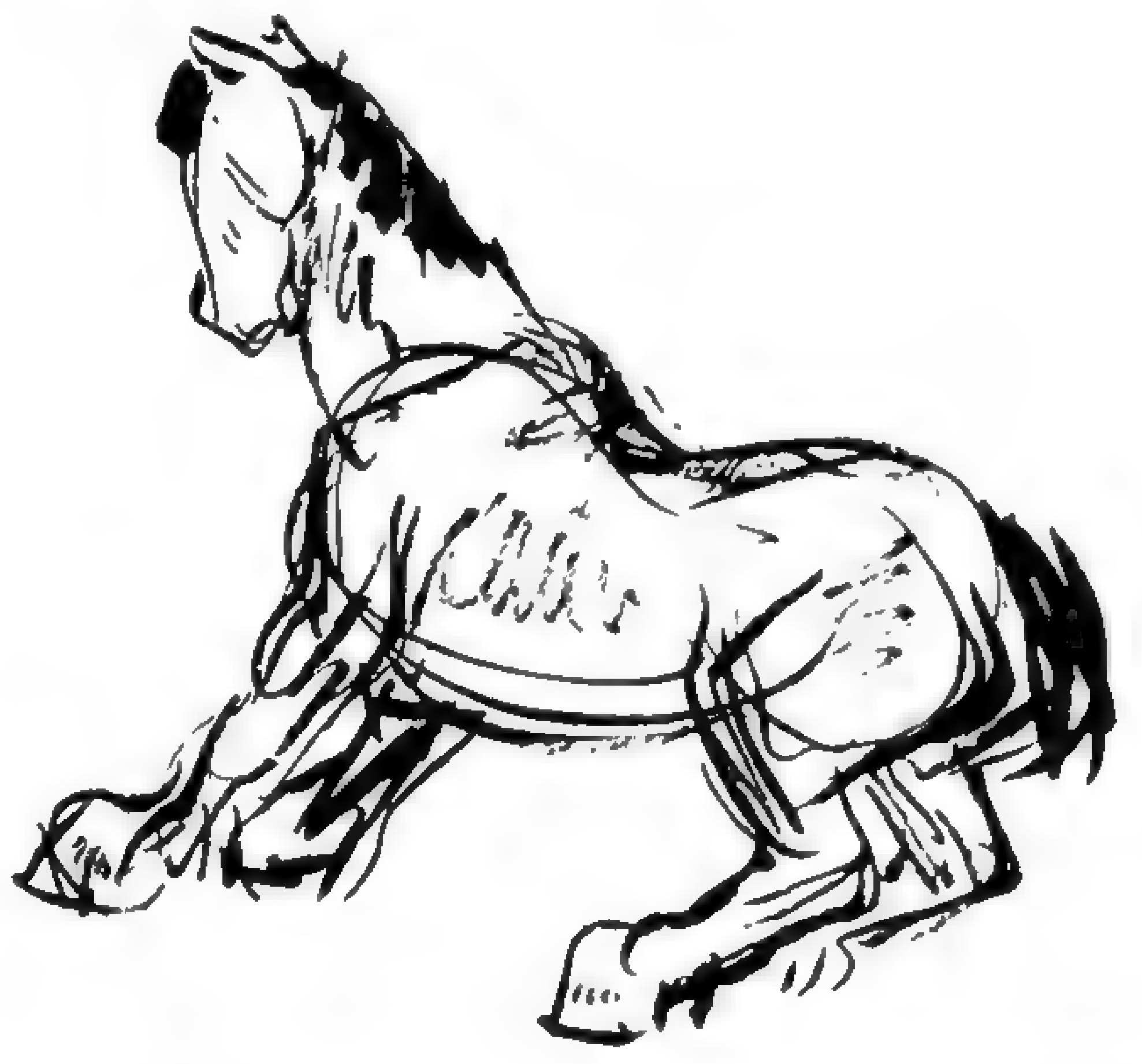
"He's real sick," I said. "He needs bracing up or something right away."

Benton didn't say anything for a while, and I looked around, and the minute I saw his face I knew what he was thinking. He was standing there looking at King and wondering what the visitors who were always dropping in to see the horses would say about that one. I'd seen ones a lot better looking than King led off to the boneyard, and so had Benton, too.

"Better go get the castor oil, Clyde," Benton said, sitting down on the harness bench.

He was almost as sick as King was, but there was nothing I could do for him.

"Maybe we'd better wait and see if he won't get better first," I said. "That horse looks now like he might not be able to stand castor oil yet, Benton."



"Go get the castor oil like I said, anyway," Benton told me.

I went through the barn door and on into the house where the medicine was kept. When I got back, Benton had got up and gone around to the other side of King, and the horse looked just as sickly on that side as he did from any other direction. I knew that if he ever got rid of him we'd have to make a trade sight unseen.

I set the medicine on the harness bench. Right then King looked like he'd never live to stomach it.

"Give it to him, Clyde," Benton said weakly.

"Benton," I said, "I wouldn't try to force King in the shape he's in. He looks kind of white around the gills."

"Give it to him, anyway. If he won't get well, I don't want him standing around here looking like that."

Right then and there I had a feeling that the better use of the castor oil was to take it out behind the barn and pour it over the rust on the mowing machine, but there was no way to talk Benton out of giving it to King.

I went over to the harness room and got the gun and filled it with the castor oil like Benton said to do. Benton did not make a move to help me. When I got back and was ready to give it to King, I motioned to Benton, and he came over and helped me get the horse's head up.

When it was all over, instead of helping me with the hay, Benton went into the house and sat down. He took a seat by the front window hoping, I guess, to be able to steer visitors away from the barn if any should stop in that afternoon.

I went on about finishing up my work and didn't have a chance to see Benton again until late in the afternoon. I had heard one car stop in front of the house, but whoever it was got headed off by Benton at the front gate and he didn't get a chance to come to the barn where the sick horse was.

About five o'clock I walked around to the front of the barn and sat down to wait for Benton to come out. I knew he would be there before feeding time to look at King, and I did not want to miss seeing if the medicine had helped any.

I couldn't get it out of my head all that time about trading Jim-Dandy for King and the mower. It was a fool trade, if there ever was one, and I couldn't figure out what had made Benton go and do it. Jim-Dandy was just about the finest horse a man could hope to own. He was a good height and just about perfect in weight, and he had the finest mane and tail I ever expect to see again on a horse.

I'd always rubbed him down twice a day, and I had even got so I would rather do that than take a day off and go to town. I'd curry him and brush him until his sides were as shiny as new paint. The cold weather always ruffled up his hide, and when I started in, it would be as fuzzy as a kitten's. By the time I had finished, he looked like he'd just stepped out of the show ring with a blue ribbon. Then I'd start on his tail and mane and spend another hour working over that. I'd comb him carefully first, and then I'd begin brushing them. His mane was as silky and smooth as a young girl's hair, and those waves would come out and shine just like they had been put there with a curling iron.

But it was his tail that showed up the wavy streaks so well. His tail reached all the way down to the ground, and after you'd worked over it three-quarters of an hour and stood back to let the sunshine play on it, it looked exactly like a frozen lake that had locked up when the wind was high. You can see the same thing in November before the snow falls by standing on a hill top somewhere and looking down a mile or two away at one of those sheets with the waves locked up in the ice. I tell you, there's not a prettier sight anywhere than that, and that's exactly how the curly waves in Jim-Dandy's mane and tail looked.

I don't know how long I'd been sitting there in the sun thinking about Jim-Dandy

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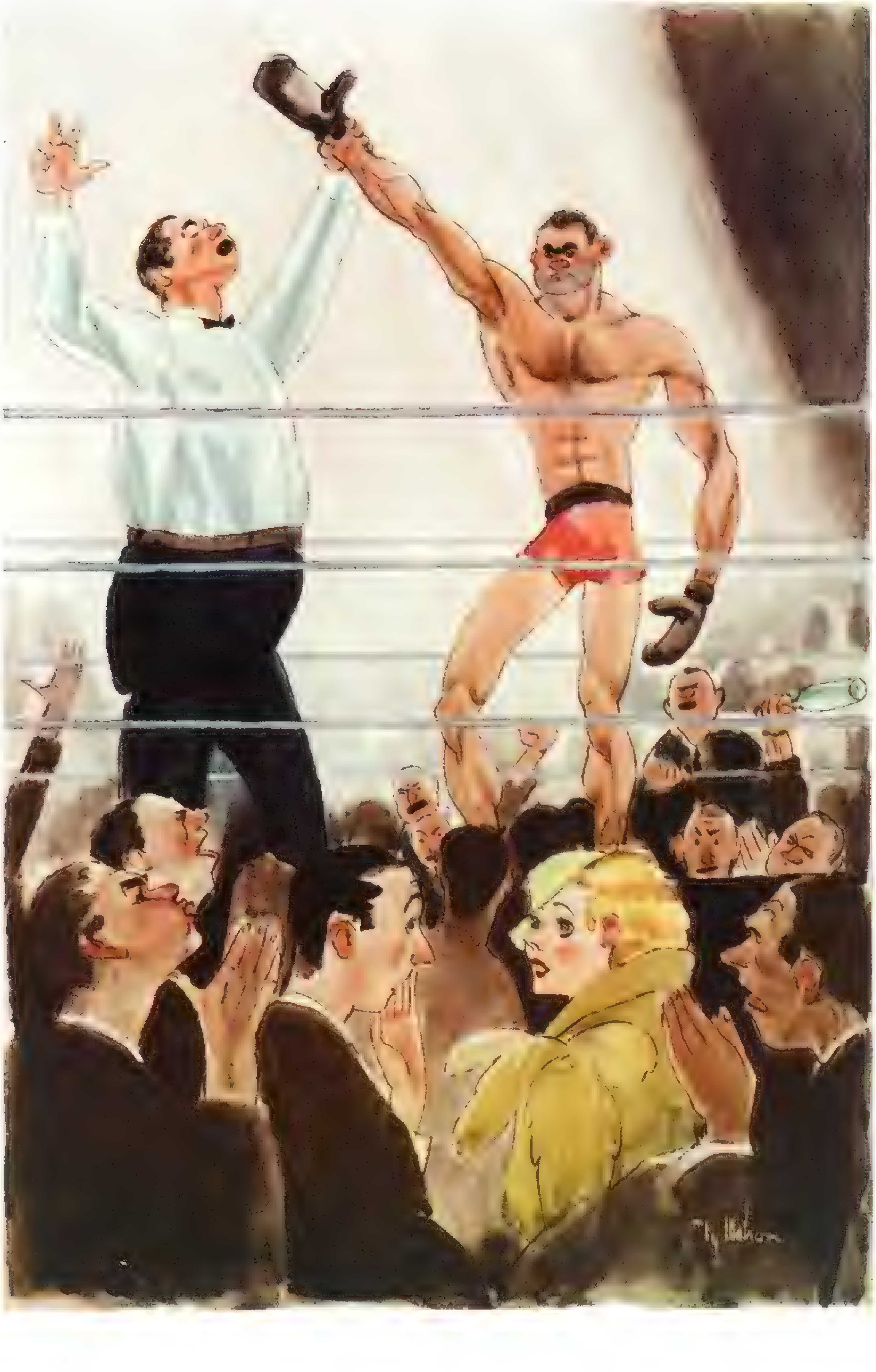

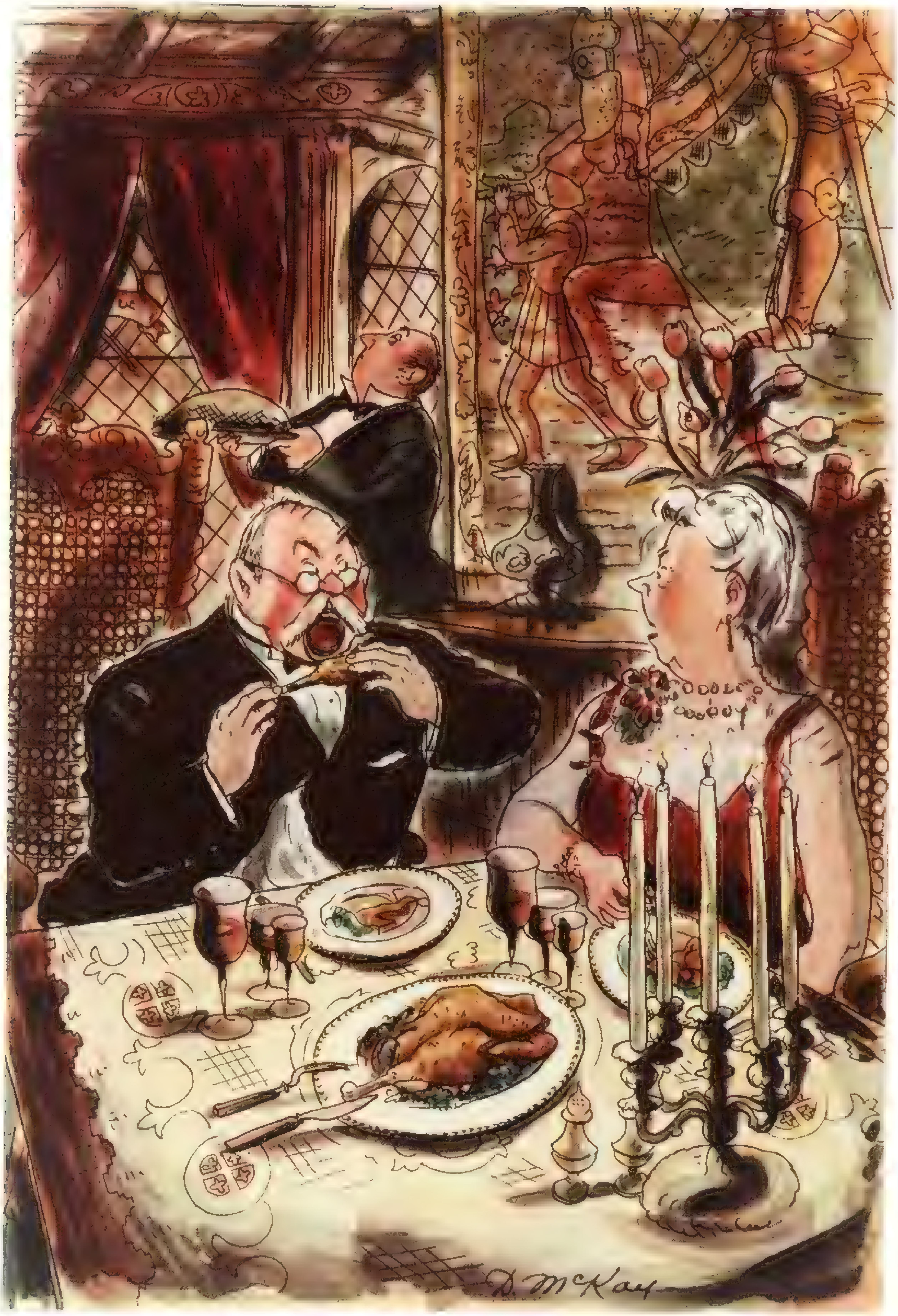

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. . . and a Cup of Coffee

An article that delves into the mysteries, and mistakes, of the art of coffee making

by ROARK BRADFORD

This is intended to be something between a lecture on the fine arts and propaganda for humanitarianism. It will probably muckrake the medical profession, insult the advertisers and bring shame and chagrin to more than one proud hostess. I also hope to get in a few scurrilous remarks about amateur gourmets, public dining places and the Republican Party. Such remarks, however, shall be gratuitous and may be skipped by the reader without losing that definite stride of logical progression with which I hope to remedy, in a small way, a desperate situation.

I sing, my friends, of coffee.

I know no worthier theme.

By coffee I do not mean the unparched bean that is brought to America in ships. Nor do I mean any of the commercially blended, roasted and ground products that come from your grocer.

I refer to the finished product; to that incomparable beverage that is served in cups to the tune of an aroma that stirs the soul of man into believing the new day was worth the dawning.

Coffee served generally throughout the United States is a lugubrious brew. But it is improving. There are, of course, many people who would rather have a cup of the light brown wash that usually passes for coffee than to have the genuine article, just as there are people who prefer to have a personally autographed photograph of a motion picture star to owning, outright, the Mona Lisa. We shall not consider these people or their preferences. They are gastronomic imbeciles who would pour tomato catsup on broiled pompano, and eat spinach because it is good for them.

On the other hand, there are millions of people who know better. Just as certainly as most Americans are coming to the realization that there is something finer in the decorative arts than signboard landscapes, there is coming to the American people the gastronomic consciousness that coffee isn't all it should be.

These have long since abandoned the old-fashioned "boiled coffee" process: a handful of grounds tossed into a pot of boiling water, an eggshell added to "settle" it, and the result believed to be drinkable. It was an unappetizing soup at best, and certainly was nothing upon which to build the day's philosophy.

The percolator came next. It was cleaner looking, although no better in other respects. The percolator had its drawbacks too, some of which have been carried into the drip-coffee stage of development. Percolators added a touch of fanciness and whimsy to the process. Many a housewife was content with a highly polished urn as an ornament, completely forgetting that the first function of a coffee pot was something in which to make coffee.

The decorative phase of coffee pots, linked with our national indolence which finds expression in labor-saving devices, has retarded coffee appreciation among the masses. The drip pots on the market are strange combinations of efficiency and ornamentation, and the result is, almost unanimously, very bad coffee. On a person who knows no better but who is willing to learn, a sleek salesman can put over a good looking pot with patented gadgets to save time and energy, while an honest coffee pot that has little to recommend it except that perfect coffee may be made in it, rusts away on the shelf. People will spend dollars for fancy coffee pots and the rest of their lives remain oblivious of the fact that what they brew in them is little or no better than low grade rat poison.

A good honest coffee pot may be purchased for thirty-five cents. If you pay more than fifty cents for one you not only are buying an ornament but the chances are you are getting something in which it is impossible to make good coffee. Like any other art, coffee making requires simplicity.

The most frequent fault with the currently offered pots is a feature that is calculated to save labor. It is an over-large hopper above the grounds compartment. The cook merely fills this hopper with boiling water and forgets it until it has dripped through. The process saves time and worry but the result is comparable to a painter who uses a whitewash brush to spread his colors upon his canvas. He saves time but his picture lacks that finished touch that only patience, care and expertness can produce.

Then there are the fancy little individual drippers with silver biggins and silver holders, and a specially treated glass to receive the coffee as it drips through. The idea is to serve the coffee in the glass which sets in the pretty holder. Hostesses frequently bring out these gimmicks at dinner parties and the guests are allowed to drip their own coffee. This is an amusing little ceremony but it doesn't get you good coffee.

In the first place, the water is never boiling when it is poured in the biggin, and this is an important factor. Second, there is something disagreeable about drinking coffee from a glass. Coffee and glassware do not go together; it is an unaesthetic combination; it offends the sense of the appropriate.

Before delving further into the mysteries of the art of coffee making, it might be well to dispel two very popular superstitions about coffee drinking:

1. Coffee will not keep you awake at night.

2. Coffee is not harmful to the human body.

Coffee, properly made, is a vegetable broth, tasty, delicious and wholesome. Any warm vegetable broth in the stomach just before retiring is the best mild sedative known to science.

As to the alleged harmful effects of coffee, the medical profession disagrees. I speak only from personal experience after a third of a century of coffee drinking. Coffee properly made does not release the tannic acid and thus has had no injurious effect on *me.*

However, 99 per cent of the liquid that is served as coffee in this country would nauseate a cockroach, and my own unhappiness over this gastronomic vandalism is breaking down my health, losing my hair and driving me crazy. When I travel, I get a bad case of nostalgia whether I drink coffee or not. I believe the cause is psychological. I know of nothing more disheartening than to walk into a dining car or a hotel dining room, early in the morning, and be served a cup of the dirty brown wash they sell for coffee. It spoils the day for me. It spoils the whole journey. I realize that, until I get back to my own thirty-five-cent coffee pot and my twenty-cents-a-pound coffee, I shall have to drink that unholy brew or go without coffee altogether. And I know that whichever plan I follow, I shall worry over the relative merits of both plans.

The art of coffee lies no less in the drinking than in the making. But as properly made coffee inspires properly drunk coffee, I shall take up the art of coffee making first.

Much money and energy may be wasted in search of the right kind of coffee grounds.

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A Day with a Broadbill

It's ten to one you won't see one and it's sixteen to one he won't strike—hardest fish to catch

by RALPH BANDINI

There is fishing and fishing—there are fish and fish. All are stout fellows—but some are stouter than others. Some are great hearted, and some are wily. Some are gifted with supreme endurance—some are not. In the sea, among big game fish, are tuna (horse mackerel to you of the Atlantic seaboard and tunny in European and English waters), marlin sword fish, and broadbill swordfish.

Now—there is no braver hearted gentleman in the sea than the tuna; but a moderately capable angler will bring an average sized fish to gaff inside of twenty minutes. The marlin is a crazy, spectacular fighter, frenzied in his mad gyrations. He leaps and lunges, walks on his tail, beats the water white, sounds and sulks, is here, there and everywhere: but he, too, if not too large, can be taken within a comparatively brief length of time. This is not because he lacks for courage but rather because his own mad efforts do as much as anything toward bringing about his ultimate downfall.

But the broadbill swordfish—that is another matter entirely! Truly there is no harder fish to take. He may be led up to gaff within a very few minutes or, again, he may keep one out there battling for twenty hours and more.

Broadbill are not fished for as are other fish. You hunt them, cruising the waters they frequent, never taking eyes off the face of the sea. When you see them all you see are two crescent fins weaving slowly along. Once you have seen them you will never forget them. There is something arrogant, something nonchalant, about those two fins that sets the blood of any true angler pounding through his veins. There is a sort of I-don't-give-a-damn air to them that makes the best of us angry clear through, filling us with the lust to beat and subdue that insolent thing out there.

It has been said that they are reluctant to take a bait. They are—very. Perhaps one strike out of sixteen fish worked would be a fair average. They are few and far between. Over an entire season's fishing an average of two fish seen a day would not be far wrong; I am speaking now of California waters. They do not surface other than on hot, smooth days. Miles of ocean must be covered under blazing sun and breathless air. Fishing for them requires the ultimate in patience, perseverance and physical stamina.

Take a day with a broadbill out on the Pacific, out from the Tuna Club at Santa Catalina Island.

The day dawned sultry with the promise of burning heat to come. Yellow sunlight filtered through a thin haze of fog. Out in front of Avalon's crescent bay the sea stretched away, a sheet of burnished copper that seemed to melt into the horizon's mists. A lazy, oily swell rolled down out of the northwest. It was the 6th of August, 1921, and one of those rare, God-given days which so infrequently fall to the lot of swordfishermen.

As all anglers know, in fishing there are days when one is morally certain of good fortune and other days when one is equally certain of nothing of the kind. There are days when some sixth sense tells one that Out There good sport lies waiting—good sport no matter whether one wins or loses. There are other days when, even before one leaves the dock, there is the feeling that before one are long, fruitless hours of questing over tumbling wastes of water and at the end thereof, nothing. But this day was one of those which seemed to whisper of great things about to happen.

We headed out into the channel early. It is a long drag over to the mainland side where the wily broadbill loves to loaf and bask—a good twenty miles. It is a trek that we swordfishermen take day after day until we come to hate the sea, our quarry, our boatman and our very selves. Before we start in the morning we know that we have before us a good three hour run; that once over there we will cruise up and down and back and forth with the odds ten to one against our ever seeing a fish; that if we are fortunate enough to find one the odds lengthen to sixteen to one against his taking the bait; that if by some miracle he should take it they are ten to one against our landing him. We know all these things before we start and yet, such prize fools are swordfishermen, we persist in going out day after day over the selfsame course, with all the foregoing odds against us, and under the daily lash of wind, heat and discomfort. Frankly, I don't know why we do it—but we do.

To get back. As soon as we were well out from Avalon, Captain Joe and I climbed up on top of the cabin to look-see. Our glasses were ready beside us for use upon anything black which might show on the sea. Of course it might be a bird, or a pair of them, or a box, or a kelp frond, or a shark, or most anything—but again, it might be a swordfish.

The early prophecy for heat made good with a vengeance. There was scarcely a breath of wind. The sea was glassy, the swells sullen and heavy. The dark V of our wake spread sharp-cut astern. An occasional questing gull or tern idled along. Here and there dark patches indicated bait—sardines or anchovies—surfacing. The haze seemed to settle, making of the visible world an inverted yellow bowl resting upon a bed of bronze. All surface objects showed black.

Joe reached into his shirt pocket and pulled out a cigarette.

"Sure is hot!" he remarked. "If this don't bring 'em up nothin' will."

Catalina faded into the haze astern. Ahead the Palos Verdes Hills were still veiled. Scattered about the horizon half a dozen market boats could be seen. Otherwise we were alone upon the face of the waters.

For two hours we kept on our course with an occasional flurry as something in the distance looked as though it might be a swordfish. Once we were certain. Far off to port two dark objects looked precisely like fins—even through the glasses. We swung sharply and headed for them—then they flew away. It is an old joke among swordfishermen to say, "I saw a whale of a broadbill today—but he had feathers!"

Suddenly Joe stiffened and fumbled for the glasses. After a long look he handed them to me and pointed.

"All right! There's one," he exclaimed.

It took me a minute or two to find what he saw and then I brought into the lenses two black, crescent fins sticking up out of the water, showing for an instant, slipping out of sight behind a sea, then showing again. A broadbill!

Joe slipped down off the cabin.

"Keep your eyes on him," he ordered, "while I get ready."

We headed straight for those fins. I could hear Joe down below fiddling around the bait box; could hear the purr of the big reel as he pulled off line; but I doubt that Gabriel's trumpet could have dragged my eyes from that fish. Too many times, far too many, I had been looking squarely at one, had taken my eyes off for not more than a second, and had never seen him again. They are much too scarce to take chances with once you have sighted them.

He was close by now and looked pretty large, perhaps four hundred pounds or more. It is very difficult to judge the weight of a swordfish in the water. Swimming a certain way, his fins set in a certain manner, he looks big; but let him swim a bit differently, relax the fins, and he seems very small. About all we have to judge by is the distance between fin and tail. Just then Joe called up to me.

"All right. Everything's ready. Come on down and get the rod. I see him all right."

Scrambling down I took a good drink of water, a sort of preparation for the want of chance in the hours to come, and settled myself in the fishing chair, fixing the rod-butt in the seat socket. Joe had thrown out the clutch and we were drifting, perhaps three or four hundred feet from the fish. He paid not the slightest attention to us, weaving nonchalantly along, speeding up as though he saw something interesting, slowing down again. Once in a while his dorsal fin twisted toward us, precisely as though he were cocking his head and looking over this strange thing which dared approach him.

I checked over the gear; it does not pay to leave anything to chance in swordfishing, and, satisfied, chucked the barracuda bait overboard, letting it slide out astern. I can remember even now, after all the years, how it flashed and shone in the sunlight. Joe let in the clutch and we churned slowly ahead in a wide circle, the line paying out until about a hundred and fifty feet were out. He came aft and glanced at the reel, at the bait.

"That's about enough," he said. "Hold it there."

Obediently I took the line between my thumb and forefinger, leaving the reel almost free spool. One of the fundamentals of swordfishing is to let him have a free line when he strikes, even paying it out, until he has had every chance in the world to swallow the bait. If this rule is not followed and the fish feels the slightest drag against him, the chances are a hundred to one that he will let it go and you will never see him again.

Our first circle kept us well away from him, the second a little closer and the third quite close. As we passed his head for the third time, Joe threw out the clutch and we coasted.

"That ought to be about right," he said quietly, stepping aft beside me. "Just hold her there unless yuh think it'll be movin' when it passes him."

We usually like a bait to be still—that is, not moving—when presenting it for the first time to a swordfish. Afterward, if he has shown no interest in it, one can try all manner of experiments. But that first time it is wiser to be orthodox.

The boat's headway had stopped. Just to be safe I let out about twenty-five feet more. The line lay loose on the surface, loose and wavery. It was hardly possible that the swordfish could fail to see the shining barracuda. He did! The nonchalant weaving hesitated, stopped. The two fins seemed to take on the appearance of sudden alertness. There was a flick of the great tail, a boiling swirl, and he sank swiftly toward the bait!

"He's after it!" Joe yelled, jumping up and down.

Then followed one of the tensest moments in broadbill fishing. The fish had gone down to the bait. He was looking it over, swimming around it, nosing up to it, darting away, studying it, making up his mind whether or not to take it. There was not a thing that we could do other than to let nature take her course. Later, if he passed it up this time, and was kind enough to go down for another look, I might try to tease him into striking by flashing it, or reeling it up fast and dropping it back again, but not now. He would either take it or he wouldn't.

Nothing happened. My knees stopped shaking and I relaxed a little. It was the same old story—another fish that would not bite. Presently he would surface again. I would hear Joe yell, "There he is—over there," and we would try again.

"Well—I guess that's that!" Joe remarked sententiously as he lit a cigarette. "Reel up and we'll see if he——"

I felt a gentle tug!

"STRIKE!" I yelled.

The wavery line began to straighten out and move off to one side. The reel started clicking, at first slowly, then faster and faster. The line was moving swiftly now. Joe was jumping up and down like a crazy man.

"L-l-l-et him h-h-ave it!" he stuttered frantically.

I "let him have it" right enough, having been in this racket long enough not to be in any hurry where swordfish are concerned. The line was going out as though it meant business. There must have been three hundred and fifty feet or more gone. I looked up.

"Think he's had enough, Joe? I'm going to hit him."

"All right. Pick up the slack and I'll kick ahead."

He threw in the clutch. The water boiled under our stern. Hardly before I had had time to screw up the drag control I felt something solid and very heavy. With the rod grasped in both hands, the drags tight, I jerked once, twice, three times, with all my might.

Off to starboard the surface parted in a boiling swirl. A long black rapier thrust out and beat the air. A great purple body with viciously lashing tail, rolled and wallowed. He started around the boat in a great circle, tail and sword lashing in fury. Twice he circled us, then lunged out, to fall heavily back with a sousing splash, and started to sound. The fight was on!

"WHRRRRRRR! WHRRRRRRRR! WHRRRRRRR!" The big deep-sea reel snarled its angry battle cry, so different from the shrill scream of its smaller brethren.

He was going down, down, down; not very fast, but with inexorable deliberation. The heavy hickory rod bent in a perfect arc. The tip jerked downward in sharp, vicious jabs. The line seemed to rip off the reel sullenly, jerkily. We swung about and followed after, moving very slowly that we might not over-run him. This steady sinking would keep on until he got good and tired of it, or the pressure grew too great, or for some other reason he stopped it. Then he would promptly do something else. What that something might be could not be guessed, therefore it behooved us to be prepared for anything, even to his jabbing his sword through the boat's bottom.

"WHRRRR! WHRRRR! WHRRRR! WHRRRR! WHRRRR!" The reel was slowing down but I might just as well have tried to stop a battleship as that steady sinking. Joe came aft.

"Taking line fast?" he asked.

"Not too fast." One saves one's breath when tied on to a broadbill.

About half the line, about eight hundred feet, appeared to be out; much too much for the tight drag I was using. I slackened off a little. The reel's voice changed to a higher pitched snarl.

"WHRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR! WHRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!"

"Cripes! Is he goin' to China?" Joe demanded, leaning over the rail and watching the line where it entered the water.

I didn't answer. There was nothing to say. If this run kept up much longer I would lose a fish and about sixteen hundred feet of brand new line.

Another hundred feet ripped off and he slowed down and stopped.

"Now what?" I thought to myself. We soon found out. There were three or four rolling jerks and he started off straight for Long Point, Catalina, at about two miles an hour, we chugging along patiently behind him. Joe kept our speed to a point where little or no line was taken but at the same time the maximum drag placed upon the fish. A great deal depends upon one's boatman during one of these shows. Much more than most people give them credit for.

The line cut a dark gash on the surface. I could hear the "WHSSSSH" of it above the engine's chugging. I looked at my watch. Eleven o'clock. We had been on nearly an hour. It seemed like much longer than that. Aches and pains, widely distributed about my person, began to make themselves known. Hands and forearms were cramped. I took one hand off the rod and flexed the fingers,

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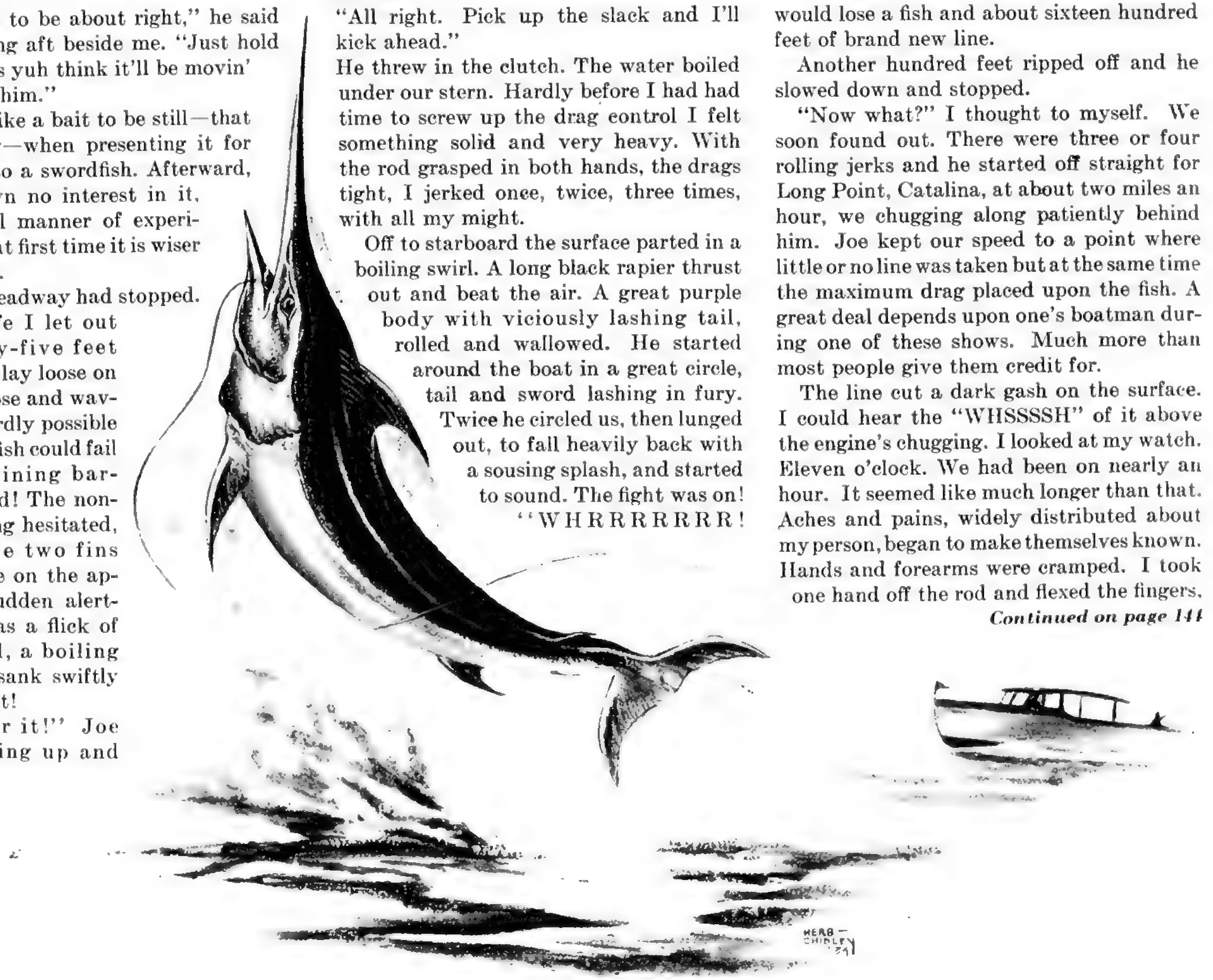
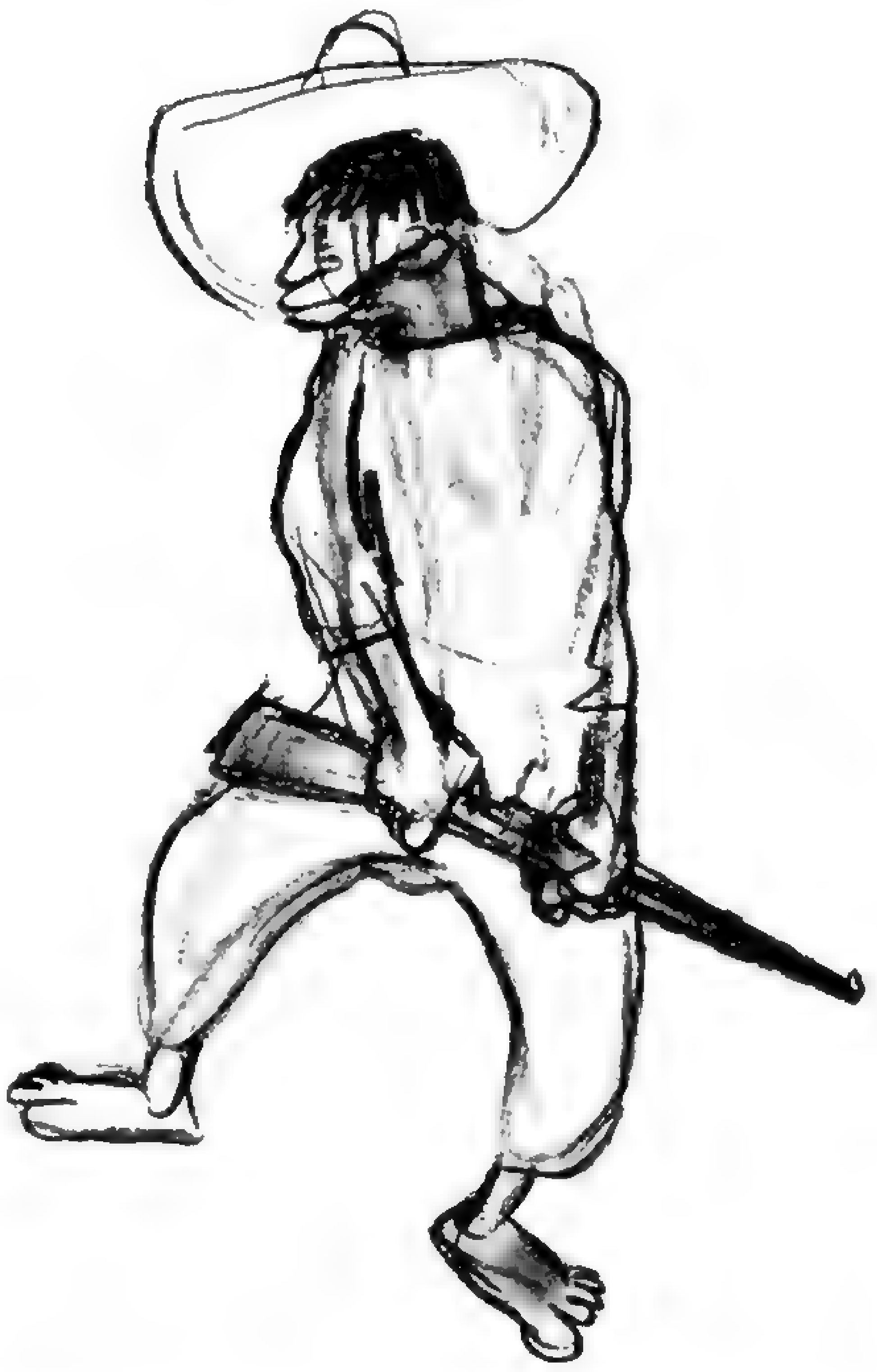


Another Redskin Bites the Dust

Sketch of strife in Mexico between the men in black and those in white, culminating in the death of Zapata

by JOHN DOS PASSOS



1. The Common Lands

I will not say what is not true
for never can I tell a lie,
as I don't want when I am dead
carpers to say he told a lie.

Those who like to hear my rhymes
telling things just as they came about,
must never lay the blame on me
for the shortness of my witless brain.

I don't pronounce Castilian right,
my words are just the common kind;
but it's my experience that every time
the clear way to tell the thing is the best.

(Song by Marcianito Silva, of Cuautla, popular corridossinger in Zapata's army)

Emiliano zapata was the son of a householder in San Miguel Anenecuilco, a hamlet in the village of Ayala in the state of Morelos; all through his childhood the Indian villagers lived under the shadow of the great hacienda of Chinameca; every year the hacienda pared more land off the commonlands of the village. Sugar was money in those days. Morelos was the richest sugar land in Mexico. If the Indians worked their own lands they wouldn't go to work for the sugarmills. The sugarmills needed the land and they needed the Indians, sugarcane needs plenty of water. They took the land and they took the water and they took the Indians.

Eleven families in the state of Morelos became enormously rich exploiters of sugar, the Indians became peons.

The sugar exploiters were cientificos, they were friendly with North American capitalists and railroad builders; that was what they called progress in the days of Don Porfirio.

The state of Morelos is a set of rich plains and broad ravines gouged out of the southern flanks of the great volcanos that close the Valley of Mexico. Its boundaries are high arid mountains, snowy in winter, but the plains are fat tropical land, alluvial soil mixed with volcanic ash, wherever there's water the soil will grow anything, tomatoes, peppers, figs, guavas, aguacates, cane, maize, huge mangotrees, chirimoyos, papayas. Morelos was the richest state in Mexico in the days of Don Porfirio. The villages were well off, they hired lawyers to go to the capital to defend their land, they brought suit, they hired the services of men in black clothes and stiff collars. But somehow the sugar exploiters always won the suits. They sent delegations to talk to Don Porfirio about it; but somehow the sugar exploiters were always sitting beside him when the delegations came in.

Wherever a sugar factory sent up its tall stacks from a mass of tin roofs among the canefields, there the villages lost their commonlands, there the Indians were always in debt to the exploiters' stores, there the Indians were peons.

They're not fit for anything else, have to handle them like dumb animals with a whip, the overseers said; the cientificos left the peons and the cane crushers and the storeaccounts to the overseers; their sons gambled away the money at the Jockey Club in Mexico City and spent it on bad tempered French mistresses in Neuilly and villas on the Riviera. When old Indians crawled into their hovels to die, they told their sons: You must get our land back.

Morelos was a rich bowl of sugar hemmed in by high mountains, the owners were few and powerful; sugar was money in those days.

While Zapata was growing up the last lands were being taken away from the village of Ayala by the great hacienda of Chinameca; every year more of the land went into cane. When Zapata was a young man he went to work for the exploiters as a charro, a cowhand, a crack rider who took care of the stock. His father before him had had a bad reputation among the millowners and overseers of the great hacienda of Chinameca as a man who stood up for the rights of his people. Emiliano soon had a worse reputation. In the opinion of the sugar exploiters and haciendaowners of Diaz's government the place for a bad Indian was the army. Yucatan or the fever country of Tabasco soon took the meanness out of a bad Indian, usually he left his bones there. So Emiliano was drafted into the ninth cavalry regiment.

But he was a valuable hand, they missed him on the ranch where he worked, after leaving him six months to cool off the rancher bought him out of the army again. This was in 1909. The old order was getting shaky. Don Porfirio was old, the sons of the cientificos were shot through with drink and syphilis and even with a few liberal ideas. In Morelos the liberals put up a rich young man named Leyva to run against Escadon, Don Porfirio's nominee for governor. Even Don Porfirio was not crushing opposition as ruthlessly as in the old days; people needed a little harmless politics to keep them out of mischief. Zapata organized furiously for Leyva whom he thought was a man who would stand up for the rights of the villages.

Emiliano Zapata's politics were not so harmless as the liberals'. He kept talking about land. He began to have more and more influence in Ayala and the towns around. When Don Porfirio's nominee was elected Zapata had to leave the state. He went to Chietla in the state of Puebla, where he broke and trained horses for a rancher.

Meanwhile Madero, another liberal son of the cientificos, was speaking in the north. In November 1910 Aquiles Serdán started the revolt all alone in the town of Puebla. On the eighteenth he was shot down by the government troops. But already Madero was in San Antonio organizing his revolution, and all over Mexico liberals were taking to the hills, calling on the peons to revolt against the oppressor Diaz.

From Ayala Pablo Torres Burgos traveled to San Antonio to offer Madero the rebellion of the south and got a commission for himself as second and for young Leyva as first in command of the Revolutionary Army of the South. In all their white adobe houses the Indians were getting their guns ready, sharpening knives and scythes, patching up their harness and saddles.

The revolt was set for immediately after the fair that was held in Cuautla the second Friday in Lent. There at the crowded market among the booths of pottery and toys and the dust and the cockfights and the smell of peppers and chiles and fried crackling it was easy for the leaders to get together, talk to their men, distribute guns and cartridges.

At the first rising Leyva scuttled back to Mexico City and offered his services to Diaz. The first real leader of the revolution in the section round Ayala was a sanguinary old man named Tepepa. Torres Burgos found he had no control over his softvoiced Indians, who burned canefields, pillaged

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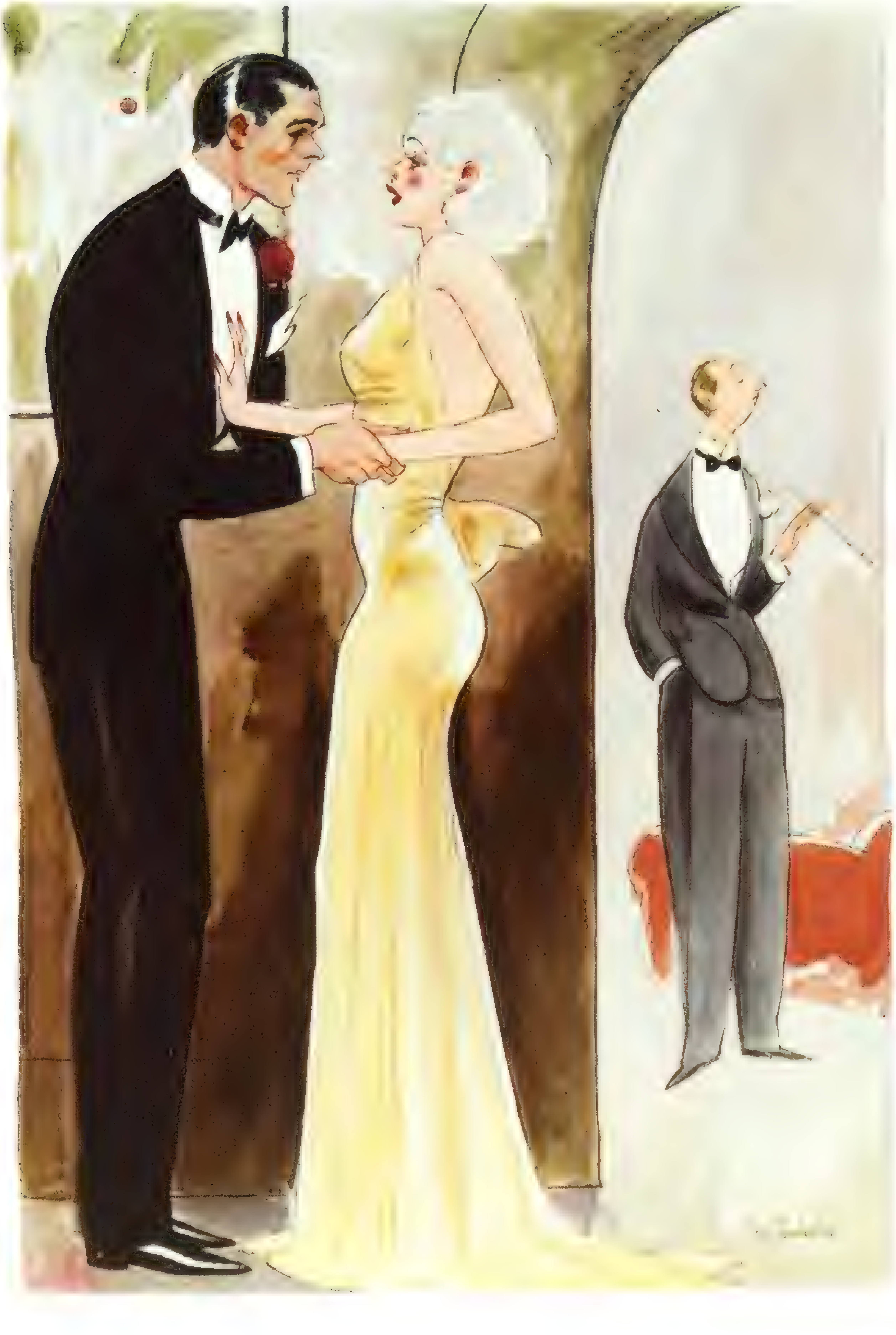
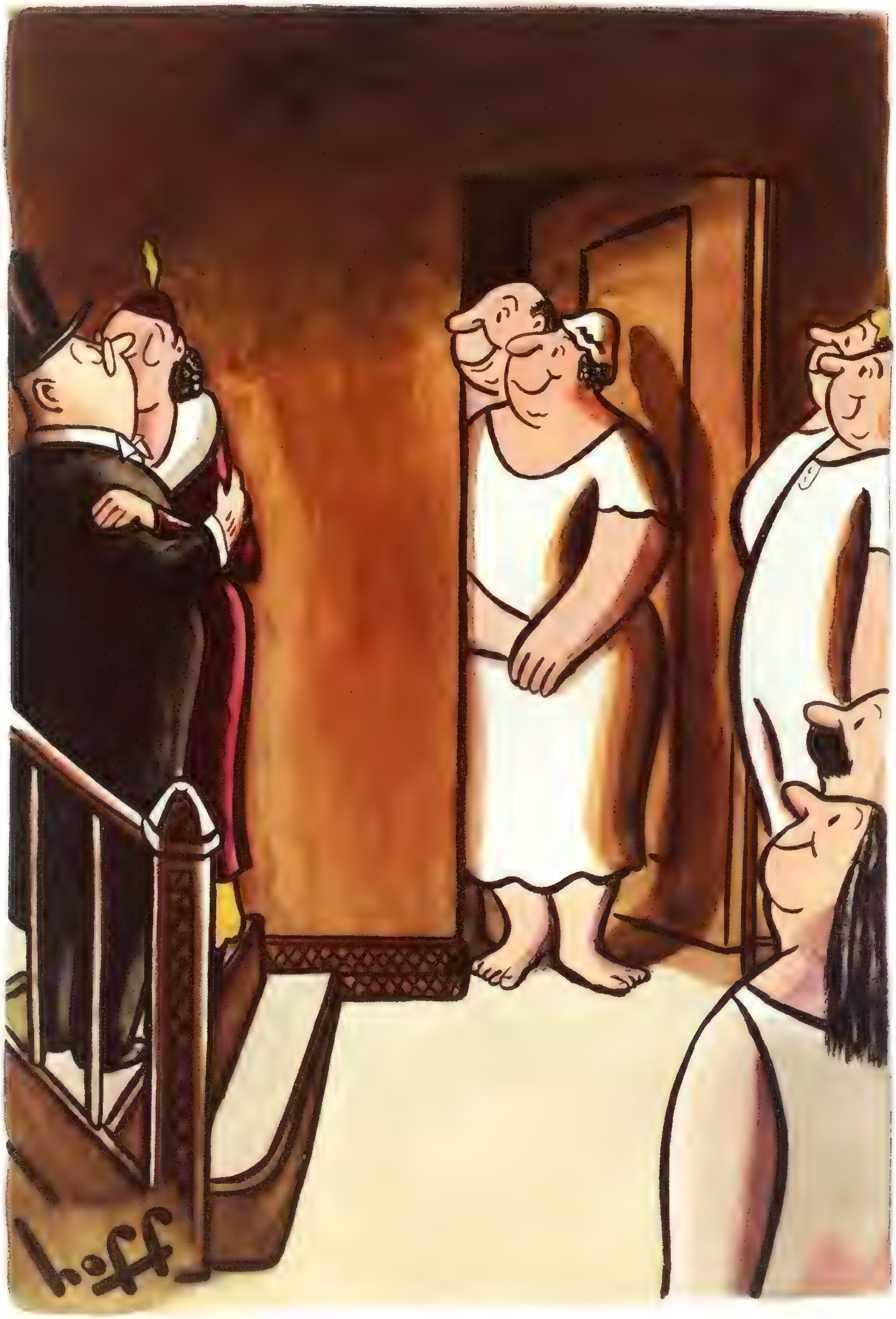


"But aren't you afraid? Wilbert always goes berserk"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Keeping Cool at Conneaut

Funny as internes' tabletalk— good if you'll take your humor rare and your stomach's strong

by PAUL GALLICO

WE HAD come to Conneaut Lake Park, Pennsylvania, in the wake of a terrible June heat wave and on the heels of the then heavyweight champion of the world, Max Schmeling. Max had set up his training camp on the shores of Lake Conneaut, and was preparing to defend his title against Young Stribling in Cleveland. A group of sports writers, boxing experts and columnists found ourselves living in one end of the rambling, three-story wooden hotel that sprawled truculently between the shores of the Lake and the fringes of a frowsy and ramshackle amusement park.

The hotel had all of the inconveniences of a cheap summer resort, including tissue paper walls, bad service and cold running water. Two rambling wings stretched out from a central lobby. The corridors were cavernous, the sitting rooms that opened off them musty and depressing, the "crystal ball room" a tawdry barn, and the rooms that led from them at the end of the wings, dark and hot.

When we arrived at Conneaut, the Veterans of Foreign Wars were still in convention. They overflowed the resort and cluttered up the hotel. Sleep was impossible. The temperature stood around 102 and the noise of nocturnal parading, not only inside the hotel, but from all quarters of the town, was unrelenting.

There was nothing for us to do but seek company in misery, gather in one of the crowd's room, and sit up all night drinking warm beer. There were about five of us. Sometimes we could persuade Edgar, the bellhop, to make an excursion for ice. Edgar had to time his trips to avoid the V. F. W., who took it away from him. When we got the ice we put it inside the beer. It was too precious to wrap around the bottles. The monotonous blare of the trumpets burst around the corner again. Bra! Bra! Bra-bra-bra!

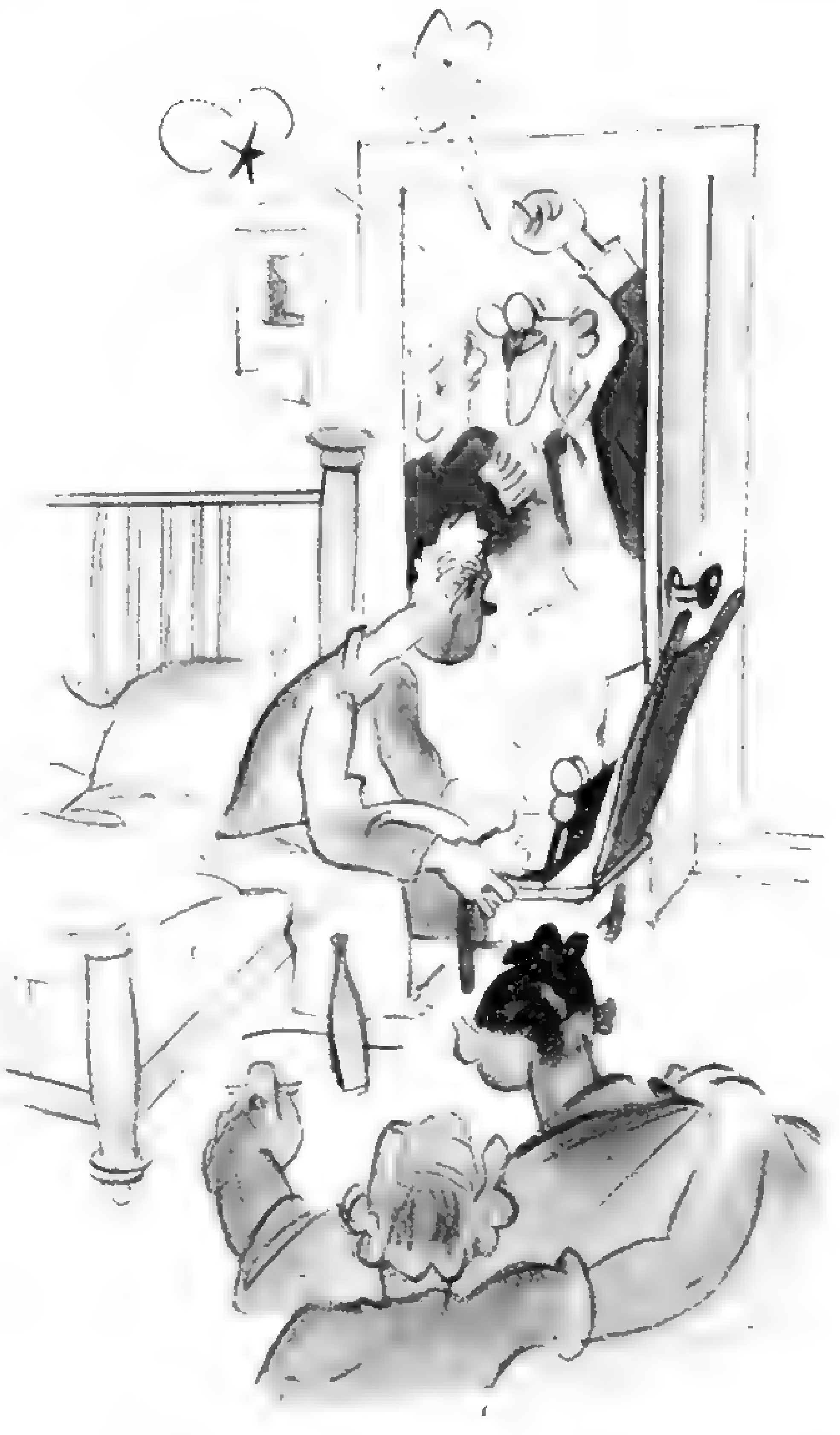
"Good God," moaned the man from the *Times-Eagle*. "How long is this going to last? I gotta get some sleep. How long are these bastards booked up for?" He glared at Edgar, who had just slipped inside with another pitcher, locking the door behind him.

"Three days, mister," said Edgar. "How long you stayin' here?"

"July 2nd," said the man from the *Times-Eagle*. "It might as well be the rest of my life. Can't something be done about that? Get hold of the manager."

Edgar sniggered. "You ain't seen nuthin' yet," he said—"Wait 'til the undertakers gits in next week. Nobody ever gets to bed at all. Boy, they're bad."

"The what?" said Curley, spilling his beer on the bed.



"The undertakers," repeated Edgar, showing his gums. "They're booked in here next week. Boy, that's something. Wait 'til *them* guys get drunk and take to carrying on. I guess you'll all be here yet?

"Boy, that'll be something. Wait 'til they all get rolling around in their own coffins. It scares you awhile 'til you get used to it. See a guy sittin' up in a coffin hollerin' to beat all get out. It scared me, first time."

"Good God," said Curley, "do you mean to say they bring *coffins* into this joint? I thought this was a summer hotel!"

"That ain't all," Edgar said, eyeing a bottle of beer. Somebody handed it to him and when he uncapped it it spurted over his chest. He got his mouth on the neck, and went pop-eyed for a few moments, drinking. "They sure do get drunk. One year they rolled a feller dead drunk in a big iron coffin down the hall and she took off'n to the left and lit into a parlor where they had a lot of them bottles of colored embalming stuff standing up on tables, and right kersmack into 'em and they all busted and ran all over the feller and he wakes up with one of them wax ears they use to fix up corpses in his hand and thinks he's killed. Boy, that stuff in the bottles sure does stink."

"Do you mean to tell me," said the man from the *Times-Eagle*, "that for the next week I am to live in the midst of a mortuary exhibit? Why they can't do that in a place like this."

"They come in every year," Edgar insisted. "I guess this place needs the money. You wait and see. They fix it up real nice. What the hell, when they're all in here there ain't much room for anybody else. Boy, them undertakers are just like a lot of kids, no kiddin'. There was a feller last year got knockin' the necks off some of the bottles of stuff they was exhibiting—and drinking the stuff, and I guess he got pretty sick. I guess they thought he was gonna die. So they was talkin' about what a bang up job they would do on him if he did die."

"What?" said the man from the *Sun-Herald*, "right here in the hotel?"

"Oh God," said Curley.

The parade drew near again. "Bra! Bra! Bra-bra-bra!"

The mortuary exhibits set up to tempt the convening undertakers began with a row of caskets in one corner of the dining hall. From there the exhibits spread through the lobby, down the hallway through the reception rooms, downstairs into the night club and out onto the verandah overflowing upon the lawn surrounding the hotel. Here, eight or nine sparkling and immaculate hearses were collected in eager poses, their rear or side doors yawning hopefully.

At lunch the waitress who brought our order hesitated for a moment as she passed a bronze casket. The casket had fluted columns topped with scrolls and graceful, hand-tooled handles. The lid was thrown back temptingly to show the quilted lilac satin interior. She looked at it for a few seconds and then brought the tray over and set it down. She wasn't bad looking. The boys watched her as she bent over the food.

"Picked yours out yet, baby?" inquired Curley. "That's our Al Capone model. I think you'd take about a Number 3. May we show you our Thursday specials on the second floor?"

"Boy," said the waitress and began slinging dishes onto the table, "ain't that some kimono? I wisht I could spend one night in a bed like that. Them beds they give upstairs is awful. I ain't had a night's sleep yet. I betcha it would even be cool. Was yours the fish, sir?"

"You eat that fish in weather like this, Curley, my boy, and you'll be picking one out," said Dan, who was covering for a Cleveland paper.

"Go ahead," advised the man from the *Times-Eagle*, "Osmotone will make you look natural again. I think you'd take about a Number 4 skin bleach. I was talking to an undertaker from Wilkes-Barre last night, and he told me that he got some very good results with ptomaine cases."

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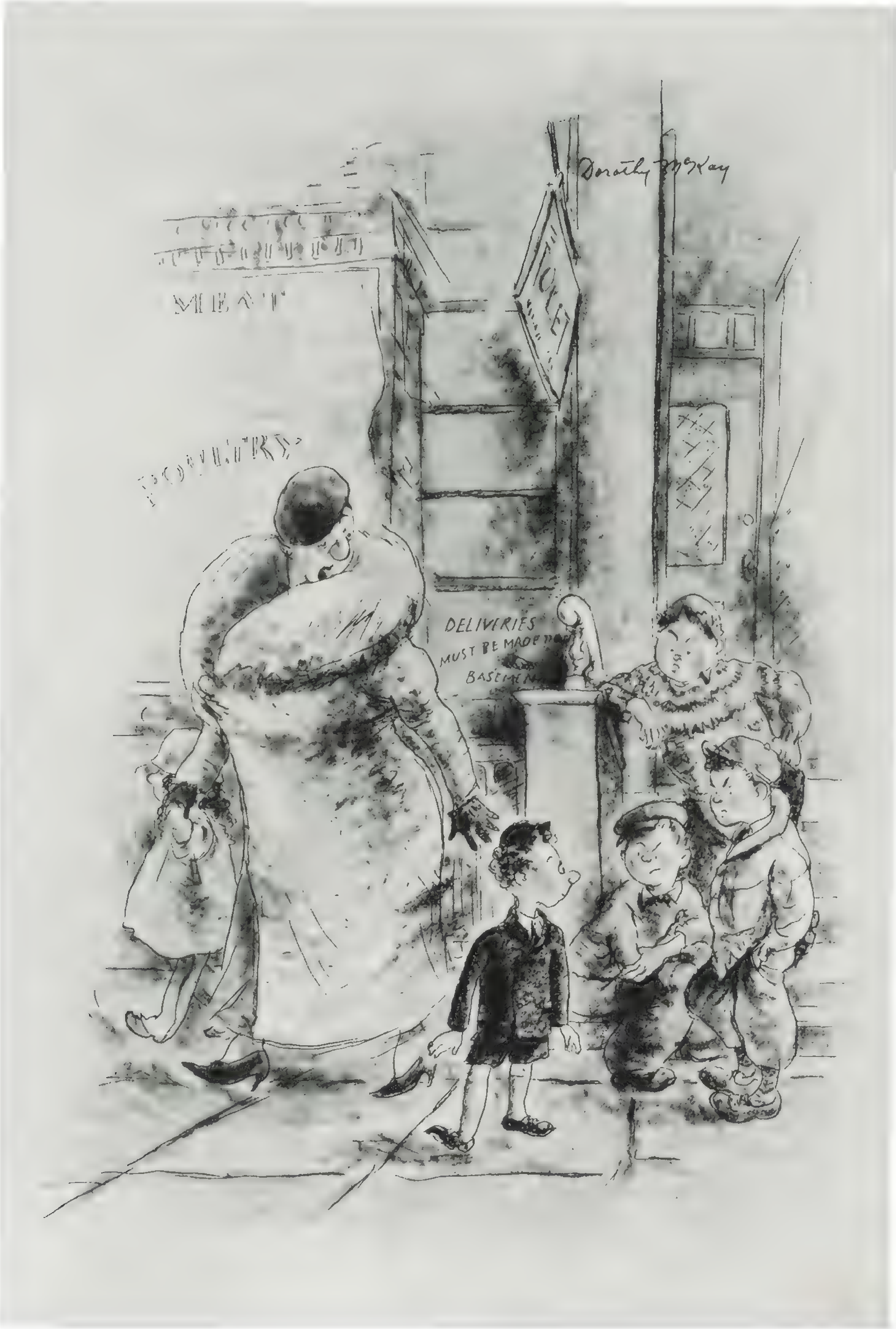
Dorothy McKay
MEAT
POULTRY
DELIVERIES
MUST BE MADE
BASEMENT

"Mickey, come to Momma!"

Kittens Can Climb

A story about a girl whose hard luck was consistent, who took the easiest way every time but once

by OLIVER LA FARGE

IN THE summer the old French Quarter returns to its natural state of a semi-foreign slum mixed with a last holding-ground of impoverished Creoles. The bohemian group which makes so much noise in winter becomes just a vestige, and you realize how little it matters beside the rest—ordinary very poor people, labourers, bootleggers, coloured nuns, Italians. Add to this some artists who can't earn enough to get out, smart antique dealers laying in stock for winter tourists, Mexican sailors, and of course the Negroes, in a setting of lovely old Spanish-French houses with wrought iron balconies, ash-cans and alley-cats, and over all spread heat, heat, heat until the whole thing stews, and there you have the French Quarter in summer.

My friends were safe in Mexico, New England, Carolina, or abroad. They sent me post-cards. I did not even know a single attractive girl left in town, and I envied the smart young business men with their facilities for roping in stenographers.

By the beginning of June, nights were a problem. It was useless to go to bed unless I was exhausted. I bought a blue bulb and tried working at my painting after supper, but the fierce, stark light only made the heat seem worse. Sometimes I went and drank with my fellows, but mostly I just paced up and down my balcony over the courtyard, pretending that the moonlit roof-tops and the rustling banana leaves were really as cool as they looked.

One evening in the middle of June I was ambling up and down my balcony in my pyjamas, when out of the corner of my eye I saw something like a gleam of molten metal in one of the windows of the big three-story house across the court. I stopped to look, and saw a girl combing her hair, more splendid even than metal under the bare electric light bulb. It was long hair, coming down well over her shoulders. She was small and white and moved gracefully. She wore a sleeveless, short, blue and white dress and no stockings. I put a fresh match to my pipe, perched on the rail, and watched.

This continued for a week, and was a considerable help, evenings. I became curious about her, and made some inquiries among my friends; none of them actually knew her, but lots of them knew something about her, that miscellaneous, slightly evil-seeking kind of information everyone has in small, gossipy places. The house had a poor reputation, and she, the daughter of the landlady, shared in it. She was called Gladys Farthing. Wouldn't you know it would be Gladys? She had recently returned from Hôtel Dieu Hospital, where she'd been sick of something or other.

All this got me nowhere, so one evening I took myself along the ridge, which I found stopped some three feet from her balcony, and about a foot higher than the rail. The windows were open, of course. She was just as pretty near to, though a little pale. The blondness of her hair looked to be natural. I said "Good evening," and she jumped.

"I've been trying to meet you for some time," I said, "but I couldn't find anyone who knew you, so I thought I'd come over and introduce myself. Do you mind? My name is Thomas Brenton, and I live over there."

"I'm pleased to meet you, Mr. Brenton." She had a pretty, rather infantile voice, and rather silly mannerisms in her speech. "My name is Gladys Farthing. Please come down off of that roof; I have altophobia, and you frighten me."

"Meet me downstairs, then." Trick word, "Altophobia."

"All right, in just a minute." She was cute, that was the word for her, consciously cute.

At her door she told me that she had often seen me walking my balcony, and she had wondered if I were lonely. She said she had heard about me. One may hear about almost anyone in the Quarter, and generally does, but she made it sound like something. I invited her over to my place.

She was ineffectual, with a good deal of elegance and many winning mannerisms, all spoiled by the impression of being deliberate. She asked for a drink and borrowed my Swinburne. Then she asked for another drink and asked for my Oxford Book of English Verse. It looked as though this was going to be good if the books held out. Then she had to go, as she had a date with a boy in about five minutes—a nice boy, she said, Billy Taylor. Did I know him? He was cute. I went down into the courtyard with her and kissed her under the archway, making it casual. She said "naughty!" This was getting simply marvelous.

After that I saw her frequently, for she was pleasant and had inexpensive tastes. Her favourite drink was Jack's corn liquor disguised with grenadine or sweet chocolate syrup. She always spoke of the liquor as "formal*de*hyde," each time with a smile as if she had coined a fire-new witticism.

She never got drunk with me, but she turned up drunk a couple of times at the most amazing hours, very quiet, and looking like a bewildered child with the golden hair disheveled into a mist about her face. She said she drank because she was unhappy; she gave out a good deal of hard luck stuff in her talk. The boarding house, the wild crowd who lived there, the friends they brought in, were intolerable to her; she remembered days long past when her father was still alive and they were respectable people living a life totally unlike this. She was not in good health, and Momma was always nagging at her for not bringing in money and for not staying with their parties. She had had work once, a good job on the strength of which she left Momma's and lived alone, but then she fell ill and went to the Hôtel Dieu. Another time a friend had found her a soft berth as office girl to an uptown patrons-of-the-arts group, but she lost it, through no fault of her own, she said. Most of her jobs were found for her by her friends, but she lost them for herself. She was not well, and Momma was always after her. The boarders were bums, many of them never paid their rent. My sympathies rather went to Momma. All this woe was described as a palliation of her drinking, but it struck me that the cards were too regularly stacked against her.

One evening, feeling it was about time, I set out really to kiss her. She was politely acquiescent, but there was no come-back to it at all. She didn't push or struggle, but shortly, I don't know how, she was sitting several feet away from me. It was typical of a curious passive strength of resistance in her, like trying to kick your way through a cotton bale. Eventually I was forced to give her credit for some of what she claimed about herself. There was something deeply artificial about her ways, again and again I suspected her of working some sort of game on me, and yet—she was scrupulous about returning books; once or twice she borrowed small amounts of money and always paid back either in cash, or in bottles of gin she got from the boarders in her house. More than that, despite her drinking, despite all reason and logic of the house in which she lived, you could not avoid concluding that she was virtuous. She wasn't refined, she was *re*fined, and that made the rest seem false, but it was inescapable.

Some of this I figured out after I had

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Styling for Airliners

Suggesting that the airplane is the Cinderella of modern products in details of style

by ALEXIS DE SAKHNOFFSKY

The shape of a plane, carefully determined by tests in the wind tunnel, has not been influenced thus far by the ideas of a stylist. Performance being directly attributable to the scientific outline of wings and fuselage, it was an aeronautical engineer's job to create the silhouette of the flying machines of today.

Being so obviously designed for its purpose, many a modern machine suggests fast movement and the eye of the public does not seem to object to ugly rivets, unsightly seams, and other awkward, but easy to change, earmarks of the infancy stages of mechanical products. Much has been done lately to make the airliners more attractive by cleaning up and simplifying the outside shapes. Two major things, though, have been overlooked and the only reason, as we see it, is that again the engineer often has too much to say about the finishing of the product.

One of the neglected details is color. That very vital feature in the finished product is, or ought to be, the result of careful scientific study. Let us not forget that stylists have been called in, in almost every field of production, just to study the effect of different colors on even the most prosaic industrial products and the choice of the right shades is now considered as having a direct bearing on the volume of sales.

Insofar as planes are concerned, the problem is quite different from the average. No tradition to cope with, no previous experience to eliminate the wrong shades. This is probably the reason why we see so many atrocious color combinations, composed of impossible contrasts, painful to look at, ruining the otherwise pure lines.

One of the basic rules of modern styling, the proper blending of the different components of a product into a homogeneous ensemble is generally neglected and a chopped-up effect is often the result. Why paint a fuselage in bright blue when the wings are red and the upholstery a grassy green (as in one of the transport ships I flew in the other day) when after all they jointly constitute the body of the plane? Nowhere in nature can we find a justification of such sharp contrasts without a connecting link.

Of course, if the Air Line wants to suggest a delivery wagon and make the passengers feel as if they were traveling in a circus truck rather than utilizing a means of transportation de luxe (as advertised), it is up to the company to find out how the "paying load" reacts to the present stage of airplane design and decoration.

An entirely different angle has to be considered in this problem so as to have the complete picture.

Before coming to this country five years ago, I was obliged to travel by plane rather extensively all over Europe, and as a result of these trips the idea came to mind that some better taste in decoration and more scientific means for color selection ought to be shown and a thorough investigation was undertaken. Here are some of the highlights.

Being personally acutely affected by airsickness I tried all the known and suggested means to overcome this most unpleasant condition. And I set out to discover whether colors did not have a bearing on the acuteness of the affliction. The fact that most of the people suffering from airsickness complain that it always starts in the head, whilst sea-sickness begins in the stomach, may be the reason why, as I found out, certain reactions of the optical nerves emphasize the discomfort. Anyway, after trying this theory on a number of air transport passengers, I was compelled to believe that certain colors ought to be excluded from the line of colors available for the decoration of the plane.

This refers mainly, of course, to the inside of the plane, where the colors are in direct contact with the passengers' eyes, covering quite an area. Such colors are for instance almost the whole line of dull greens, particularly the sickly olive greens, greenish browns and dull dead brownish greys.

And how many planes one can find, even now, entirely upholstered in some of those bilish greens, suggesting everything unpleasant when your eyes combine them with those very conspicuous receptacles placed within the reach of each seat. And our survey showed how some pleasing warm tans, beautiful powder blues and deep reds put your mind at ease through restful reaction on your optic nerves and, though these colors do not cure the disease, they certainly do not help to provoke it. One of our lady-contributors in the survey, seriously sick on each trip, even suggested either a dead white or an eggshell leather, which could be easily cleaned and would be refreshing to the eye.

Another point is the distribution of exterior color on a plane. It must be kept in mind, in order to get the best general effect when the plane is in action, that it is usually seen from below. Therefore most of the spear effects or other decorations on the sides are lost and the scheme ought to include rather large spreads of color to be visible, at a distance, from the ground. Our sketch shows a view of a modern airliner, from the ground, taken in action at a dramatic angle and one can note how the color treatment suggests the take-off movement. The whole body, including the wings and the careening or faring of the motors, is one warm shade brought out by a complementary shade—in this case, orange. This colorful accent is used to attract attention to the pleasing outlines of the fuselage, emphasizing its taper, and to give added importance to the cowling of the motors and the rudder.

In looking over the latest airliners we find that, aside from the question of color, the whole treatment of the interiors is done without any consideration of beauty. Weight reduction is a poor argument when you consider what could be done if the desire for better appearance could find place in the plane designers' minds. Particularly when we come to think that several advanced plane manufacturers had acoustic engineers studying for a year the problem of noise isolation for their latest planes, yet entirely disregarded a tasteful arrangement of the cabins, it is about time for someone to bring up that question.

On the two colored pages we outline what we ought to expect in the near future—rugged, light but comfortable interiors designed after a careful study of the psychology of those who use the airlines.

The view below the plane shows a section of the cabin with two seats made out of light tubular skeletons with leather or pneumatic upholstery. Streamlined armrests and rounded plain seat backs suggest modern transportation. A leather rail under the windows takes away the skinny effect of an average plane's upholstery. A stainless steel or chromium plated shield directs the light at night towards the book of the passenger who wants to read without disturbing the sleep of his companions. A bluish tinted corrugated transparent panel above the shield gives even indirect lighting. The chromium ornament, starting at the shield, tapers vertically until it dies out at the side curve of the ceiling. A pocket back of each seat affects a streamlined shape and handles on the passage side of the seats allow one a steady grip whilst walking in stormy weather.

The chromium plated buffet-bar fixtures, designed on purely mechanically-modern lines, include: a water tap on the left, beer tap on the right, and in the center a special contraption designed by the writer for a long distance airliner. It consists of a sliding sleeve, with a coil spring inside, which keeps the plates together even when the pilot feels like indulging in an Immelman or loop-the-loop.

In studying the average airline passenger we find that there is still a large percentage of "first time up" flyers. They want to know more about what is going on, they want to feel that they know all about the air speed, rpm, etc. Let them have all that information

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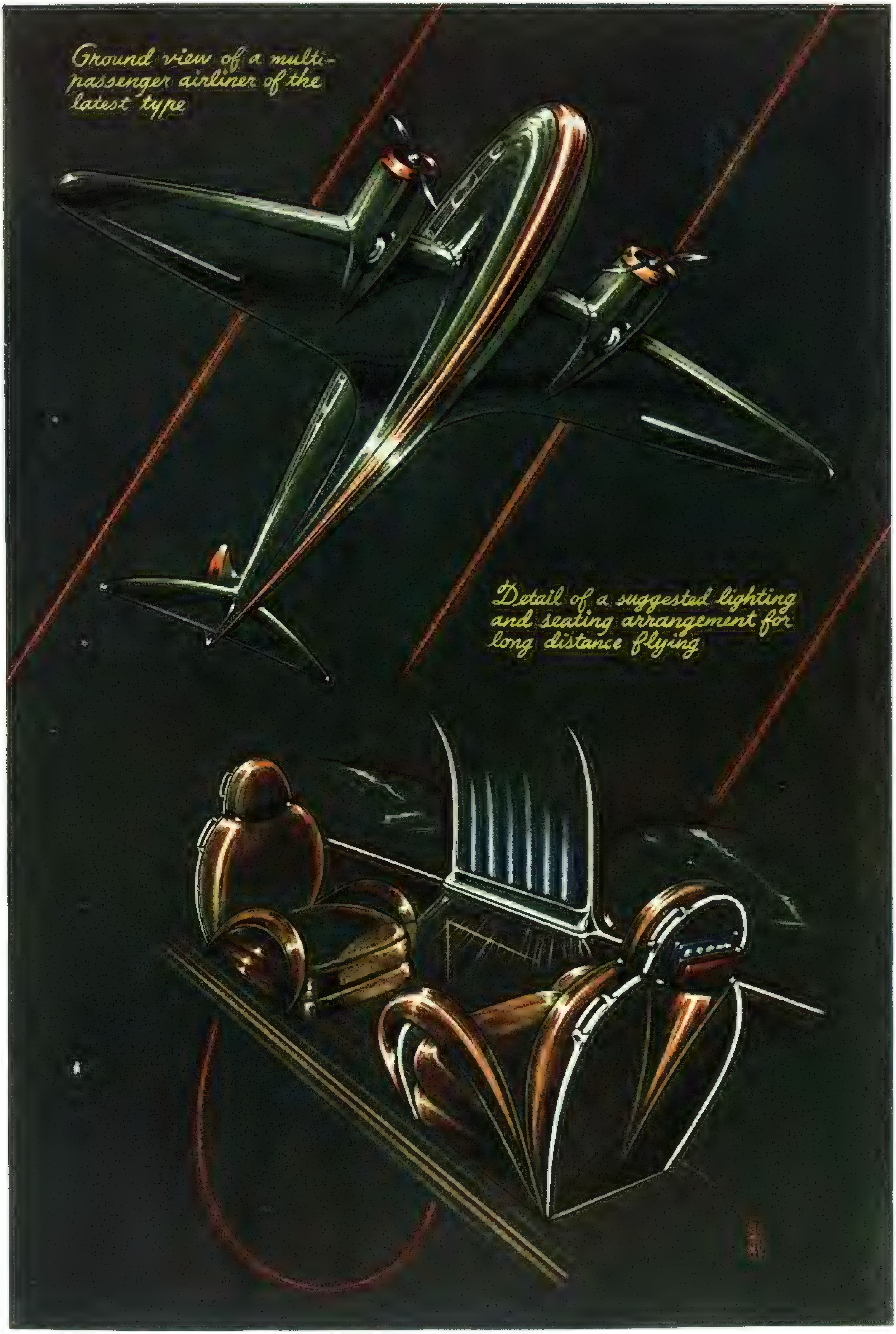
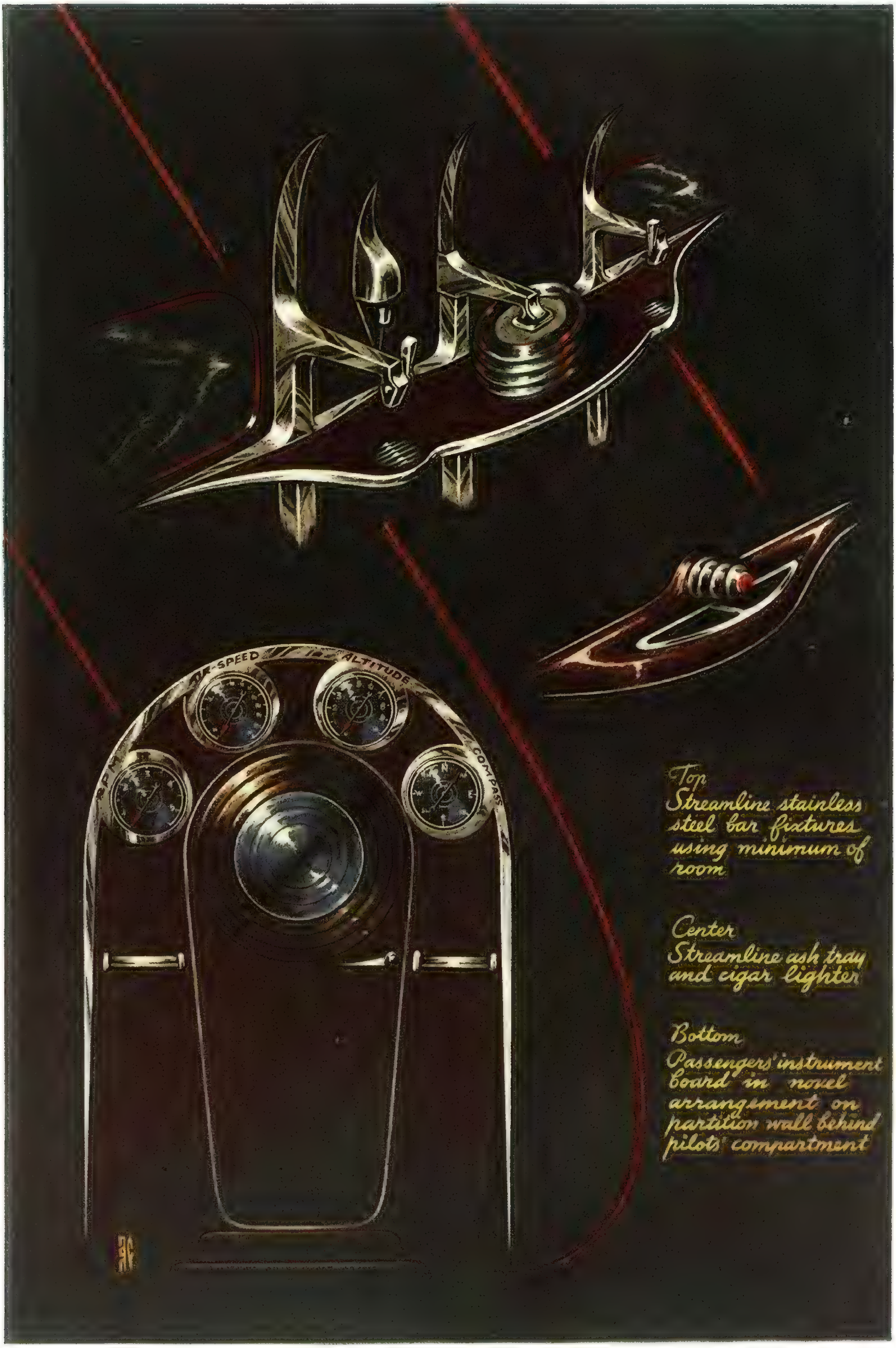

Ground view of a multi-passenger airliner of the latest type
Detail of a suggested lighting and seating arrangement for long distance flying


SPEED
ALTITUDE
RPM
COMPASS

Top
Streamline stainless steel bar fixtures using minimum of room

Center
Streamline ash tray and cigar lighter

Bottom
Passengers' instrument board in novel arrangement on partition wall behind pilots' compartment

To the Victors

A great battle and a great triumph, as it seemed to the slaves who manned the oars

by PIERRE MILLE

"STACHYS," Agabus said in a whisper, "have you some of those dry chestnuts left that you got in Tarente? Give me a few. And I'll row an hour for you tonight, out of my sleeping time."

Stachys took one hand off the oar, trying to reach the pouch hanging at his right side. The lash of a whip smote across his shoulders and he rowed again, without uttering a moan.

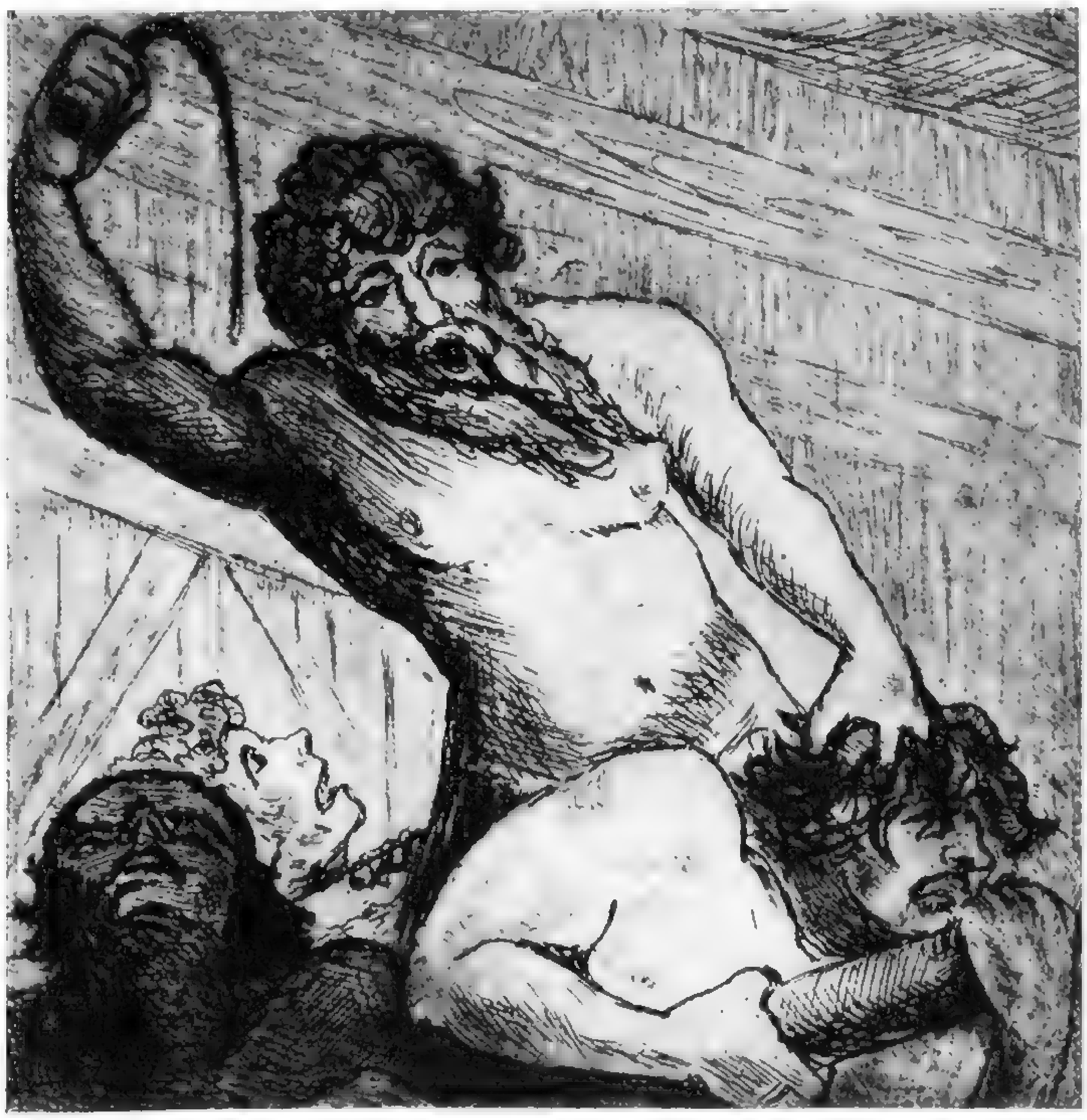
In the shadow, the framework of the galley appeared the overturned carcass of a Leviathan. She was a trireme. The thranites on deck, shielded from the sun by a canvas roof, were grouped three to each of the slender, long oars that resembled the legs of a swimming spider. They were robust slaves, fearless, and knew how to remain calm on the days of battle under the darts and arrows shot from enemy vessels by archers placed on forecastle and stern. The confidence rested in them granted them privileges, they were the aristocrats among galley slaves.

Those below envied them. Coupled in pairs, the zygites could not even straighten up without striking their skulls against the timbers of the deck; still lower down in the ship, the thalamites plied a single, stout oar, jutting into the water through round ports almost at sea-level.

Six feet above the keel, running the length of the craft, was a plank pathway upon which a man ran constantly. He was Herodion the *Incitator*, the slave-driver. A former gladiator once sentenced to the galleys for murder, he had rowed his time, bent under the blows, panting in the fetid heat. He himself could not have told how he had contrived to survive so many companions, who had been unchained from their benches to be thrown overboard. As his reward for not dying, and because he was strong and fierce, he had been promoted to *Incitator*. With a whip made of Nile hippopotamus hide, he struck right and left all day long, striding tirelessly along his gangway, like a caged animal.

Stachys was on the third bench of thalamites, at the bottom of the hold. He scarcely felt unhappy, for his spirit was broken. The days, in that marine cave and in the barracks in which the rowers were kept between voyages, could hardly be distinguished from the nights, and he did not count them. However, after the noon meal, blood would beat harder at his temples.

Then he would remember the city of Joppea, where he had been born. Palm and orange trees crept down the hillside, in a green sweep reaching the sea, surrounding terraced houses and earthen huts fronted by wooden stoops. In one of these huts he had slept with his mother, when a small child. Then he had learned to read Greek, and had become steward for a good master. Then he had cheated in his accounts, and he had been sold to a Roman Proconsul, to row on the galleys. But the routine of his miserable existence almost always dulled his memory, and life and death had become indifferent to him, and he fretted only concerning puerile things. One day, one of the zygites above him had slipped, and remained suspended by his ankle chain. Stachys would think of that and laugh.



The chain was never removed from the rowers as long as they remained in the trireme. Everything dropped in the pool of sea water at the bottom of the hold, and each morning old slaves would bail it out with copper buckets. The rowers scorned these unfortunates, and often struck at them treacherously with their chains. At the bottom of their souls, they hated them, because that loathsome work was not fatiguing.

None of the thalamites hated Herodion. They had grown accustomed to blows; like dogs, they needed to be ordered about. Their life was rowing, and the slave-driver was the brain that guided the constant labor of their arms. But they hated the zygites, who abused their superior position to drive heels into their faces, and the esteem which Herodion held for the deck-slaves, the velum that sheltered them, the glory of dangers risked under the sun, all these privileges filled them with mute rage.

The trireme progressed at night, but more slowly. One rank out of three was ordered to stop work, and thus each shift could sleep a few hours.

Ostia had been left behind, the ship was heading East. Stachys knew no more than that. It was always dark in the bottom of the galley, where daylight seeped in only through the ports. But one morning, a voice shouted orders.

Herodion struck harder, and the trireme progressed more rapidly. Sometimes, one side or the other was ordered to stop rowing, and the craft would then turn about, so quickly that the men's heads spun. And that dizzy sensation brought about a sort of drunkenness, a feeling of pleasure and anguish, as when a chariot hurtles too swiftly down a steep incline. There were loud noises on deck. Breast plates clashed, smashed shields thundered to the planking. Then the war horns howled, and the sea echoed the sounds. Other horns, remote, answered. It was an uproar resembling the bellows of bulls challenging one another across the countryside. There was an atmosphere of gayety and terror.

"Big battle, up there," Stachys said, "a big battle!"

The supple lash of hippopotamus leather bit into his loins. The vessel shuddered from stem to stern. The galley slaves breathed hard, rhythmically, in unison. Herodion, his neck swelling, his eyes protruding, shouted. Suddenly, Agabus fell to the deck, face in the slime, cheeks purple. A blood vessel had ruptured in his chest. Herodion leaped to his side, lifted his face from the brine. The galley slaves were touched, because their master took such care of them.

"Apollo!" Stachys murmured, "O Sun of Heliopolis!"

A long clamor was rising from the flood, Greek words and Latin words, Syrian and Egyptian words, and the moans of men drowning, or in agony from wounds.

"It's a battle, a great battle—"

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Jem Belcher's Last Fight

The second in a series of four old-time prize fights for all who relish the lore of the ring

by LOUIS GOLDING

THERE was never a more glorious lad in the history of boxing than Jem Belcher, young Jem Belcher of Bristol Town. We have seen some good lads in our own time, too, from Jimmy Wilde to Teddy Baldock and Kid Berg. But Jem Belcher had the qualities of all of them and some more of his own. He was wily as a fox. He could hit like a steam-hammer.

It is the first morning of February, many Februaries ago, in 1809. What is all London doing on Epsom Downs? The Duke of York is here, who is the king's son and the Commander-in-chief of his armies. Bill Smith, the least of his private soldiers, has broken out of barracks to get here. The lawyer from the Middle Temple is here; the actress has risen betimes from the boudoir; the costermonger from Covent Garden has left his potatoes to look after themselves.

For glorious Jem Belcher is fighting Tom Cribb again, champion of England. He has fought him once and been beaten by him. That was two years ago. Two years before that he had fought the great Hen Pearce, and was beaten by him, too. It was a tragic thing, it may be, he ever stepped into the ring to meet Hen Pearce. His career till that day had been one unbroken song of victory.

Yet the fact remains. He was a better man than Hen Pearce and Tom Cribb. He was the best man who ever darted with bare knuckle from cheek to chin, from chin to heart, of an opponent. Everybody knew it, including Pearce and Cribb. So did Jem Belcher.

Yet it's hard luck on a man who boxes as much with his two eyes as with his fists—it's hard luck on him to lose one of those same eyes. And that's what had happened to poor Jem, at the height of his glory. He was a lad of twenty-two at the time, no more than that. Yet he was already a veteran in the number and splendour of his victories. He was the darling of Society. The high lords took him out riding with them on horseback. The high ladies invited him to take tea in their drawing-rooms and swooned with pleasure if his crude fist brushed their delicate fingers when they reached him a cake.

Mrs. Jem Belcher didn't like that. She hated Jem to accept the invitations of the high ladies. She hated him to accept the invitations of the high lords to go out riding with them, or to play rackets with them. "You mark my words," she cried. "They'll knock your eye out one of these days!" She clenched her fist, as if she were a boxer, too. Her mouth twisted dreadfully as she stood there shouting and cursing. It was a pity. Sally Belcher had such a pretty mouth, when she used it to kiss him with . . .

So Jem Belcher went to play rackets one fine day with a gentleman of society in the court at Little St. Martin's Lane. And the marker sent back the ball so devastatingly that it dislodged Jem's eye from the socket.

"I told you so, you lout! Didn't I tell you so!" shrieked Mrs. Jem Belcher, when they brought her man back blind in one eye. Then she collapsed all of a heap on the doorstep, because she loved Jem very dearly. It was obviously quite out of the question for Jem to go on boxing any more. Gone were the great days, the golden days, when he knocked the Firbys and Bartholomews senseless at his feet. There was nothing more terrifying left for that demon fist to do than to grasp the ivory handle of a beer pump. So the gentlemen brought out their purses and put their guineas together and made him mine host of the Jolly Brewers in Wardour Street.

It would have been a good thing for him had he stayed there. But he was a lad still. Youth raced impetuously along his veins. And there was always Mrs. Jem Belcher, a queer woman. He never knew her mind, for she never knew it herself. "Had you done as I told you, you scarecrow," she would hurl at him, "it's in the ring you'd be standing tonight, earning your hundreds of guineas! Earning your twopences in a low beerhouse—that's all you're fit for now!"

And an hour later, in the dark of their bedroom, she would put her arm around him and seek to caress his poor blind eye with her lips. "You dear lad!" she whispered. "You poor dear lad! You must never never think of going into the ring again! Promise me that, Jem! Kiss me!"

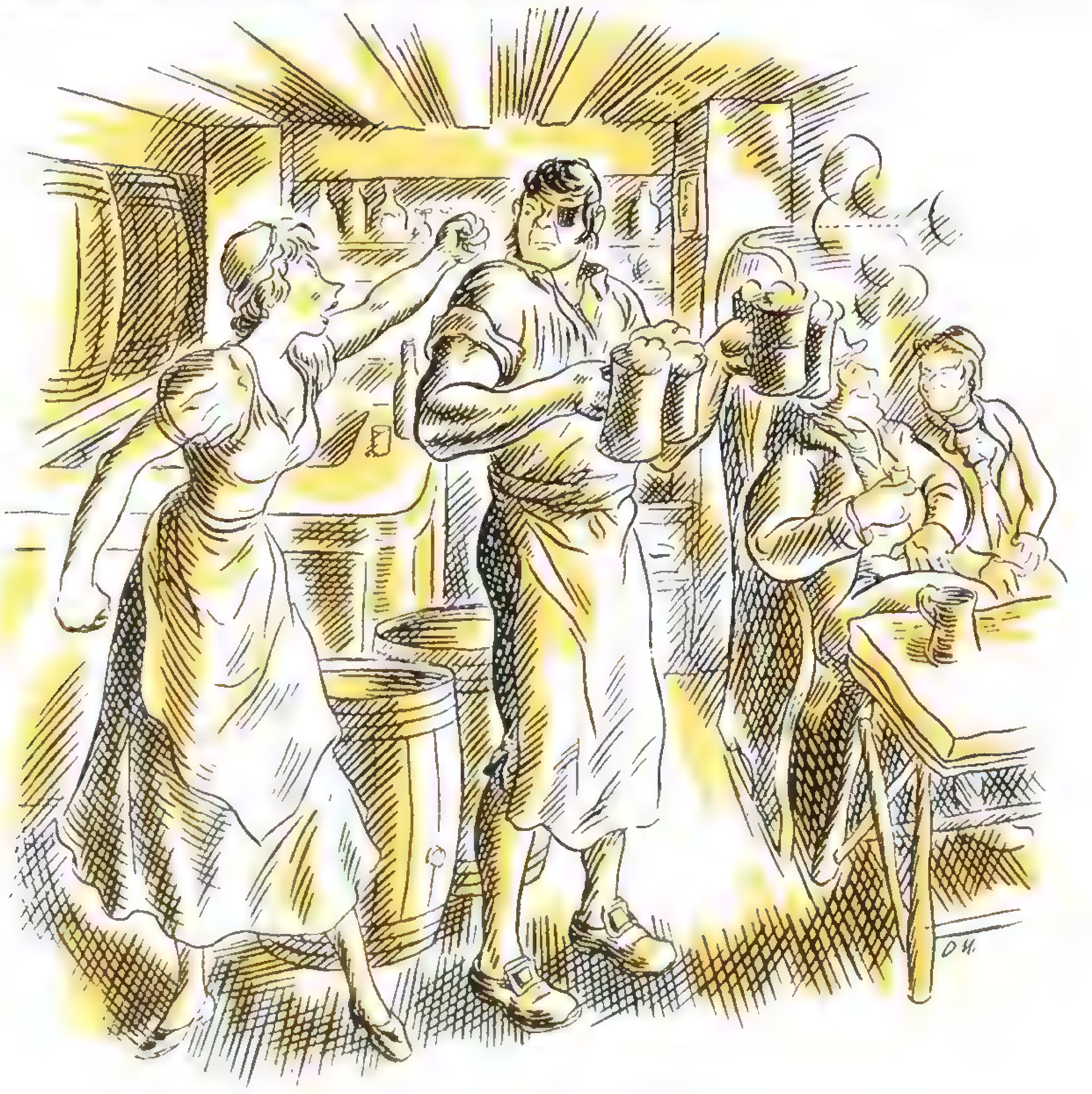
"All right!" he grunted. His head was whirling. Strange creatures, these women. Never knew where you were with them. How much simpler was a man, a boxer, crouching in the ring! Jem almost started out of bed, he could see the fellow so clearly a few feet away. He had his two fists before his face. He was waiting for a lead. Suddenly he hurled himself forward, thrusting in at the jaw with his left. No, no. It was only the shadow of the curtain as the wind swung it. Jem Belcher went off to sleep, his mind a white and red dazzle of whirling flesh and spouting blood . . .

"Are you listening, Jem darling? Are you awake?"

Jem Belcher's sole reply was a snore that shaved the plaster in flakes from the ceiling.

And then Hen Pearce came up from Bristol, which was Jem's own city. If he himself could wear the bays no longer, another Bristolian must. It was Jem himself had asked Pearce to come up from the West Country and show these Cockneys what trash they were.

Hen Pearce carried all before him. Sally



Belcher was white with rage. "What?" she cried, night after night. "Are you going to let a great loose lubber like that stand up before all the world and call himself champion? Get out! I can't bear the sight of you!"

Jem Belcher was not one to make excuses. He set his lip and said nothing. All his friends told him that against a first-rate bruiser like Pearce he might as well fight minus a fist as minus an eye. He took their advice with bad grace.

"Minus an eye? And why not?" he muttered to himself savagely. "The man's not born who's a match for Jem Belcher! Blindfold me, and by God, I've still a trick or two left will bring any mother's son to his knees! I must beat this Hen Pearce! I must! I will! Then she'll be quiet again, and gentle as she was in the old time! How lovely she used to be then. Like a rosebud. The fresh smell there was in her hair!" A tear trembled on the lid of his sound eye. "It's all thorns she is now!" He sighed heavily.

He fought Hen Pearce; for eighteen ferocious rounds he fought him. But for most of them he did not see whom he was fighting, whether he hit or missed. When he put both his arms around Hen Pearce and hurled him through the ropes, he did not see him. And a man who cannot see what he does, expends twenty times more strength than his antagonist. It was not Pearce, but his own blindness, that beat him. At length the slow words crawled through his bleeding and battered mouth: "I can fight no more, Hen Pearce!"

A king who had lost his crown got back to the Jolly Brewers in London a day or two later. Sally Belcher slammed the door in his face. She went up to her room and did not show herself for two days. "God help me!" moaned Jem. "I wish he'd smashed my skull in!"

But the gloom passed. He had time to think over what had happened. It was true he had lost the championship. He had learned, in the ring itself, the appalling disqualification of being blind in one eye. But he was not merely as gallant a boxer as ever lived. He was as acute a strategist. He knew that if he should fight again, all his strength and cunning must be based on keeping his one eye inviolate. They could separate the four valves of his heart, if they knew how to. But that eye must remain inviolate.

Hen Pearce never fought again. His fight against Belcher was his last fight and his last victory. The day that dawned now was the day of Tom Cribb. It was true that Cribb's record to date was not over brilliant. It was true that Belcher had been decisively beaten by Hen Pearce. But the excitement created by the announcement that Belcher and Cribb were to fight was colossal. Belcher considered that the championship had reverted to him on the disappearance of Pearce. Cribb considered himself the best man in the country. The two men met for the first time in April, 1807.

On each side of every battle, whether the battle is fought by single men or by whole armies, there are invisible as well as visible protagonists. You may call them guardian spirits. Or you may call them in a brief word, luck. Luck did not fight so lustily for Jem Belcher that day as Jem Belcher fought for himself. At every point he out-fought Tom Cribb, a hefty creature more than two stone heavier than himself. For eighteen rounds he seemed to be able to do everything he wished with Cribb. He frisked about him like a terrier or hurled himself upon him like a buffalo.

Do you believe in the mystic potency of numbers? Wiser men than you or I have done so—and still do. The Chaldeans did long ago. So do the most abstruse modern mathematicians. There was ill luck for Jem Belcher in the number eighteen. In the eighteenth round of his fight against Hen Pearce, he had been forced to declare himself beaten. The first fight against Tom Cribb lasted well beyond eighteen rounds—all the way to the forty-first, in fact. But it was in the eighteenth that he so fatally injured his right hand. He saw his way clear to Cribb's head. He shot forth with such terrific power that he all but broke head and hand. Cribb fell, and rose again. He had a skull like a blacksmith's anvil. But for Belcher the fight was over. He tried as long as possible to hide the fact that his right was useless. But it was not for nothing that Cribb had two such crafty seconds as Will Warr, and Bill Richmond, the negro. A fatal breach had been made in the wall of strength and skill that guarded Jem Belcher's single eye. Once more from between his battered and bleeding mouth the cruel words were forced: "I can fight no more, Tom Cribb!"

Once more Jem Belcher came home, a beaten man. Sally Belcher stood waiting for him, her arms folded across her bosom. "Didn't I tell you he was worth ten of you, you good-for-nothing bag-of-bones? Didn't I tell you to stay nice and cosy behind your bar, instead of careering off among those blackguards again?" Her words beat upon his face far more viciously than the fists of Tom Cribb.

But she had said no such thing. "And you a grandson of the great John Slack!" she had twitted him night after night. "So you're going to let a heap of tripe like Tom Cribb call himself England's champion? Pah! You make me sick, Jem Belcher!"

But Tom Cribb knew that Jem Belcher was the better man, as Hen Pearce had known it two years earlier. Jem Belcher knew it, too. All England knew it. No man had ever fought more gamely. Would luck be absent from his side till the end of the chapter?

"No!" cried Jem Belcher fiercely to himself. "With one eye and one fist I'm still a better man than Tom Cribb. But I'll go cunning. He shall get no advantage out of blind eye or broken fist. I shall protect the one and go easy with the other. My left alone will do the trick, if need be. I'll have him snivelling at my feet yet, so help me God!"

He bided his time, though Sally Belcher made the time of waiting a fearsome thing to bear. Cribb went on from strength to strength. "But not too strong for me!" vowed Jem Belcher. A year passed, and two years. Tom Cribb added fresh laurels to his brow by defeating Bob Gregson, the Lancashire champion, a great bullock of a man. "Now's my time!" said Jem Belcher. So he issued his second challenge to Tom Cribb. So all London fared forth to Epsom Downs, that first morning of February many Februaries ago.

"Will Jem Belcher come back?" the crowd roared. "Will Jem Belcher come back?" the wind murmured in the bare trees. A skylark was singing like mad in the blue and frosty heavens. "Will Jem Belcher come back, come back, come back?" he sang. "I doubt it! I doubt it! I doubt it!" another skylark threw back at him out of the top of the sky.

The two men faced each other. The crowd stopped roaring. The wind stopped murmuring. Even the skylarks seemed to fall on silence. The dilemma faced them all, that was propounded over a century later when Carpentier met Dempsey. How would brains fare against brute strength? The question had been answered once before as between Cribb and Belcher. Would it be answered in the same way again? If you looked at the perfect symmetry of Jem Belcher's limbs, if you saw the grimness of that heroic jaw—you said: "No. This time there will be a

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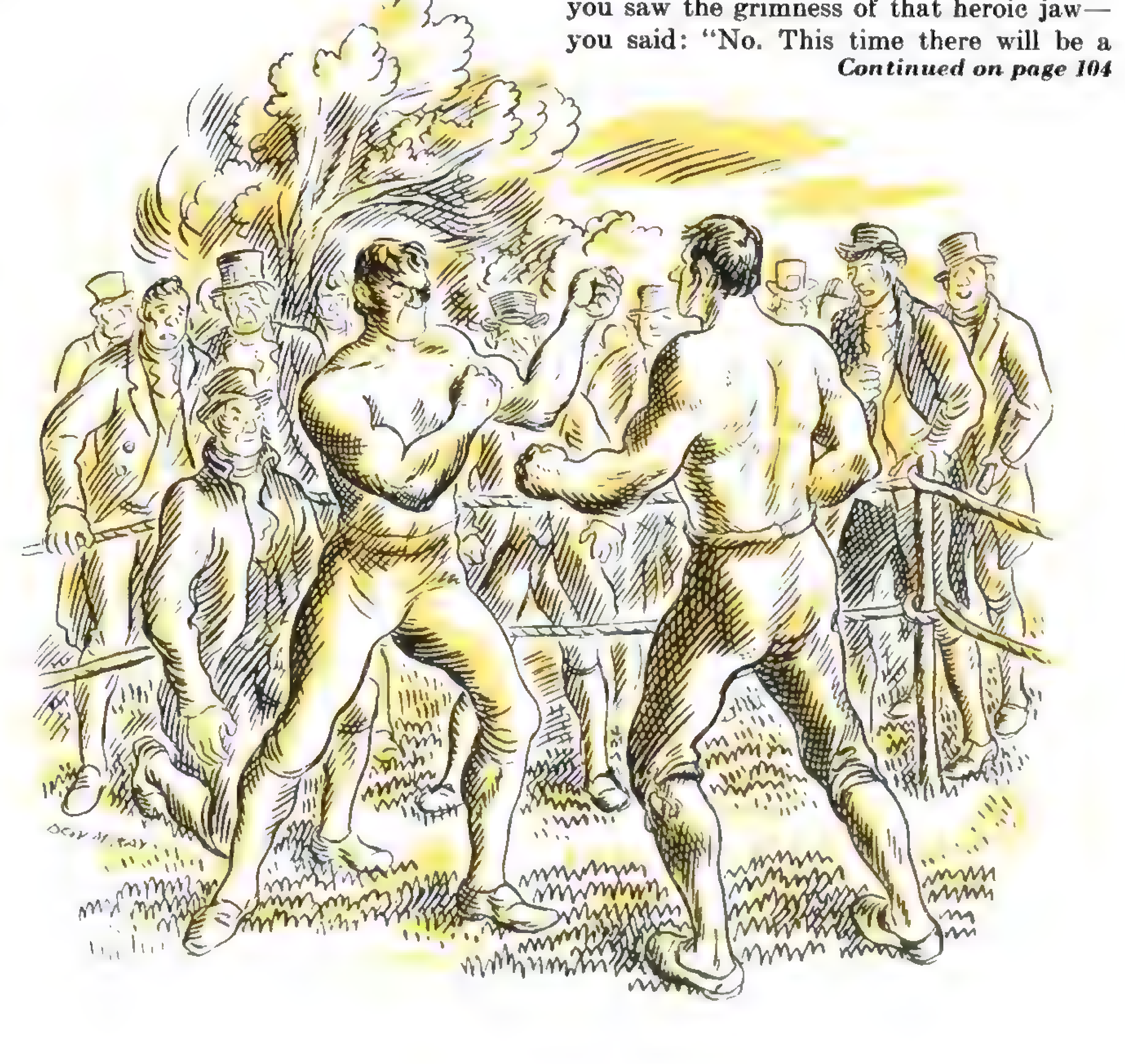


A Living from Tennis?

Dispassionate and disillusioned view of the glories of amateur play, as told to George Dunscomb

by GEORGE LOTT

Just before I left Chicago last winter to play exhibition and tournament tennis in Florida, a friend of mine said, "That's pretty soft for you. With all expenses paid, you'll live in the best hotels and enjoy a lazy, carefree life, while we're battling snow and ice up north."

I didn't debate the matter with him, but I envied him. Why?

Well, he has a good job; on the first and fifteenth of each month he gets a substantial check from his firm. He is able, aggressive and progressive. Unless the country goes to pot in the meantime, he will probably be making important money five, ten or twenty years from now. The "bounce" may be gone from his legs and his eyes probably won't be so keen—but that won't matter.

I'm not moaning. Tennis has been good to me. Whether it has been good *for* me, is another question.

Add up its advantages: Thanks to tennis I've spent five out of the past six summers in Europe, hobnobbing with the best people (so-called) in England and on the Continent. With the exception of 1932 (when I retired to devote myself to business) I have been a member of the American Davis Cup team since 1928, with attendant luxuries. As a Cup player, I'm invited to be the guest of resorts to play in exhibition matches or tournaments. Tennis, therefore, means travel . . . plenty of leisure . . . breakfast in bed . . . hosts of fairweather friends . . . pretty girls around and about . . . (a chance to rub elbows with the rich, but none of their money ever rubs off) . . . name in the newspapers . . . people calling you by your first name—what more could a man ask? I like it—that's the rub!

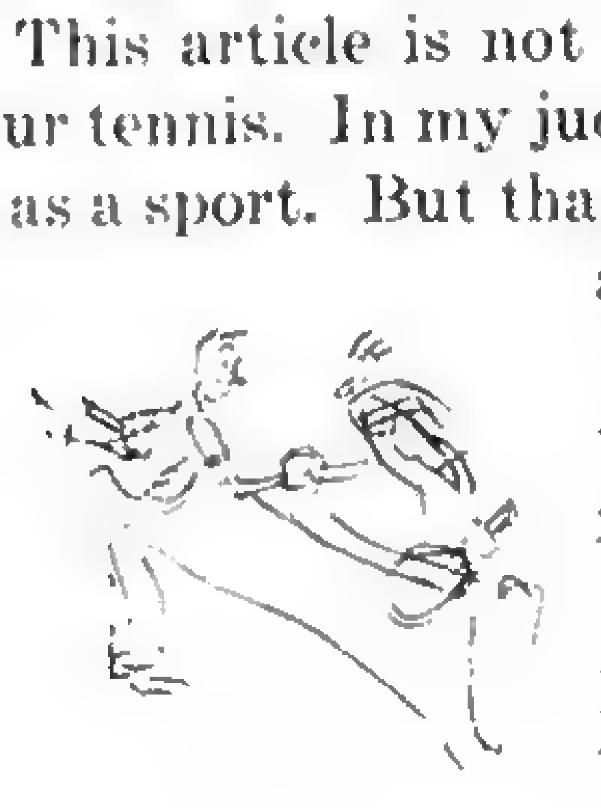
If ever I have a son who is good enough to be a topnotcher in tennis I'll permit him to compete in the sport in college and, possibly, for a year or two afterward. Then, I'll break both his legs, if necessary, to keep him from following the sport as a *career*.

For, to compete successfully, he will have to devote time to the sport when he should be learning the rudiments of, and gaining experience in, the business or profession which he will have to follow ultimately.

This article is not intended to rap amateur tennis. In my judgment, nothing excels it as a sport. But that's what it should be—a *sport* and not a career.

Why don't I quit if that's how I feel about it?

Or, why don't I turn professional, and pick up a few thousand dollars?



I'll get around to the answers to both of those questions, presently.

In the interim, I'd like to knock sky-high one of the popular beliefs, fostered by sports writers of the cynical school, i. e., that a high ranking star can make a good living out of amateur tennis.

I've yet to find the way to do it, and I've been participating in national and international tennis competition for almost a decade. By this time I should be hep to the profit angles, if there are any.

Tilden is supposed to have made from $12,000 a year upward while still an amateur. But that was back in the days when money grew on bushes.

A top flight star in amateur tennis today admittedly can live luxuriously *en route to the scene of the tournament, while the matches are in progress, and on the return journey.* Period! During the long stretches between tournaments he merely has the whole wide world to make a living in.

A Davis Cup player who is of frugal nature (few are, because they're young) and who is willing to indulge in small chiseling, may accumulate an "operating profit" of perhaps two or three hundred dollars a year.

And *that*, mind you, is top!

Back in the days when I was coming up, my tennis cost my father about $1200 a year. If a balance sheet were drawn covering my entire career it would show an operating loss for the Lott family.

Now, let's take a look at the hundreds of city, local and sectional champions who flock to the tournaments from all points of the country. They are the "ham-and-eggers" of tennis. How do *they* get by? How do they live, as they journey cross country from tournament to tournament?

Well, as a rule there isn't a dollar in a carload of them—but to me, they are the most interesting part of the tennis show. They have a genuine love for the game, they're ambitious, they're in there pitching for all they're worth. When one of them knocks off a seeded star, there is wide and general rejoicing among them.

Many of them pay their own freight to the tournaments. There, if they are lucky, and have a mite of standing, they may be put up in a private home by some kindly tennis enthusiast. If not they subsist on small savings accumulated for the season, or on money from home, or they "visit" relatives and friends.

Others who are a step higher on the tennis ladder—who may perchance have won a fairly important tournament or two—may be sent to larger tournaments by their local associations. The association may provide as much as $100 and the boy stretches that over the season, perhaps receiving transportation and being housed in a private home or hotel while participating.

Still others, who are good enough to be ranked among the top twenty in U. S. tennis, for instance, may receive expense money sufficient to cover their transportation, food and lodging from the tournament committees.

All have a good time and contrive to survive. Sometimes they exercise ingenuity to get to and from the tournament economically. For example, one Texas boy, for the past several seasons, has bought an old flivver each summer. In this vehicle he transports other young Texas stars cross country to play "the Eastern Circuit"; i. e., the string of successive tournaments held each summer on the Atlantic coast. He charges the other boys a flat rate per mile.

The fact that the participants are not allowed expense accounts which can be called lavish isn't the result of profiteering on the part of the organizations which stage the tournaments. Except for the important national meets, the clubs holding the tournaments consider themselves lucky if they break even, for the game does not produce "gates" comparable to those of more highly publicized sports, such as football.

If there's so little money in it—and I am one who considers money not the root of evil, but a comfort and a joy—why do I keep at it? If I realize that it won't always be possible to eat breakfast in bed at the Westchester Biltmore, why don't I devote all of my time now to a business or profession?

The answer is that I *am* in business—the insurance business—and now burn up plenty of shoe leather explaining to only faintly interested persons what a delight an insurance policy can be. Any truthful insurance man will tell you that the business is not exactly booming at the moment. Even by devoting twenty-eight hours a day, nine days a week to it, I would not, I suspect, be rolling in wealth.

But that fact isn't the real reason why I'm continuing.

The truth is that I have some unfinished business in amateur tennis.

For one thing, I've never won the National Men's Singles. On four different occasions—in 1928, 1929, 1930 and in 1933—I've been on the winning side in the finals for the U.S. Doubles championships. In 1931, also,

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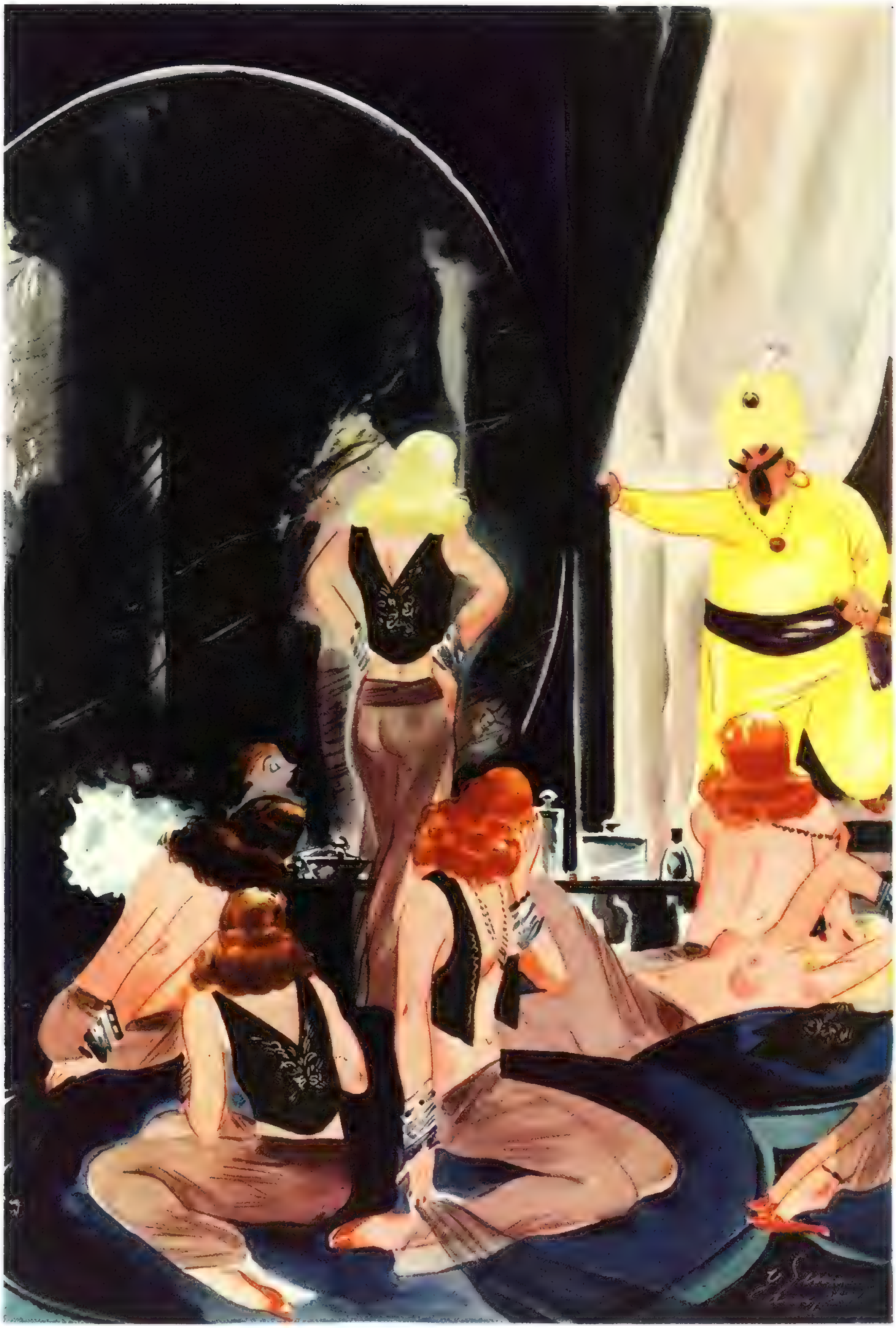
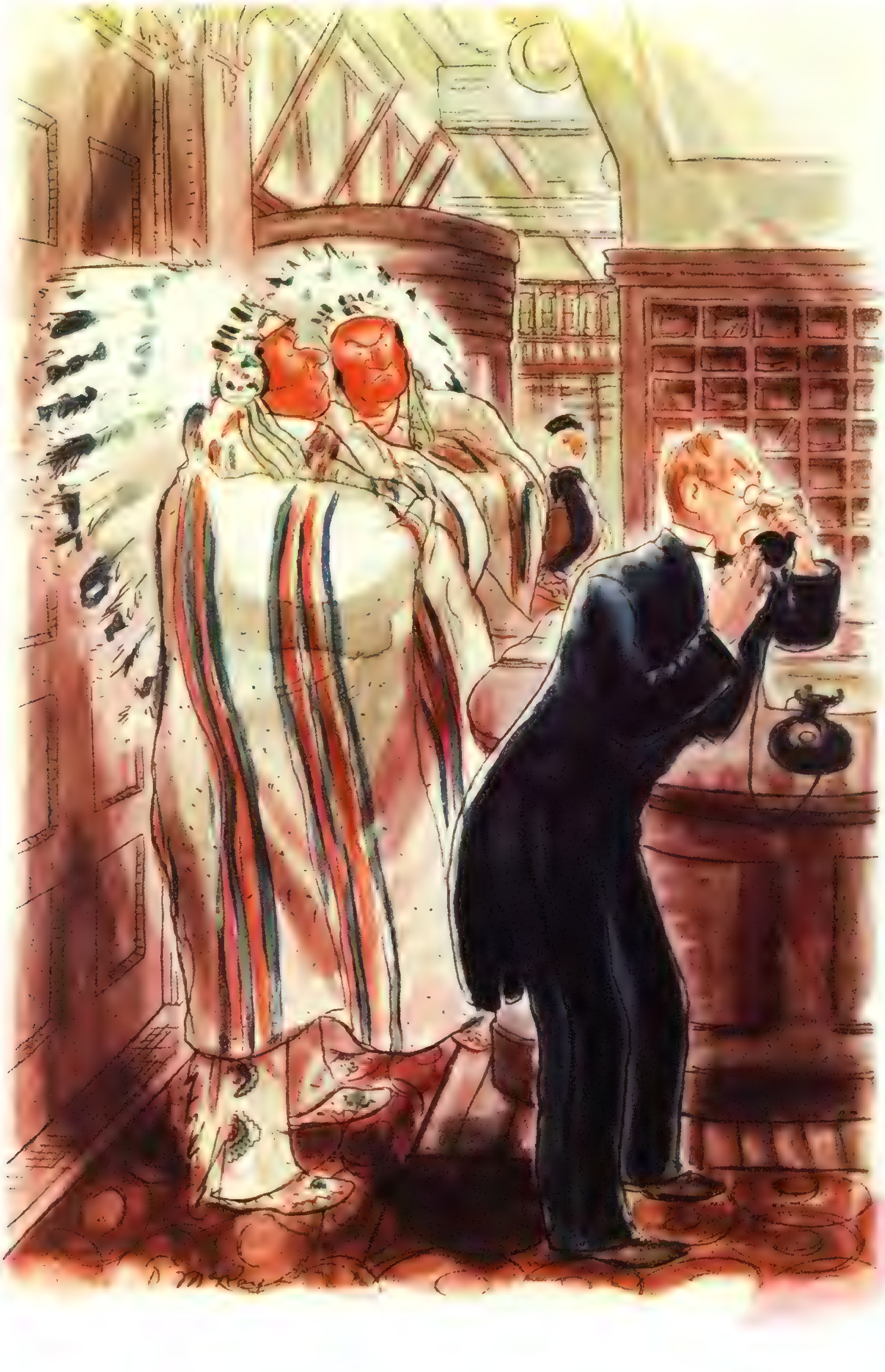


"That's enough—I don't wish to hear any more about a forty-hour week"



“Two gentlemen *to see you, Sir!”*

A Break for the Fat Gals

Logical reasons which suggest that it's high time for a more Oriental attitude about women

by FRED C. KELLY

I went to the doctor. He said: "You'll soon be all right if you quit eating so fast. The trouble with you is you eat alone too much. You must get more fun out of your meals. My prescription is that you invite beautiful or charming women, one after another, to have dinner with you."

My doctor went on to caution me, however, that most women who have beauty, and lose it, do so because of overeating. Inasmuch as the average man is not a great talker at meal time, he prefers a companion soothing to the eyesight rather than one merely good at conversation. Hence, the more beautiful a woman is the more likely she is to be invited to dinner. Her bargain impulses then come to the fore and she can hardly be expected to resist nibbling expensive food freely placed before her. She eats more than is good for her figure or complexion. All this being true, the doctor pointed out, I should coöperate with women companions at dinner, to help them retain their beauty. My first duty, as a good host, would be to call my guest's attention to the less fattening items on the menu—to steer them away from high-priced carbohydrates.

Thus enjoined that I must help my dinner companions to avoid obesity, I found myself growing interested in fat gals. I began to use my eyes in restaurants and observed that a surprising number of fat ones do retain lingering signs of what must at one time have been great beauty. Gradually I fell more and more into the habit of studying over-plump women whenever suitable specimens were at hand. Today I feel duty bound to pass along what I have learned for the benefit of the rest of us men-folk. What I shall say here is offered with the strict understanding that it is for men only and not to be pried into by women readers.

The truth appears to be that fat women have long been greatly maligned and unappreciated. While I have not gone into the subject exhaustively, as should be done, I cannot at this moment recall any man of my acquaintance ever seeking a divorce from a fat woman. Even when I look back on the year or two that I was court reporter for a big daily newspaper, I can't think of one fat woman as defendant in a divorce case. I don't mean to imply that such divorces never occur, but simply to infer that they undoubtedly happen less often than when the wife is built along more skimpy lines.

Here is certainly a field for serious statistical study. If fat women, as appears on superficial examination, excel others in making their husbands more contented, more reconciled to their uxoriousness, then it is high time we were taking a more Oriental attitude about our women. Turks, and other connoisseurs who like their women-folk plump and roly-poly, may not be ill-advised in their preferences. Perhaps, instead of deriding and laughing at girls of commanding avoirdupois, we should steadfastly cleave unto them.

Now that I have given a little thought to the problem, I can recall several families where two brothers, of similar temperament, have married opposite types, one a fat wife and the other wife slim. In every such situation, without exception, the young man allied to the obese girl seems to be more cheerful than the brother.

The truth is that many logical reasons exist why fat women *should* be better wives. To begin with, a girl wouldn't be fat unless interested in eating, unless she had an appreciation of good food—probably with a special zest for good desserts. With a passion for food, she probably is a good cook. What intelligent man is going to divorce a capable cook?

Moreover, a fat wife may have grave suspicion of her appearance being somewhat comical. She realizes that her husband might get more optical satisfaction out of a more sinuous helpmeet, and she tries to make it up to him by being kind and agreeable. She encourages him to bring his playmates home with him, no matter how rough and uncouth certain of them may be. She always has plenty of good food on hand for just such emergency.

A slender woman, on the other hand finding it easy to look attractive, often becomes too much interested in herself. Being restful to the eyes, she comes to expect attention—perhaps even demands attention. If she is past forty, and still has her figure within reasonable bounds, this may be because she is dieting, doing without food she craves. In consequence, she is probably irritable, and petulant. She might be better off, and those about her better off, if she just let herself go and followed her natural impulses.

Why should any man hesitate a moment between a puny, querulous wife, thin enough to hide behind an oar, and a jolly, fat one who is less concerned about her anthropometric situation than about having her meals turn out well, keeping her home comfortable, and her husband happy? This recalls an experience I had just a few days ago with a man nearly seventy years old who has often told me that he and his wife, after forty-eight years together, are still sweethearts. I had long been curious to know what kind of wife it was who could keep him in this frame of mind through nearly half a century. When he asked me one night to go home to dinner with him, I readily accepted, though I did suggest that possibly his wife might not like having a guest on such short notice.

"You don't know my wife," he laughed. "she is always glad to have me bring home anybody I see fit, no matter what he looks like."

That seemed to me a bit of left-handed compliment—but, full of curiosity for a glimpse at his wife, I nevertheless went along.

The first thing I noticed, when he opened his front door, was a savory odor of gingerbread. His wife indubitably was a good cook. In a moment, a roly-poly woman appeared with shaggy, gray, bobbed hair, which somehow gave her the appearance of a cute little, old Shetland pony. She did not appear at all surprised to see me, a stranger, with her husband. When I started to apologize for so unexpected an intrusion, she giggled hospitably and said: "I'm used to that. I always tell Elmer to bring his little boy friends right home with him"—and she laughed, jovially, once more.

While I was hanging up my overcoat, she noticed that her husband had no overshoes on—though it was a wet day. "For goodness sake!" she exclaimed; "Did you go out again today with nothing on your feet but those paper soles? Sometimes I think you haven't *any* sense."

I had already begun to understand why they had gone along together through the mounting years so happily. She had always fed him well, made him comfortable—in short, had always treated him as if he were just a helpless little boy, and she his mother. What man ever gets over a secret fondness for being well-fed and mothered?

* * *

I just this minute happened to think of certain friends of mine who have oversized wives. It so happens that each one of the

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Les Plombiers Français

For those whose sense of humor is tickled by contrasts between French and American temperaments

by JOSEPH SCHRANK

SOME people don't know when they're well off. Here was Charlie Harris living in the nicest studio in the *rue Notre Dame des Champs*. An Alsatian maid cooked his dinner and served it by the alcove windows overlooking the garden. His models were sympathetic, his friends uncritical, his digestion perfect, his income regular and the head waiter at the *Coupole* greeted him by name. What more could a man hope for? But as I say, some people don't know when they're well off. Charlie wanted a shower bath.

Ever since he had settled into the *Notre Dame des Champs* studio he wanted a shower bath. I mean a shower bath of his own. Mind you, he *had* a tub. He was one of the few. And when the craving for a shower grew irresistible he could have gone to the *Bains de l'Observatoire*, almost around the corner, and had a shower for three francs fifty with towel but without soap. (You brought your own soap or bought a cake at the desk—one franc extra.) But Charlie wanted a shower of his own. So when Spring and an unexpected check from one of his aunts came, he made up his mind.

He confided the project to his *concierge* with the object of getting her to recommend a plumbing establishment. The *concierge* seemed to be enormously amused at the idea. Her amusement was tempered by an amazed admiration. And there was another element in her reaction too—a certain sensuous reaction as though she were handling an exotic fruit or sniffing a wicked perfume. Never had she suspected that that so tranquil *Monsieur Harees* might be a voluptuary. And yet—a private shower bath—*Mon Dieu!* After that she always looked at him as though they shared a delicious secret.

The establishment on the corner of the *Rue du Fleurus* was marked *M. Pettit & Fils, Plombiers*. When Charlie entered it, he saw two middle-aged girls seated at faded, yellowish desks mulling over ancient ledgers. At another desk a pimply young man was staring vacantly at some papers and picking at his ear. In one corner of the room stood a glass case with samples of plumbing fixtures—slightly rusty. An old wooden railing running the width of the office maintained the sanctity of the clerical department. Nobody paid any attention to Charlie. He just stood there by the railing while the girls kept mulling and the boy staring and picking.

Finally Charlie cleared his throat and said, "Pardon me, please."

The three clerks looked up at him severely. One of the girls, without rising said sharply. "You desire, monsieur?" All in all, it seemed like an intrusion.

Charlie explained. The three listened indifferently. The girl said, "You will have to explain to M. Pettit."

"Well, I'm willing to do that," said Charlie. "When can one see M. Pettit?"

"M. Pettit is not here now," offered the boy, cleaning his fingernails with a pin.

"Yes, I understand," said Charlie pleasantly. "But when will he be here?"

"Ah—that!" The boy shrugged. The girls looked doubtful. There was a moment of hopeless silence. One of the girls went back to her ledger. The boy began fixing his necktie. The other girl told Charlie to "pass by again some time."

Charlie kept "passing by" every few days for a while until the clerks got to know him and began to feel more kindly disposed toward him. Finally, one afternoon, one of the girls in a burst of friendliness remarked that M. Pettit was at that moment having an *apéritif* on the terrace of the café down the street. She described him—a short man, partly bald, with a beard and *tres distingué*. Charlie couldn't miss him, she said. And sure enough, that's where Charlie found him.

M. Pettit listened very sympathetically, nodding his head frequently and sipping his drink. "What do you think, can you do it?" Charlie concluded.

"As to that—certainly," replied M. Pettit. "You understand, monsieur, it is my *métier*. But permit me to inquire why you should wish to go to all the trouble of installing a private shower bath, monsieur?"

"Why?" said Charlie, slightly staggered. "Well—I just want one, you see."

"Yes, yes, I understand," said M. Pettit. "Of course you realize, monsieur, that it will be very expensive—*very* expensive."

"How much will it be?"

"Ah—that!" M. Pettit shrugged his shoulders and shook his head. "It is much too soon for that. But—you understand—it will be dear." M. Pettit looked discouraged. "You say you have a bath tub, monsieur?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Why not just use the tub then, monsieur?"

"I do use the tub but I want a shower too," said Charlie, gritting his teeth slightly.

M. Pettit shook his head again slowly. "Very well, then." He felt that it was this American's funeral after all—not his own. "I will come to your home, let us say—next Thursday—at eleven?"

"Can't you make it any sooner than that?" asked Charlie.

"Impossible, monsieur. You understand I must prepare."

Prepare what, Charlie wondered. His state of mind? But all he said was, "How long will the job take?"

"Ah," said M. Pettit, "that is impossible to say now. It is too soon. But—as I have said, it will be dear, monsieur. Er—you are certain that even though you possess a tub you wish this shower bath also, monsieur?"

"Positive, monsieur!" said Charlie, his blood pressure undergoing a distinct rise.

"Very well, then," said M. Pettit resignedly. "Thursday, at eleven."

M. Pettit rose and bowed. Charlie went away with a vaguely uncomfortable feeling. He wondered what he had let himself in for.

On Thursday at eleven Charlie was hard at work on a still life and was feeling quite pleased with it when the door-bell jangled. It was M. Pettit, the plumber. He carried a cane and wore spats and a morning coat. He bowed.

The first thing that attracted M. Pettit's attention was the still life Charlie was working on. With the inexorable logic of the French, M. Pettit remarked, "Ah, monsieur, you are a painter!" Charlie admitted it. M. Pettit examined the canvas very critically, head on one side, stroking his beard.

"You like it?" asked Charlie.

"Well, it seems competently done," said the plumber. "But myself, you understand, I do not prefer the modern technique. I feel it has declined since Cezanne. I continue to derive the greatest pleasure from the classical masters."

"I see," said Charlie. "Now about the shower—"

"Monsieur has been long in Paris?" asked M. Pettit.

"About three years."

"Ah!" M. Pettit looked pleased. "It is charming, Paris—is it not? It must be a wonderful experience for a foreigner to come to our beautiful Paris to live—especially inspiring to an artist, isn't it so?"

M. Pettit's manners made it impossible to interrupt a long discourse on Paris, the arts, French food, wine, women and culture. It was probably the imminence of the luncheon hour that stopped him. Only then did he "permit himself to view" the bathroom. There a dark cloud settled over M. Pettit's Gallic brow. "It is very complicated," he said, "very complicated."

Charlie could not see why it should be so complicated but he had lived in France for three years so he didn't argue, feeling sure that he would lose the argument. Instead he merely asked, "How much will it cost?"

Again the cloud settled on the Pettit brow. He shrugged his shoulders. "It will depend upon many things, monsieur," he replied, "upon the quality of the fixtures, upon the amount of pressure you desire—oh, many things! And also upon how long it will take."

"How long *will* it take?" asked Charlie.

"Ah—that. It is impossible to say exactly. A few days without doubt."

"Couldn't you send more than one man?" suggested Charlie.

"Naturally," said M. Pettit. "We never send one man alone. It would not be very pleasant for him to work. After all, a man must have someone to talk to, isn't it so, monsieur?"

Charlie admitted weakly that it was so.

One morning, about ten days later, Charlie was sunk in sleep after a big night when the jangling of the door-bell split into a thousand glinting bits in his brain. Charlie opened one eye and said, "Go 'way." He dove deeper into the blankets. The second ring was louder and more prolonged. Charlie's auditory system reacted like a lightning rod to lightning. He quivered. The third ring jerked him out of bed and across the floor to the door. He opened it. Three French workmen with rosy morning faces looked at him cheerfully.

"We are the men of M. Pettit," declaimed one. "You are the monsieur who has commanded the shower bath?"

"Yes," mumbled Charlie.

The workmen smiled, nodded to one another and entered. They were in high good spirits. They looked around the studio and chattered and laughed gaily. Charlie gingerly felt the top of his head. It seemed to have an independent existence. While he dressed the workmen looked over the bathroom which led directly into the studio. Suddenly, without any warning, they fell to with tremendous energy and began to tear down part of the bathroom wall.

Charlie rushed over. "My God, what are you doing?"

The foreman said, "It is necessary, monsieur. The pipes will have to conduct from under the floor of the studio, up to the ceiling and into the bathroom through the wall. Therefore we must make a hole in the wall, isn't it so?"

"But is that the only way it can be done?" asked Charlie.

"The only way, monsieur. There is not enough room in the bathroom for the pipes. The hole will be made right here." He indicated the upper part of the wall. Charlie came into the studio and removed an expensive tapestry from that side of the bathroom wall. The hammering was renewed with frightful vigor. Charlie fled to the *Closerie des Lilas* for coffee and *croissants*.

"Anyway," he reflected, "at the pace those fellows are setting they'll have the job finished in a day, or maybe two."

He lingered as long as possible at the café and when he got back it was just a few minutes before eleven. A hole yawned in the wall between the studio and the bathroom. It looked like progress. At eleven sharp the men dropped their tools, lit cigarettes and started to leave.

"Where are you going?" asked Charlie.

"It is eleven o'clock," replied the foreman. "We are going for wine."

"Oh!" said Charlie.

"Don't worry," said one of the men, "we will return."

As they were passing out, the foreman turned back and said, "Pardon me, monsieur, the men would like to know why, since you have a tub, you desire also a shower."

"Tell the men," replied Charlie frigidly, "that I desire a shower because I desire a shower."

"*Oui*, monsieur," said the foreman. He looked at Charlie a little anxiously. After that the workingmen treated Charlie very carefully—like a potentially dangerous lunatic.

After that first morning, it seemed to Charlie that nothing happened for days. The three plumbers arrived every morning at about eight-thirty, knocked off at eleven for wine, resumed after half an hour, knocked off again for lunch (two hours), came back in the afternoon and stopped at six. They held long conversations, tinkered around, did a little hammering, fooled with the faucets, turned off the water entirely for long periods, talked with the *concierge*, looked at his English books curiously. But no apparent progress was made. The hole yawned in the wall day after day. There was nothing like the energy of the first morning. He remonstrated with the workers, pleaded with them. They urged him not to worry, tried to soothe him. One morning they didn't appear at all. Two days passed before they returned. They explained an emergency job had called them away. Another day they just sat around doing nothing. They said they were waiting for a special fixture to arrive. Sometimes Charlie heard them arguing for hours about a detail of plumbing technique. On such occasions they dropped their tools and gave themselves up heart and soul to the discussion. Charlie appealed to M. Pettit. That gentleman was even more soothing. The workmen had confided to him their theory about Charlie's mental state.

Charlie told his troubles to a friend who was a seasoned resident, "Why, don't you see?" said the friend. "It's simple. They hurry to break your wall down so you can't change your mind about having the job done. Then they take their time."

It certainly seemed simple.

After a week of this, when Charlie was becoming pretty desperate, he came in one afternoon and found two big pipes running from the floor of the studio up along the wall and through the hole into the bathroom.

"What's this?" demanded Charlie.

"You desire, monsieur?" asked the foreman politely.

"I desire to know what these pipes are doing sticking up into the room this way."

"These are the pipes for the shower bath."

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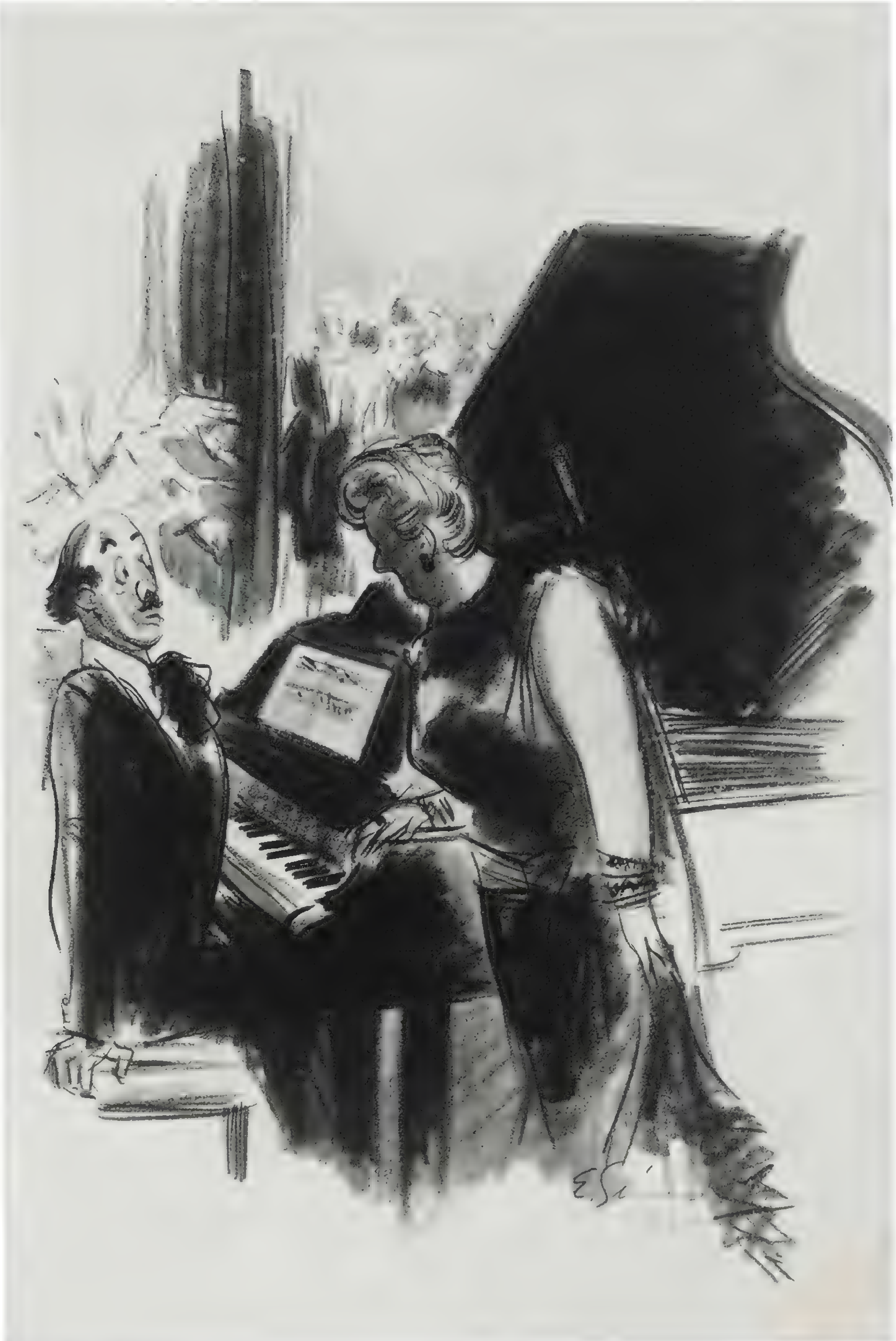

"You may begin at once, the younger crowd haven't arrived yet"

Where Do We Go From Jazz?

The night club trail toward a new American music, written in collaboration with D. E. Wheeler

by PAUL WHITEMAN

"WON'T REPEAL kill the night club dead as a doornail?" persisted my intellectual-looking inquisitor with the black ribbon on his pince-nez (I've always been a little leary of its wearers), and whom I suspected of wanting to make 'copy' out of me.

"Quite the contrary," I said, glancing at the gay crowd in the brilliantly lighted big room that had just tumultuously applauded Johnny Green's *Night Club*. "The beer garden may take the place of the speakeasy, but I believe the night club is one product of Prohibition that has come to stay."

Personally, I had seen the night club develop from a place of raucous music and raw dancing to a refined rendezvous where the dancers had not only taken on grace but were listening intelligently to better and better music, and encouraging its production along American lines. This development in taste had given me a sense of permanence in its social need.

"Well, what about jazz?" asked my interrogator, with what I though was the ghost of a sneer. "Won't it go off the map along with synthetic gin?" (I felt that he wanted to add but didn't quite dare: "And along with your job, too!")

"It's already gone," I came back at him. "Haven't you noticed that jazz has transformed itself into something else, that—"

"No, I haven't," he interrupted.

"That it has given up its wailing clarinets and laughing trombones, its clowning saxophones and epileptic tone tricks, on the whole, and taken its essence of rich rhythm and fresh invention into more serious forms of music—"

"Sow's ear into silk purse, eh?" he interrupted again.

"Jazz," I continued, "got over its crazy adolescence with the advent of Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue*, and entered a maturer phase of musical development that may turn out to be as important to American music as the choral was in the evolution of German music."

Feeling that I had said a mouthful for a guy that he evidently considered a mere dance-tune dispenser, I didn't go on to say that the jazz he despised had helped to loosen the musical domination of the United States by Europe (and high time!) and that some of our other native strains—Negro, Indian, Mountaineer and Cowboy—in the hands of young genius might break the foreign shackles entirely.

"Ah," said my black-ribbon friend, smiling the smile of the Lewis Carroll crocodile that welcomes little fishes into its maw, "I see the reason now why you have ceased being the 'King of Jazz' and have become the 'Dean of Modern American Music.' King into Dean means that you must take yourself more seriously, I suppose."

Nasty crack, I thought, and I guess my face got red. Too often, I'm afraid, I feel more like beating music critics than music. However, I tried to grin as I answered:

"Labels can be libels, you know. Neither of those titles was picked by me, and while I never liked the first one any too much, the crown wasn't too uncomfortable to wear; but I'm scared of this new title, for it makes me feel as if I ought to have long white whiskers, hold down a chair of harmony or counterpoint in some great university, lecture before women's clubs on the quarter-tone scale in redskin music, and write a symphony in forty-eight movements—one for each of the states!"

Really, of course, I didn't think that at all. Being positive that music of any country is "of the people, for the people, and by the people," I consider that any so-called "dean of modern American music" is better off holding a baton in a popular night club than holding a chair in a university or teaching in a conservatory. That is, if he is sincerely interested in the growth of our national music from the ground up. To be able to encourage and produce things like Johnny Green's *Night Club*, Ferde Grofé's *Grand Canyon Suite*, and Dana Suesse's *Concerto in Three Rhythms*, is like having a laboratory in living music as against a class in dead masters in one of the halls of learning.

But Mr. Blackribbon brought me to with a jolt. Either he didn't appreciate my deanish humor, or he wanted to get in another side-swipe. So he said:

"Yes, indeed—yes, indeed, a man of your talents shouldn't waste them playing to the feet of jaded night-club habitués, tickling the ears of the groundlings in one-night stands, and broadcasting caricatures of the classics—"

Not knowing what next he'd say, and it being my turn to interrupt, I did so with pleasure, excusing myself and resuming the evening's program. The next number happened to be "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?" and I don't think I ever played it with greater vim.

What Mr. Blackribbon had to say (I learned afterwards that he was out for a Ph. D with a thesis on American Music) was nothing new. I had heard its theme and variations played on the anvil many times, from the day, when as a young violinist, I forsook the ranks of a symphony orchestra and tried to fit into a jazz band with no success, to the present when my "experiments in American music" arouse a storm of praise and censure. But that is the fate of any pioneer in the arts, no matter how humble his place. My "inspiration" to put jazz into symphonic form, introducing its characteristics into classic compositions, was originally an effort to improve the dance music of the day. After all, some of our leading composers had amused themselves and us by showing what such great musicians as Beethoven, Wagner, Grieg, Debussy and others would have done with "My Country 'Tis of Thee," "Yankee Doodle," etc., so why not the reverse—what Yankee Doodle could do with their masterpieces?

Impudent, maybe, but I cannot help but think that the classic composers themselves would have been the last to complain, for Heaven knows, they used enough dance tunes in their symphonies, sonatas and quartets for them to smile at the Dance getting back at them by borrowing from their hallowed bars for "the light fantastic toe!"

And here was a pretty girl in a silver dress coming toward me, who was a welcome substitute for that black-ribboner. Oddly enough, she hit on the same idea that was going through my mind.

"Oh, Mr. Whiteman," she said, "I have wanted so long to tell you how wonderful it is to be able to dance to the classics! I think it is simply a gorgeous idea! Though my dear grandmother thinks it is simply sacrilegious! She says a law ought to be made against it. I don't think so. Tell me—I often wonder about it—do you think that Schubert and Schumann and Beethoven and Rimsky-Korsakoff and the rest would mind it very much?"

I told her I didn't think so, that the classic composers from Bach down loved dance music, that perhaps as she knew, the august symphony itself had been originally a suite of dances, like those of Bach, that two of the greatest symphonies—the Seventh of Beethoven and the C Major of Schubert—were regarded as marvels of dance form—that Schumann filled his work with syncopation, which is related to ragtime, and that some of the finest Chopin and Tschaikowski compositions are dances.

Miss Silver Dress nodded again and again as I made my points, and then she said:

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No More Trouble for Jedwick

Account of a chain-gang nigger's effort to make his way from the far South to a haven in Harlem

by LOUIS PAUL

Jedwick smiled at the woman drawing water from the well. "Kin I have me a drink, ma'am?" he drawled, his broad shoulders drooped shyly in a half bow.

She was tall and dark. The sun blazed down on the white hot Virginia highway. Jedwick's clothes were saturated with sweat. Scintillant beads shone like translucent jewels against his shiny skin. The black man shook his head like a hound dog coming up out of a creek.

"I reckon," she nodded. The Negro woman, lighter than Jedwick, was not wholly at ease. Her husband was in the village getting groceries. Roamin' niggers . . .

"Yas ma'am," Jedwick said, and dipped into the barrel.

The woman dried her hands on her apron. "Y'all f'om round hyeah?"

Jedwick stared at her a moment. "I ain't f'om hyeah," he murmured between immense gulps, "ner neither I ain't gonna stay hyeah. Whereat I git to Alexandria?"

"Right smart piece yonder."

"How fur?"

She speculated. "Eight-twelve mile."

Jedwick finished his water and looked at the blue and gold cauldron over his head. "Hot, ain't it?"

"Do git hot."

"Yo' man wuk in town?"

"No. He after groceries."

Jedwick glanced down the hill toward the little village. The view was empty.

She understood his movement.

He smiled. He had fine healthy teeth. She was aware of a frightened sensation in the pit of her stomach. Jedwick bent and rubbed his ankle as though that were an habitual gesture. The flaming orb in the sky shone down remorselessly. Something about the Negro's beautiful black arms hypnotized her. She stood poised, enchanted, like a statue: made to flee, but forever motionless. The midday silence was oppressive, like the sun. She waited.

"I ain't seed no woman fo' a long time," Jedwick said, almost in apology.

"He after groceries."

Closer to hers, his face was more strikingly handsome than ever. His lips were very cool, strangely. Perspiration came off on her mouth and cheeks . . .

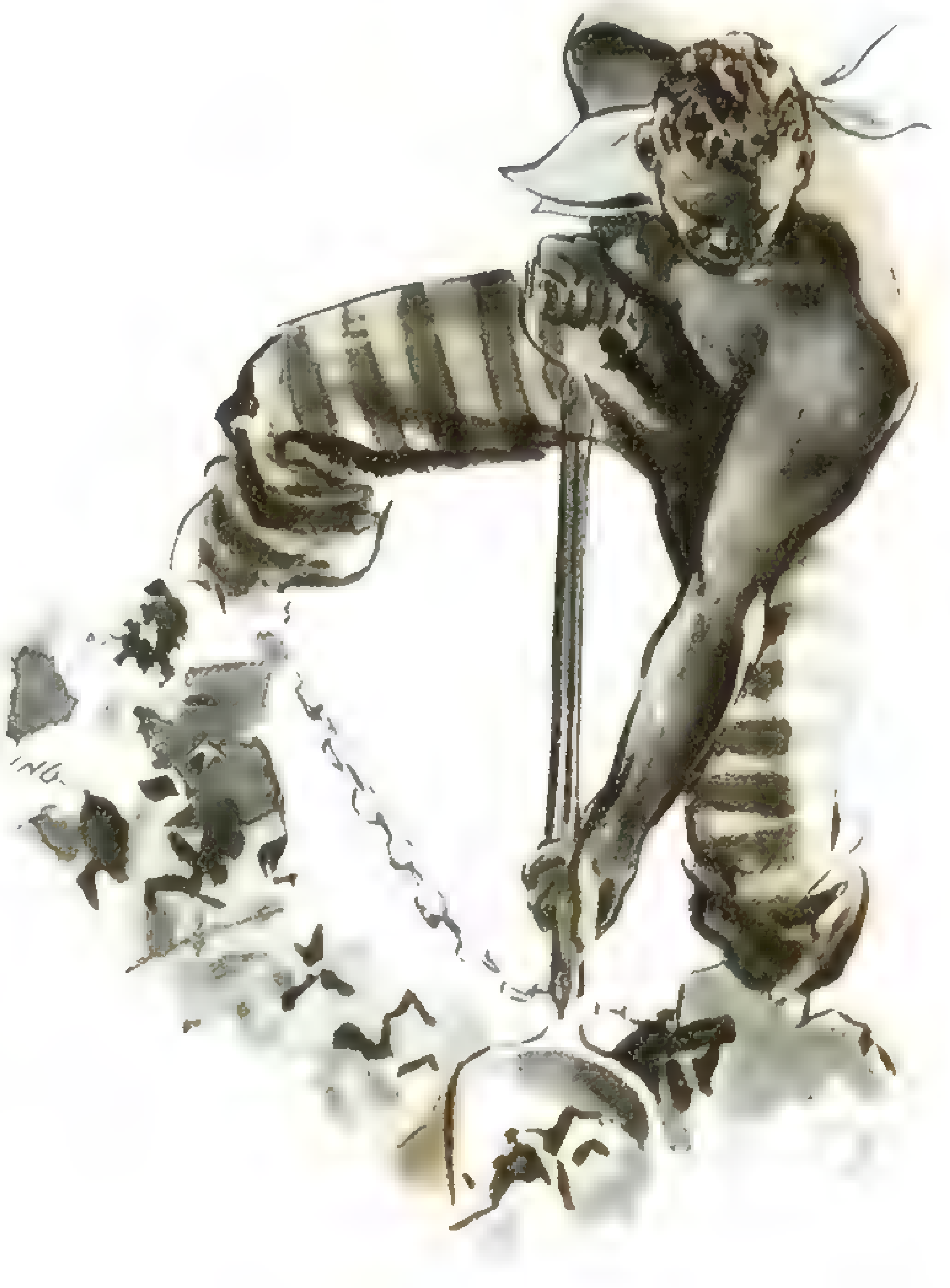
Later he said, "Thank you sho' nuff fo' that there water, ma'am. Ain't they some law gin doin' much wawkin' thisyere state highways?"

"Is," she looked up at the stranger, embarrassed, "if them troopers ketches you."

Jedwick nodded and suddenly disappeared down the embankment. Couldn't trust the road from here in. Stick to the tracks.

He wrapped a long red handkerchief around his shoulders to keep his neck from frying, and stepped gingerly along the single-tracked roadbed, trying to pace the ties to his long swinging gait. Oughta lay these hyeah ties out even, so's a man could wawk. Wa'nt no cinder path like usual. Say ten mile. 'Bout fo' hours in thisyere sun. Should be makin' up a string o' boxes fo' Manhattan Junction in Alex some're round six.

He wanted after an hour to crawl under the shade of some green leafy trees. Lay out yo' legs an' sleep. Thoughts that came like hunger or dreams, unwanted; but they were only a whip-flick to sting the flesh of his determination. Gits me out o' the sun in one o' them boxes in Alex, yassuh! There I rests. He visualized a phrase: Jedwick escapes.



Waves of hypnotic steel-grey heat shimmered up off the two metal radiators that converged in the distance. His eyes began to burn. He thought it would be nice to be rich. He would buy a boat with a motor in it, all covered with a striped canvas canopy, and sail out of sight of land. There would be a breeze off in the ocean. Nice gal, that there brown lady by the highway crossin'. Like a scared cottontail. She liked him. They all liked Jedwick. Lovin' ain't harmin' no gal, he thought.

Bugs. Chrissakes! Little gnats and fuzzy things and leg-squirming beetles popped up in front of him; some kind of a locust whanged with a flat noise on his chest, and he slapped it down. Flies and ticks smelled your sweat. A breath of wind floated lazily over the treetops, but died itself of the heat. Jedwick sighed.

Sighing wasn't natural to him. He thought he'd sing. He bugled a tentative air.

A slick-tawkin' man f'om Bumminham...

The plaintive lyric echoed magnificently between the banks of woods. Jedwick's cello-like bass rose through the dazzling, brain-sizzling heat to heaven, and he laughed about some dimly-felt deliciousness in solitude's freedom. His voice took up the lilt.

A slick-tawkin' man f'om Bumminham
Come up my way, an' his name was Sam;
I pay no attention, ner I din give a damn,
Till he stoled my gal away.

He hummed the rest of the melody: it was too hot to think of the words.

A little garter snake, sunning itself under the vast ceiling of broiling light, was startled and jiggled off noisily into the brush. Maybe, he confided to the vanished reptile, maybe tomor' I gonna be in *New* York. Yassuh. Wonder how fur they is after me? Think they can ketch thisyere Jedwick? Yo' completely crazy. How fur I is to Alex, I wonder? Damn me! but it do git hot!

Three mile an hour, 'bout. 'Thout stoppin' I git me in them yards fo sundown. Yassuh. Sundown. Don't seem like ole sun ever gone go down.

I hates t' see
Thet evenin' sun go down . . .

Nossuh. Man said that jes crazy's that snake.

There was a shack directly around a bend, and the white man saw him first. "Where you going to, boy?"

He had a wrinkled skin and sandy grey hair and wore grey uniform pants.

"I goin' t' ask you fo' some water, has you got any?" Jedwick smiled brightly with his thick lips.

"Where you goin'?" the man repeated.

"Well, y'see, cap'n, well, suh, I'm goin' in t' the Districk. Yassuh. Dassit."

"Washin'ton? What you traipsin' up here for?"

"Don't like to wawk on the highway, cap'n, boss. 'S y'all got a little water?"

"Alexandria's along up hyeah. You makin' for one of them boxes?"

"Nossuh, nossuh! Ain't layin' over no place, cap'n, suh. Ole friend in town gonna ride me into the Districk."

"You must be runnin' away, boy," the man in the shack said, squinting lowered eyes at the big sweating Negro.

"Me? I ain't runnin' no place, suh, cap'n," he protested. "Why fo' I gonna run any place?"

The white man fetched up an iron pail and handed him a different dipper. "Too hot," he said, shaking his head, "to hit them ties 'less yo-all runnin' away. Why ain't you takin' a sleep in some cool place?"

"Me, suh? I gotta git in D. C. Yassuh. I got me friends in the Districk, suh."

The wrinkled man glanced down at Jedwick's right ankle.

"Goin' git me a job," Jedwick stammered uncertainly, "in—like, suh, now, a 'partment house. Dassit," he said. "Yassuh."

"Take all you want," the other said about the water; "they's a crick below here. Ain't my business where-at you're runnin' to."

"Nossuh, cap'n. I ain't runnin'."

"Matter o' fact, they's some empties makin' up in Alexandria about seven tonight. You going t' *New* York." he stated.

Jedwick was amazed. "How you figger that there, boss?"

"If'n I don't know a chain-gang nigger," he told Jedwick calmly. "I'll go and jump in that there crick."

The big Negro's face curled into a magnificent smile. "Come f'om thataway?"

"Been around," the man said expressionlessly.

"Yassuh," murmured Jedwick. He added, "Thank y'all fo' that water."

"Not 'tall."

"Thank y'all," he repeated.

The man drew himself in out of the heat. Jedwick started off toward Alexandria, but caught a phrase which he thought was the man calling him back—until he analyzed it.

"I want Colonel Saunders, yessum," he was saying, "the police chief in—"

Jedwick sauntered back, and the man in the shack stepped away from the phone when he saw him. His hand slipped into a drawer and the Negro saw a pearl butt come out. Jedwick muttered softly as he crashed over the flimsy table, rolling the white man backward out of his chair. He twisted, and leapt again. They bowled heavily through the door, rocking the flimsy shack. The leather-faced, wiry man struggled up almost successfully, but Jedwick got his feet on him. The black kicked scientifically, as a boxer uses his hands.

In a moment the white man lay still, his head battered. His shirt was torn where his stomach had been gashed. Jedwick felt very sorry for him. How foolish the man had been. Jedwick hated to hurt anybody.

He stopped long enough to bundle the body inside the shack, take another drink and dip his face in the bucket of cool water. It seemed hotter in the sun than ever.

Now he dumped the pail empty and resumed his trek in the oily tropical sun's glare. In a few moments the water he had drunk sank through the pores of his skin and oozed out in driblets. If it's hotter down in Africa, he joked to himself, I'm glad my folks done been slaves. Yassuh.

Slaves.

At least it wasn't too hot to whistle. Instead of his bit of excoriation of a slicktawkin' man from Bumminham the great black figure chanted a whistley refrain as he trudged on tirelessly toward his destination. He loped along, picking the ties carefully. The song was a monotonous, fugitive melody about a man named Joe, who

—Done his Susie wrong, yassuh,
But he love her all the same.

He seemed almost to skip along the ties to that repetitious lilt.

Jedwick was, as he saw the shacks of Alexandria's outskirts loom glaringly in the terrific blaze of afternoon, neither blithe nor desperate, neither coward nor cruel. He was escaping. A criminal—or any man—would. He felt very sorry for the grey-haired man, did he not? Of course. Glimpsing the freight-yards of Alexandria, Virginia, he lapsed into the weakness of a sigh again. Like when the cap'n blowed his whistle at sundown and yo' pick drapped outn yo' fingers . . . like when the las' sack o' cotton was drug down t' the baler, an'—, yassuh. He shook these memories off. Jedwick wasn't really a sighing man.

He hadn't eaten for forty hours. You travels light and fast and lives offn yo' flesh. But yo' gits hongry. Whereat you kin promote a vittle or that in Alex? Better crawl in one of them cars. They gonna trace that phone cawl. Find that wrinkled man an' they gonna be hell poppin' round Alex.

Down in behind the fence. That was the place. He saw a bum duck between two cars and hop over the coupling, coming toward him.

"Hi," he greeted this specimen.

"Know what time d'Junction empties goin' out t'night?" the bum screwed up a weather-scarred face.

"Yassuh. Seven."

"You eat?"

"No suh!"

"Where ya come in?"

Jedwick thumbed his hand back.

"Leggin'—you out in that there sun?"

"Sho nuff, likely, brother," Jedwick answered.

"Got a coupla hours," said the bum. "They's a jungle overn 'em weeds. Some liver here, an' haffa loaf o' breard."

Jedwick thanked the man from the North.

They toasted the liver. The bum, whose name was Sully, dug some whole coffee beans out of a bag, battered them on a rock, and had a can going. They split the 'breard' and the big Negro was very grateful. After the meal Sully pulled a razor from a leather bag around his neck and began to shave a light beard. Jedwick, in payment for the bum's life-giving coffee, related the incidents of his story. The man shaving exhibited a great curiosity concerning the details of Jedwick's encounter with the brown up on the hill yonder. He chuckled, vicariously amused.

Jedwick added that he had killed the trackman.

Sully squinted. "You must be one o' dese tough black boys."

"Nossuh," said Jedwick, particular not to be misunderstood. "Whut else I gonna do?"

"Coulda flattened him, or tied him up." Sully put away his razor.

"Sho'. You figger out jes' whut to do. That man had a big gun. He gonna blow off my haid ifn I don't git him."

"Every man fer himself, sonny," the bum shrugged his shoulders. "You set?"

"Les go git stowed away fo some no-count railroad bull git rampagin' round."

They idled through the yard, trained soldiers expertly taking cover back of every bump in the topography. Jedwick pried a loose door. Sully was boosted half way up. A metallic voice startled them.

"What you guys doin'?"

Sully's wits left him and he stared up at the man blankly. Jedwick grinned with silly surprise. "We's jes' gonna ride in, suh."

"Oh, yer jist gonna ride in?"

"Yassuh," he said innocently.

"Just gonna ride in." The voice was pregnant with unpleasant suggestions.

Jedwick wrinkled his brow into a puzzled expression. "Yassuh, cap'n, boss. Ain't it aw right?"

"Ain't it aw right!" he mimicked, and spat. "Where you two bums from?"

"We, suh?"

"Who the hell y' think I'm talkin' to?"

"Yassuh. I got a fren in New York, boss," he explained. "He gits me a job in a big apartment house. Sully hyeah goin' try to git a job too, cap'n."

"Well, maybe I don't know stiffs no more," the man said. "Don't you know you can't ride on no freight train?"

"Can't ride on no freight train?" Jedwick almost believed in this innocence himself. "Nossuh, boss, nossuh. Is thisyere a freight train? Look like they is all epty. I never know they is hahm in ridin' in epty car. Never would come in hyeah did we knows that, suh. Dassit." He was talking fast—for his life. "Yassuh, boss, gentman, suh."

The train-bull shook himself impatiently. "Better take yourselfs outa here big and pronto," he said with positiveness, "or you'll be gittin' about sixty days apiece for vags."

" 'Scuse us, mister cap'n, boss, suh, yassuh," Jedwick murmured with elegant unctuousness, "we is goin'."

The Law swung himself up the side ladder and disappeared momentarily along the line of cars.

"You gittin' in?" the black man whispered to Sully coolly.

Sully backed away. "Not me!" he exclaimed hoarsely.

Jedwick shook a finger, said "Hi!" got his belly up on the platform, clipped the door to, and disappeared into the black interior.

He heard the bull coming back, tapping on each door. "Hey, you, come outa there!" He got to Jedwick's door and cried, "Hey, you, come outa there!" There was only silence inside. Footsteps crunched away along the gravel.

Jedwick lay motionless for an unconscionable time. At last the train gave three bonerattling jerks that knocked him into another corner. The couplings shrieked, another gentle bump, and the train moved slowly out of the yards. The engineer's hoot-hoot sounded to Jedwick's ears like a wild pæan to freedom. The car was like a furnace, but of course he didn't care.

He crawled over to the door and lay with his head to the floor crack, afraid to push the thing ajar.

Wonder and excitement to freedom! The

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Sugar and Spice and Not So Nice

Miss West gives movie heroines a reminder, somewhat overdue, as to what little girls are made of

by GILBERT SELDES

It is surprising that no one has yet pointed out the simple and astounding reason for the success of Mae West in the movies. In the thousands of columns written about her two things have been said, again and again: that she is voluptuous and that she is vulgar, one of which is hardly true, the other hardly important. She has been treated as the 1934, harder, more sophisticated version of the old movie vamp, as if she weren't exactly at the opposite pole, in technique and intent, from the whole Theda Bara school; and the revolution she may cause in the movies' morals and appeal has not yet been suspected, least of all in Hollywood. Miss West constitutes, in my opinion, a threat to the Hepburns, the Crawfords, the Garbos, the Shearers (lumping in these plurals themselves and those who aspire to be like them) and, in fact, to every woman player except Marie Dressler and that superb, almost anonymous negress whose great mahogany shining face and divine smile are among the major pleasures of dozens of films through which she passes. Indirectly—and this comes under the head of good news—she may undermine the crooners and the pretty boys who play male leads, although the name seems a technical error.

Before proceeding to the heart of the Westian mystery, it is worth while looking for a moment at her predecessors in popular favor. The vamp, first type, is irrevocably linked to Kipling's poem and Theda Bara's sinuous graces; the second development, little noted at the time, came with Lubitsch's *early* pictures, starring the dark and, in those pictures, truly voluptuous, Pola Negri; the third began the downfall, since the concentration was on the movies' discovery of It, associated, of all things, with a hoydenish little girl, suggesting that the entire male population of the United States was likely to fall in love with an immature and brash little morsel obviously incapable of the arts of seduction, and endowed with a merry twinkle which instantly negatived all the laboriously learned tricks supposed to represent an abundant sexuality; the fourth stage came with the talkies when Lubitsch moved from historical romances of great mistresses to polite sophisticated comedies (note a specific loss of sex-interest as the interest in comedy grows, the two being mutually hostile) and the pictures as a whole were happy to reproduce on the screen the hits of the Theatre Guild (the two are again mutually hostile). Linking the movies and the talkies is the profound influence of the magnificent and magnificently beautiful Garbo who has always acted as if the human species, male and female, gave her great pain, out of which she has managed to make herself the nearest thing to a tragic actress on the screen, and, following her, the impishly seductive Marlene Dietrich who began as the ideal mistress, lustrous, silky, handsome as hell, and friendly—and who has managed, in her version of The Song of Songs, a hotly sexual story, to suggest that the chief interest of the men in the picture was in the tilt of her head.

In this last phase the moral interest in sex has not been underplayed. The eminent elder who announced, on one occasion, that the theme of Lysistrata made it forever unavailable for the movies, has not been able to keep from the screen a vast number of pictures in which it is suggested that men and women have a physical appetite, one for the other, and that for the satisfaction of this appetite they steal, betray, and murder to attain their ends, and, having attained them, are often a little less than constant. There has been sex which began in the pictures as a SIN—a theory out of which a great many people derive pleasure, a perfectly workable theory which the movies had to drop only because some fifty million of its spectators seemed to have dropped it on their way to make the world safe for democracy. Having lost that solid principle the movies were incapable of proceeding to the next step—the step Miss West has taken for them, which I will soon define. They stopped half way with the implication that sex is a pastime and a swell thing to talk about. At that half way spot, almost all the women in the movies went completely upstage, giving the spectator to understand that they were too witty, too highbred (or should it be high-toned?), too intellectual, too dainty, too delicate, too something, whatever it was, to waste themselves on the likes of the men offered for their entertainment. The notorious incapacity of movie actresses to convey any real emotion is partially responsible for this impression, but not entirely. Let the reader recall the films he has seen in the past five years and try to remember a scene (something seen, not heard) in which a movie actress actually gave the impression that the character she was playing really was in love with a man, really desired him in the common way of human desire. Love, said the correct Dr. Johnson in his dictionary, is the passion between the sexes. How many times have you recognized that passion on the screen?

I do not mean to suggest that all the actresses and all their directors suddenly decided that it is polite to be perverse and that an interest in the opposite sex is frightfully bourgeois and old-fashioned. Some of this there was, as there was on the stage, and George Jean Nathan has properly protested that the average audience is not for long going to be taken in by love scenes played between epicenes to each of whom the sight and sex of the other is an affront. Girls obviously most at home in a riding habit or a gent's dinner jacket have appeared in silks, furs, and chiffons and been ridiculous, but a good actress can, at a pinch, simulate an emotion and transfer it; the trouble on the Hollywood screen is that no one believed in the reality of the emotion.

Enter Miss West. Miss West had made whatever reputation she had by a vigorous, downright, honest exploitation of the commodity which, in her splendid simplicity, she had made her own, even using it for the name of one of her plays: Sex. At the time Miss West was being harried and chivvied about by the Law, it occurred to me that mere dirt could not account for her magic spell and I timidly printed the suggestion that she was a superb actress who, if she had come from France, would have been all-hailed for her consummate art and her divine vulgarity. (I was probably wrong about her vulgarity—she has a commonness and a coarseness of fibre which are not vulgar; but I was right about her talents and if the producers of movies had read The New Republic eight years ago, instead of the fan magazines, they might have picked her up then on my tip.) I was not, however, as penetrating then as I now can be; the core escaped me. Today it is all daylight.

Among Miss West's other plays was one which never was permitted to come to Broadway: it was called The Drag, and it treated (contemptuously) the race of fairies. Miss West, an astute manipulator of the public's sensations, was not above using the contemporary interest in pansies for her own purposes, but she indicated a stern moral disapproval of any departure from the most ordinary of sexual interest. To her mind, sex was a great power, delivering men into the hands of women who—

Who gave them joy! That is the astonishing, the unheard-of, the still incredible suggestion Mae West makes every time she appears on the stage or screen. Indifferent to the sinfulness, if there is any, of sex, she proclaims by every look, smile, wink, by every change of gait or twist of the hand, by every wriggle of the cooch dancer transferred to a Park Avenue penthouse, that sex is a pleasure. This wholly revolutionary discovery is, so far, hers alone, although Clara Bow, the It girl of a decade ago, is doing a half-portion imitation already, an imitation of the means without the meaning. "Come up 'n

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Esquire in Quest of His Youth

A Poem with Puppets

by MEYER LEVIN

"Well, I'll be a son of a gun! It's Eskie!"

"Slip on my stockings, hon," she begged

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GILBERT SEEHAUSEN COLOR BY BALL-SNYDER PROCESS

"To Mae West, and ancient civilization!"

Post-prohibition came, but Esquire felt
That Life was scarce the same
As in the days of Roosevelt the First.

Then drink meant more than wine,
And in that time a bachelor knew how
And whom to dine.

If but one could contrive
To revive
The girl of 1905!

"I say—" his friend declared, "I know
A maiden of that time
Who still is on the line!
—Ran into her the other day—
A charming creature, and quite gay!
You remember—little Mae?"

"Mae?" said Esquire. "Not Mae West!"
Then forth went Esquire on his quest.

Mae lay
Upon her couch
With one thigh peeping
Through lacy disarray.—Sleeping?

"*Pardon!*" he said, "I hope I don't intrude.
There has been quite an interlude
Since our last meeting.
I fear you won't recall me."

Mae slowly raised her lids voluptuous
And fixed him with incendiary gaze.

Said she,
"Well. I'll be a son of a gun! It's Eskie!"

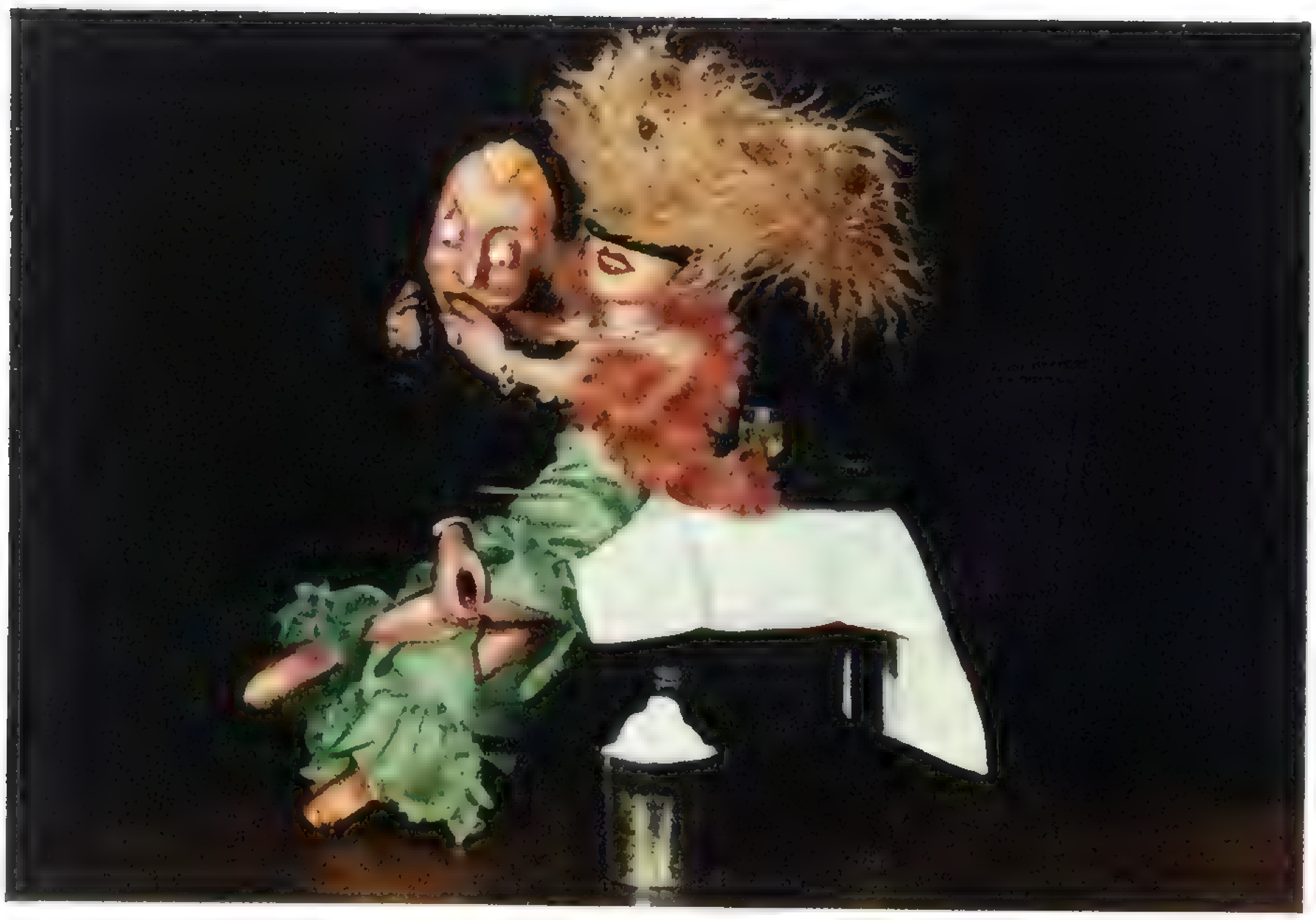
"I've come," he said, "to beg your company
In—shall I say—a little spree?
In quest of one's gay youth!"

Said Mae—
"Okay!
Just wait'll I get dressed."
And trailed across the chamber to a screen
No higher than her bust, whose valleys opulent
Might just be seen
As dainty straps and lacy scented silks
Down went.

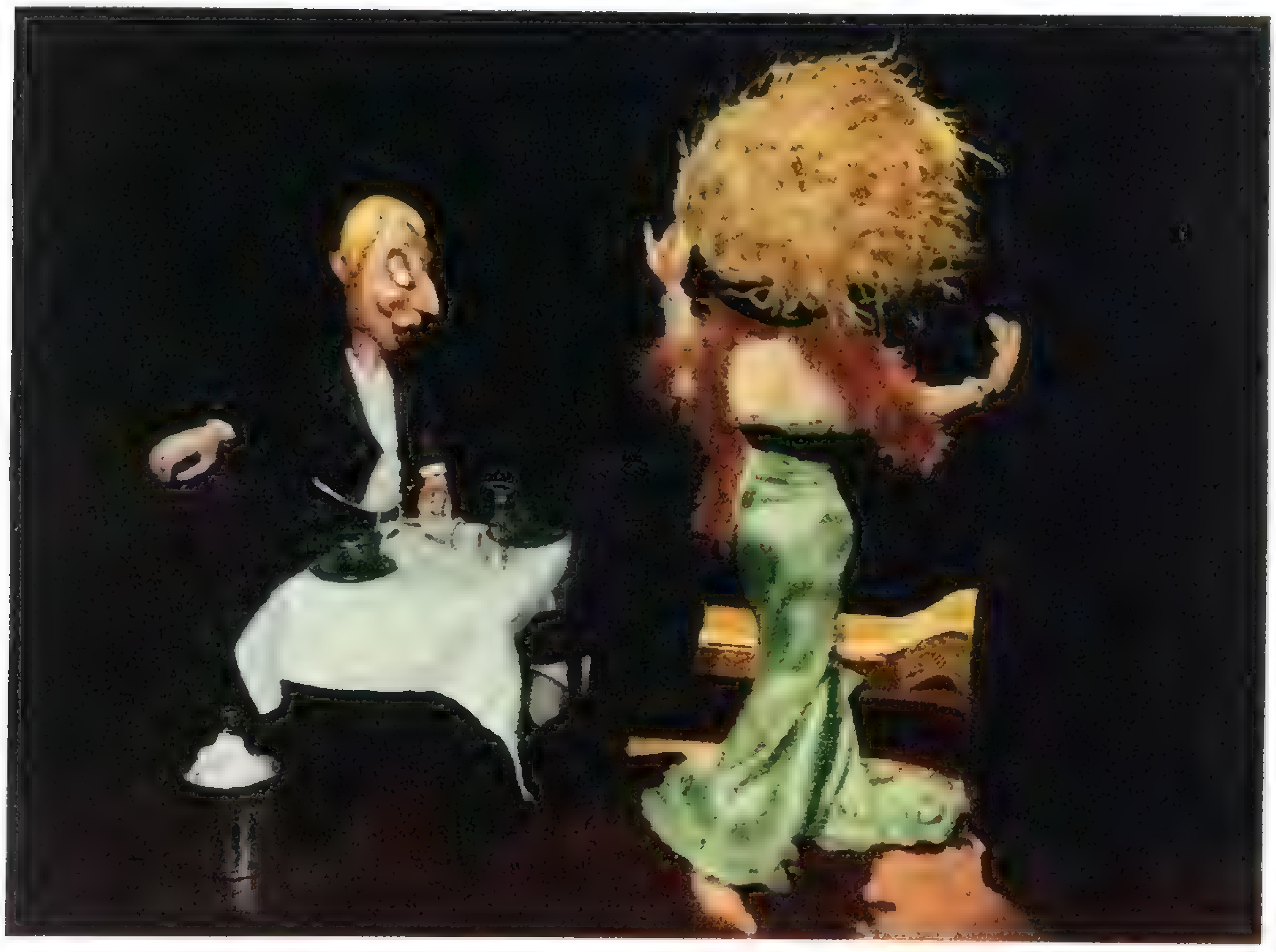
"Slip on my stockings, hon," she begged,
And towards him coyly stretched a sumptuous leg.
"Why, she must be quite nude," Esquire surmised,
And, never rude, he turned away his eyes
While with deft hands he smoothed her hose.
Behind the screen, her figure dipped and rose—
At last he heard the whack and click
Of whalebone meeting flesh;
"Thank God!" he mused, "here are no flimsy girdles,
No synthetic second skin, no scanties,
Flexies, panties,
But a good old-fashioned corset hems her in!"
And how his fingers ached to feel
That waistline pinched in bands of steel!

Anon, Mae West emerged, a full-clad instrument of joy;
Forthwith she urged:
"Let's go, big boy!"

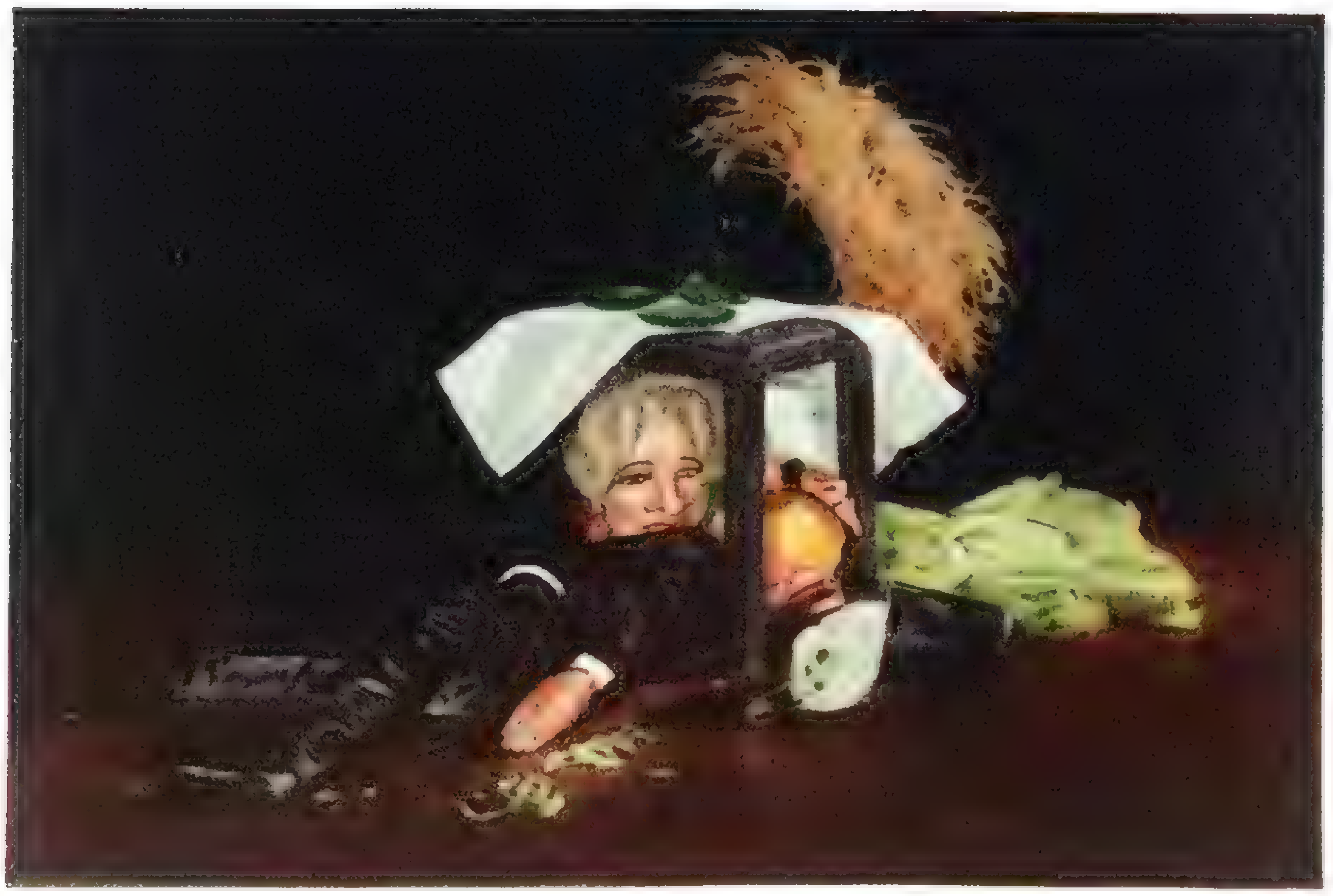
Now seated were they, tête-a-tête,
"Champagne?" he asked, and Mamie said
"You bet!"



"*What's the matter, big boy, bashful?*"



"*A couch! For me?*"



He is blest who's under the table with Mae West!

The cork flew out—
And so began their bout!
Sauterne . . . champagne . . .
Oh, fill the glass again!

Ah, it is increasing rare
To find a fille with savoir faire!
For little does the modern snit
Know of dining perquisite!
She drowns her food in gin,
Has no respect for Sin!

With Mae no liquor goes to waste:
She knows each vintage by its taste.
What joy to find a girl alive
Who has not changed since 1905!
A toast then, a libation
To Mae West, and ancient civilization!

"Well, honey," whispered Mae, "whyncha come and
See me, whatya say?"

"Of course!" he said. "I'll come and see you often—every day!"
"Uh-huh," said she. "You must come over . . . right away!"

"Come over?" Where? Was he not there?
His head began to grind. Was it the wine?
He drank again. Ah, what a fine bouquet! Surprising! Rare!

And now, quite close, he heard her accents pashful—
"What's the matter, big boy, bashful?"
Then giving him a playful tap
Mae sat upon his lap.

"Drink up," she said, and coyly brought
The goblet to his lip.
He took a sip, she took a draught—

But oh! the weight upon his hip!

Just then, dear Providence! Mae spied the plush portieres—
"What's that?" she cried, and coyly sprang to see—
She drew the plush aside—
"A couch! For me?"
And down she lay.

And now he heard her gently say—
"Whyncha come and see me, handsome? You don't have to be afraid—!"

—Afraid? Not he! But could he make the grade?

He gulped another drink, and then assayed
To rise upon his legs—he swayed—
—Sauterne! . . . Champagne! . . .
. . . to savoir faire . . .
. . . a bit of air . . . !
Then came
A heavenly sensation . . .
. . . . . gyration . . .

He oped his eyes.
Around him was a wall of white,
And white arms held him tight.
White arms sweet and soft
Raised his head aloft—
"Here, take a shot of this," she said—
He swallowed—Gin!
Quick lightnings for an instant cleared his head.
He looked around. No, he was not in bed—
His head sank in her lap;
He heard her murmur, "You poor sap."
Then dreamily there came to him the moral of this fable:

If under the table one must be,
He is blest
Who's under the table with Mae West.

Entr'acte at The Folies-Bergeres

Ten minutes of dressing room conversation with the aim of altering the pattern of a life

by EDWARD L. McKENNA

He came quickly into her dressing-room, and she gave him both her hands, and he bent and kissed them, murmuring some politeness. She laughed.

"It's so nice to see you, Joe," she said. "Rest your coat."

Then he laughed, too. "Lily, you'll never change," he said.

"Got the contract in your pocket, again?"

He patted the breast of his dinner-jacket. "It's all there, except the figure, Lily. I've signed it, and I'll write the numbers in. Or you can write them in yourself, and I'll leave it with you. You needn't sign it till you've shown it to somebody."

She shook her head. "That's something I'm not going to do, Joe. I told you, before."

"Yes, I know. But you didn't know that you were the best in the world, then. You know it now. The best in the world."

She shrugged her shoulders. "There's no best among the good ones. Go over and catch the old lady at the Casino de Paris. There's something! She's old, she can't dance, her voice is nothing. But, boy, has she got what it takes!"

"She hasn't got a prayer," said Joe. "Lily, you can't make any jack here. You know you can't."

"What's the difference? I never keep it, anyway. Never did, never will."

"I'll give you a dollar a week for every franc you make over here. Think that one over."

She looked at him and rolled her eyes. "White boy, that's sure a lot of sugar," she said.

"I'll say oi, yoi, yoi, for you, if you like."

"Ah, Joe, don't be like that."

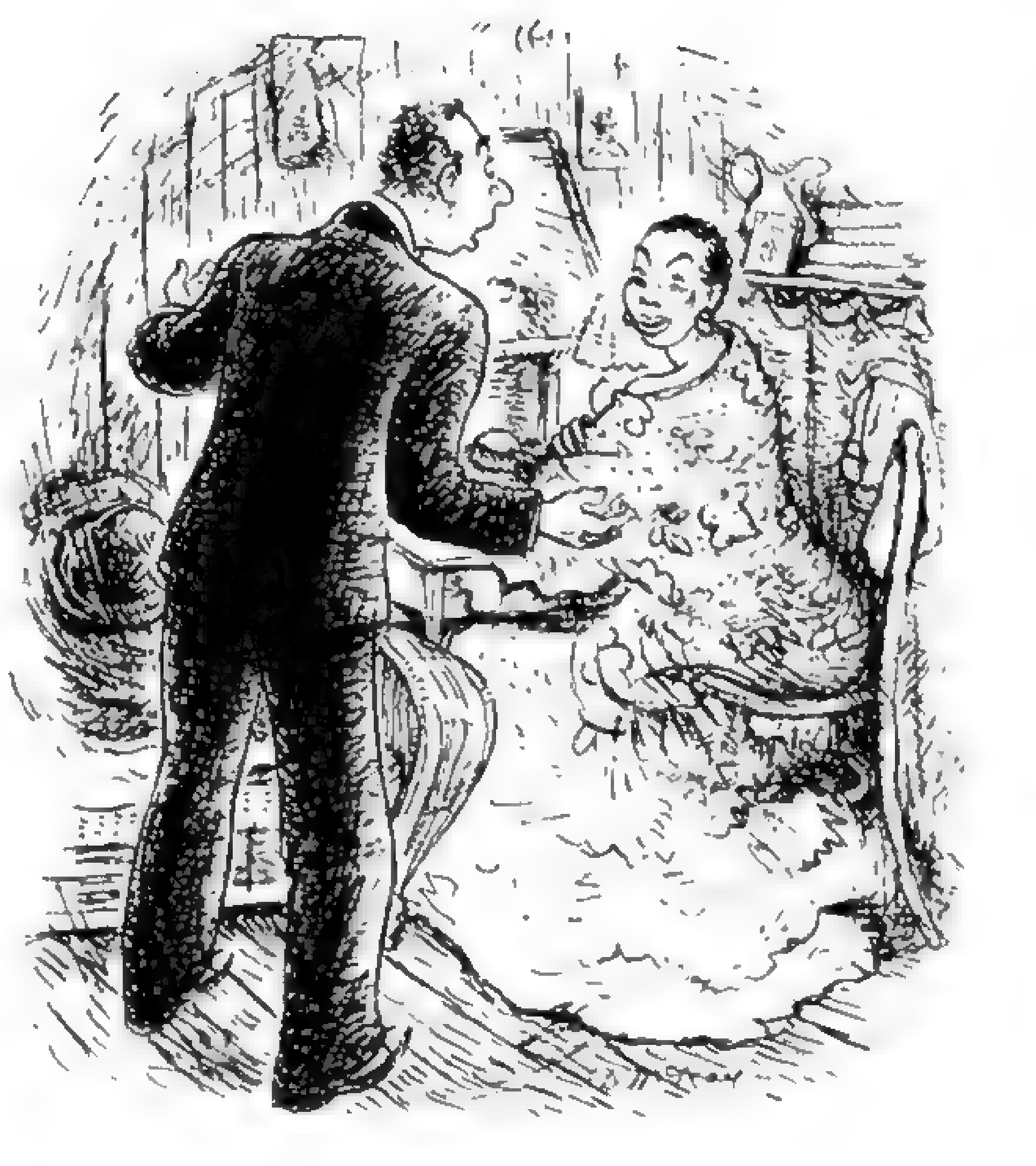
"Don't call me white boy, just like that, either, then. I wasn't kidding you when I kissed your hands."

"No. I guess that's right. If we were back in the States, you couldn't kiss my hands. Look! Did you see that business tonight, where that little French boy brought me the bouquet, and he kissed my cheek? I like all children, even white ones. I'd be mobbed for that, back in the States."

"It was swell business."

"Business? It wasn't business. I suppose you think it was a plant; it wasn't. He gave me the bouquet, and I said to him, 'Je vous aime, Monsieur,' and he said, 'Je vous aime, aussi, Madame.' So I asked him to kiss me. It was just like that, just quick, and foolish, me and that fine, nice, little boy. That's what made me so good tonight. It's all how you feel, in this business. I was thinking to myself, 'I'm no coon over here. I'm Lily Johnson, Lily Johnson, and try and stop me.'"

"You should tell me who you are. I knew it before you. I knew it, and I told you."



"You're a good kid, Joe. If I went back, it'd be with you. But I won't go back, not ever."

"You want to know what gets me about your stuff? It's this. I can always see the same old girl in it. It's changed, it's better, but I can see the old stuff all the time. Listen. You know that second number, tonight? There was just one note in it, and all of a sudden I heard you singing 'You're simply gorgeous, just like a beautiful rose.' Remember? Just one blue note, that maybe you put in, for fun."

"No. It's not put in for fun. It's there because I can't help it. Those were bad years, Joe. That was all bad training. Those were the years when I had to sing to drown the clatter of the dishes, and the drunks singing 'Sweet Adeline.' Those were the days when I had to be a high-yaller gal. I'm through with that. Never again. Never any Wabash Blues, never Frankie and Johnny, never Stackolee. No more St. Louis women with their diamond rings. I'm through, through with all that. Some day I'm going to sing 'Depuis le jour,' and I'm going to sing it in a revue like this, and it will stop the show, too, and don't you forget it."

"What's the matter with that stuff? It's real, it's not fake. Look at that number by the fellow who just died. 'It seems that my blue bird was caught in the rain.' He was a colored fellow, too. That number will get fifty people who'll yawn at 'Louise.'"

"Yes. The same fifty who'd sneer at me for my color. The same fifty who'd be jealous of me, because I worked my way out of an East St. Louis dive to a Harlem honky-tonk, and then to The Florida, and then to this. I tell you, I'm going somewhere. Darkey or no darkey, I'll sing at the Opera Comique in five years. See if I don't. They're civilized people, here."

"Yes. Maybe— Look. What about 'Water Boy'? What about 'Chloe'? What about 'River stay away from my door'? Huh?"

"Oh. 'Water Boy'! Well."

"It's blues. You know it's blues. You got two things to say, you colored people. Happiness, and grief. Nobody's ever said them better. Listen. I'm up against the same thing as you, in another way. I got a piece of shrapnel in me at Cantigny, and I thought that would take the curse off, but it hasn't. I'm a Jew, to my fellow-citizens. Well, so I am, and I'm proud of it. But I'm an American, too. I can't help it if stupid people don't see it that way. Bah! You're a big person. I'm not a small one. It's contemptible to be influenced by the opinions of stupid people."

"Who can help it?" she said. "And I don't think I'm so smart. I'm just a performer. All the same——"

"Listen, Lily. Why don't you come back to Harlem? Why don't you go to Brooklyn? Brooklyn is getting to be full of colored people. They're taking the brownstone houses in the nice neighborhoods."

There was a rap on the door. "Yes, Marie," she said.

"Ten minutes, Madame," said her maid.

"Joe, you'll have to go."

"Harlem," he said. "Harlem, where you'd be a queen. Harlem, where they'll beg you to sing, yes, and I'll let you. Let you sing where and when you please, though it doesn't get me a dime. Harlem, where you'll get up and stand on a table, and sing 'Oh, Jack of Diamonds, dear Jack of Diamonds.' They're your people. These frogs are not your people, and they're not mine. You belong to your own, they own you. You'll go through Harlem on a hot night. You'll walk, you won't take a cab. The people on the stoops will look at you. 'That's Lily Johnson' they'll whisper to each other. Some Jamaica girl will pipe up 'Howdy-do, nice evenin',' just because you're no snob. And you'll go along, and you'll hear a rustling behind you. 'Lily Johnson, Lily Johnson.' They'll be proud of you, proud for you. Proud that you'll give the shirt off your back, for you'll never keep money, that's true. Proud that you'll sing for nothing, and just to please them. Proud that you're a high yaller gal—I'm going."

"Joe—Joe, please, honey—"

"Don't go. Stay here, please yourself. Sing at the Opera Comique. Look at your people, all they got, many of them, is a little music, a little dancing, a little gin. Go on, hold out on them. You're sitting pretty here. Get to be an artist, go ahead. You'll sing 'Depuis le jour,' huh? I should live so long. You'll sing 'Cocaine habit am mighty bad.' You'll sing 'Samoa.' You'll sing 'Shake that

Continued on page 146

Ace, Deuce, Ten Spot, Joker

The concluding story, complete in itself, yet sequence to the one in the February issue

by IRVIN S. COBB

II. THE DEUCE

COMING out of the Tombs, Mr. M. J. (Slats) Horan obligingly halted to accommodate the waiting newspaper photographers, which the same, as it turned out, was an irreparable error on his part.

But how—we might ask you was poor old spindle-shanked Slats to figure that? The way he figured it, this probably was his last good chance to be photographed for publication. And Slats certainly did love the bright light, spot-, foot-, or flash-, as the case might be. Also, and by the same token, it would be the last chance for the boys to get a posed likeness of him, inasmuch as this afternoon early he would be off to the U. S. penitentiary. This was the twenty-third of December, a nice clear day for traveling. And by this time tomorrow he would be Away Down South in Dixie—hooray, hooray!—reaching Atlanta in ample time to get settled and be all primed and ready to wish the warden a Merry Christmas.

Seeing that he very much preferred to be found by St. Nick on a bunk in the Big House rather than on a slab at the Morgue, this promised to be not such an un-Merry Christmas for Slats, either. Of two contingent evils he deliberately had chosen the one which by infinitely long odds was the lesser. As a ward of the government and a temporary guest of the County of New York, he had been safe enough these past few weeks here in the Tombs whilst awaiting transportation to the bigger prison; and most assuredly he would be safe—safer than a bug in a rug and practically as snug as one—down yonder in Georgia, that hospitable land for which so many homesick darkies are by so many popular song writers supposed to yearn with an unappeasable yearning. Well, Slats had done some yearning in that general direction on his own account. His four-year bit for violating the income-tax laws didn't matter. Once he got at it, he could, as the saying went, do it standing on his head. What was more, in four years a good many things could happen and undoubtedly would. This might be forgiven and that might be forgotten; such-and-such a one might die or quit or even soften to the point of letting bygones be bygones.

Howsomever, until this bygoer was absolutely begone, the chief of the Homicide Bureau at Headquarters, knowing, that wise old head, what he did know and having, as he did have, the somewhat battered good name of the Department at heart, meant that no mishap which possibly was avoidable should befall during these final hours while Slats remained in the home bailiwick. The national arm might have taken over this lengthy young man for its very own, but until he passed beyond the midway line of the Hudson Tube there were the matters of local jurisdiction and local protection to be considered; and in these matters the Department felt a quite pressing responsibility.

Accordingly, for purposes of better insurance against accidents and such, an escort squad of four Central Office men were waiting outside the Tombs when Slats, handcuffed to a Federal deputy-marshal, came forth into the gay winter sunshine. Furthermore, a special detail of six men in uniform assisted the brace of patrolmen on regular post duty there to maintain a ring around the police wagon that was drawn up at the curb and to form a sort of living aisle across the pavement of Lafayette Street from the door of the jail to the door of the wagon.

Inside the cordon were the newspaper photographers, five or six pushy, enterprising young men, all with their cameras unslung and loaded. Somebody said once that in these latter days photographers had come to be to newspapers what cooties are to a war—bothersome but inevitable.

"Hey, Slats, old-timer," called out Haley, of the Evening Review, who many a time and oft before had snapped this familiar subject. "How about a nice going-away picture, eh?"

"Sure," said Slats, and smiled.

"Stick right where you are then on that top step," commanded Schlosser, of the Daily Pictorial.

So the Central Office men drew off to this side and that, leaving the coupled pair standing between the stone jambs of the doorway. Just below these two the photographers jockeyed for angle and focus, squinting through their finders to make sure of good close-ups.

In chorus their shutters clicked. But no one there heard them clicking, because the sounds were swallowed up in a sharp and not far-distant crackle of gunfire from somewhere above and somewhere beyond the cameramen and the cops.

There was a quick scatteration this way and that, what with policemen whirling about to face eastward and reaching for their own guns, and photographers scurrying for refuge behind the wagon or behind one another or behind something else; and the U. S. deputy tried to scrouge in for shelter against the portico pillars but found he couldn't very readily make it by reason of being tethered to a corpse.

So soon as all that, Slats was dead and gone. There he was, down on the broad of his back, and just at the inner corner of his left eye a small-calibre bullet-hole.

It would seem that the Review man recovered his wits and his nerve quicker than any of his competitors. He shifted plates and got a grand picture of Slats and the deputy, with Slats all flattened out except for one long, thin arm held tautly aloft where it was chained by the wrist to the wrist of the shying deputy, and on the deputy's face about the most comical look of surprise and scare you could imagine. It made a swell full-page, front-page layout for the Review's Five Star edition that evening—the swellest layout, everybody in tabloid journalism agreed, that had been run in this man's town since another tab's staff star with a baby camera strapped on inside his pants' leg, got that lovely picture of Ruth Snyder in the Chair up at Sing Sing, that time.

It was a clean beat for the Review. Because, by the time the rival photographers got over their fright and returned to the spot subsequently marked X in the newspaper diagrams—at least two of them had run entirely around the corner of Chambers Street—the handcuffs had been unlocked and the deputy was somewhat recomposed. Indeed, one of the photographers who fled never returned at all. When he dusted around the corner he kept right on going. At first, in the excitement and the hullabaloo and all, he wasn't missed. Anyhow, nobody was searching for him then. For the moment, the hunt was for whoever it was that had done that volley-firing over on the far side of the little plaza fronting the Tombs. It was later—fully an hour later—before this entirely vanished individual became an object of official interest; and it was through the days and weeks which followed that thousands upon thousands of good people all over America memorized his printed description in the hope of meeting up with him, which none of them did, or at least if any of them ever did, didn't recognize him.

That, though, was understandable in view of the fact that the persons who collaborated in getting up the reward notice had so little to go on. They didn't know what his real name might be or his aliases, if any. They didn't have his likeness in the Gallery or his finger-prints or, assuming they did have them there, had no way of checking up and proving by comparison that they were his prints. And the description of him that was broadcast was a description to which about every tenth man you met essentially might answer; small, dark, smooth-shaven, quietly-dressed, Jewish-looking, apparently about twenty-five years of age, weight approximately one-hundred and forty; when last seen was wearing a faked-up press card in his hatband, was posing as a photographer for a Bronx newspaper and was carrying inside a camera-case a deadly weapon with a silencer attached to it, probably an automatic revolver.

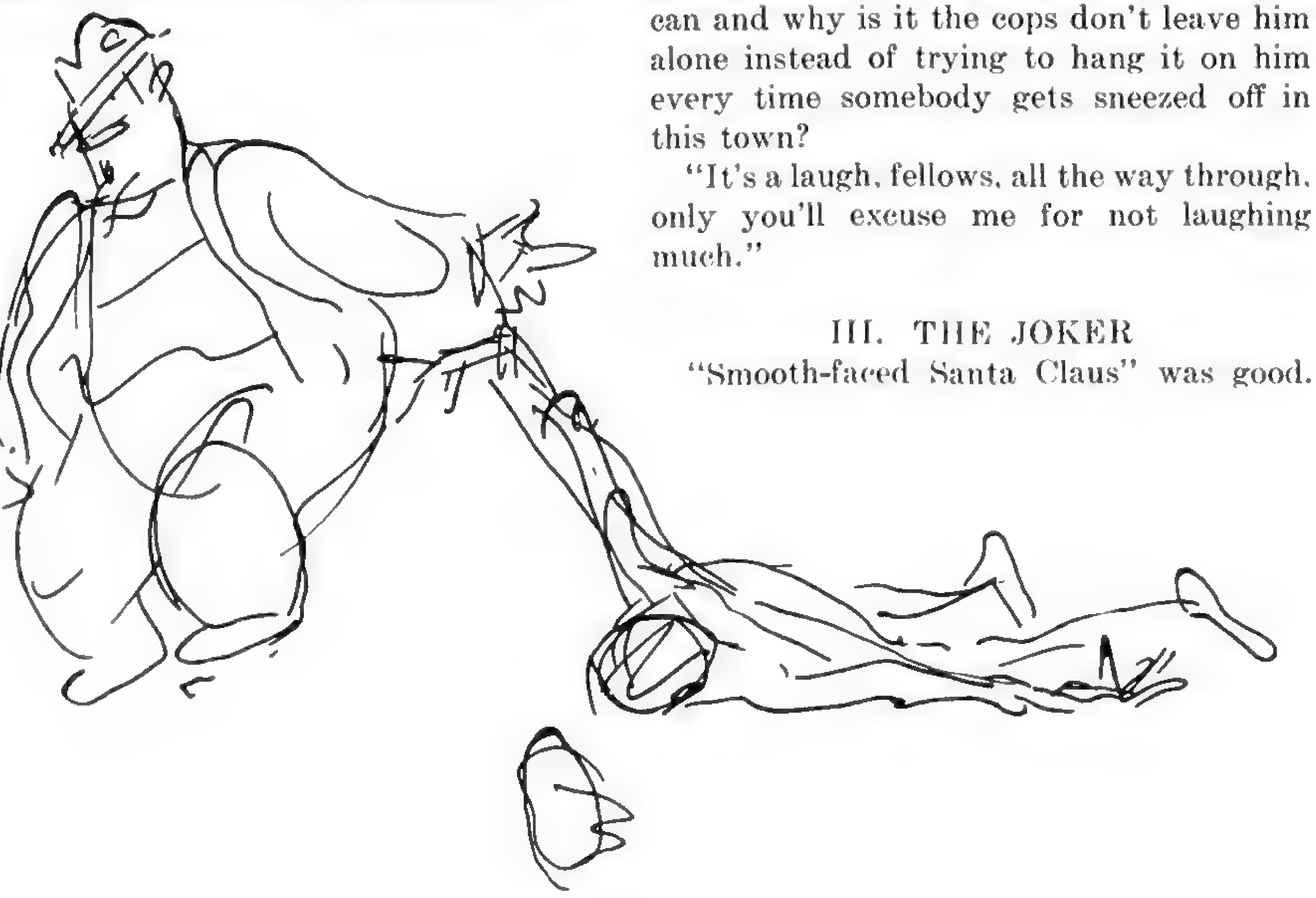
But naturally, not even the most simple-minded citizen expected that the party sought for would go on wearing a bogus press card or posing as a photographer for a Bronx newspaper or, most unlikely prospect of all, toting about with him a muted pistol concealed in a camera-box.

Neither Constant Reader nor Regular Subscriber nor even old Vox Populi know this trade secret:

To every big crime mystery that breaks, there are two distinct angles—the angle which is printed in the public press and the angle embodying what technically is known as the "inside story" or the "real low-down." Now, this latter angle although familiar to the police and to the reporters and usually to the deskmen in the city-rooms, is rarely or never presented in the public press. For this there are reasons which we won't go into now—it would only confuse the Rollo Boys all the more.

For instance, as figuring in this Slats Horan case was, first: the interview which Chief Inspector Fay, speaking for the Commissioner, gave out for publication on the day of the killing, and second, the entirely private statement which he made to a couple of Headquarters reporters in whom he had special confidence. These two were his trusted and valued friends—they'd helped to make him what he was today. So to them he spoke freely, if somewhat bitterly, and before them exhibited an air of chagrined defeatism vastly different from the air of jaunty confidence he had worn an hour earlier in his official audience for the assembled pressmen.

"Oh, I get your slant, all right," said the harried chief-inspector. "To you fellows this here Slats is a heap bigger man dead than he ever was alive and kicking. And yet, lova Mike, how you did swell him up out of all reason when he was alive! That was his ruination—the way you swelled him up. You made him think he was the top of the pack when he was never anything more, first, last, or any time, than a dirty deuce.



"Listen, I'll prove it to you: He gets all swelled up until he takes it in his cheap head to try to muscle in, single-handed, on a real racket. While muscling-in, he feels called on to prove how important he is by bumping off some little guy. And then all of a sudden he wakes up to what any guy with brains would have known before—that he's bumped off a connection of somebody that's about ten thousand times as powerful as he'll ever be. So the yellow crawls up his neck and he takes a running jump right into the bosom of the Federal Court with a plea of guilty to that old indictment against him. It was a rap he could 'a' beaten but he takes it quick, and so today, thinking he's out in the clear, he comes out of stir grinning all over.

"And then what? Why, a real face-card, an ace that probably was imported for this special job from Chi' or St. Louis or Detroit or points west, wipes that grin off his map with a slug out of a deaf-and-dumb gun rigged up in a phoney camera, with a couple of other smart lads on the roof of a tenement house a block away and them cutting loose in the air to cover up for him. What's more, by working that trick they give the operator plenty of time for making his getaway while my boys are running circles around the neighborhood following after the false lead. Now, between us, who was it framed up that swell plant right under the noses of a dozen cops? I give you fellows one guess and it'll be the right one—the only performer in this town that's slick enough to have thought it out, that's who. And my private bet is we'll not be able to pin it on him any more than we could pin that Lex. Avenoo job of his on him last month. When that Wop sucks eggs he sure hides the shells."

"But you're going after him all the same," said one of his confidants. "What for?"

"What for, but a stall?" admitted Inspector Fay. "Only you'll keep that part under your hats, you two. You saw the headline the Star had on its second extra after its first extra flashing the shooting? 'Dragnet Out for King of Gunmen in "Slats" Assassination.' 'Dragnet'—get that? When he'd already telephoned these Headquarters he'd be right down to answer any questions as soon as he could get here. And he'll be here any minute now, looking like a smooth-faced Santa Claus and handing out that regular line of hooey of his about being just a quiet business man trying to do the best he can and why is it the cops don't leave him alone instead of trying to hang it on him every time somebody gets sneezed off in this town?

"It's a laugh, fellows, all the way through, only you'll excuse me for not laughing much."

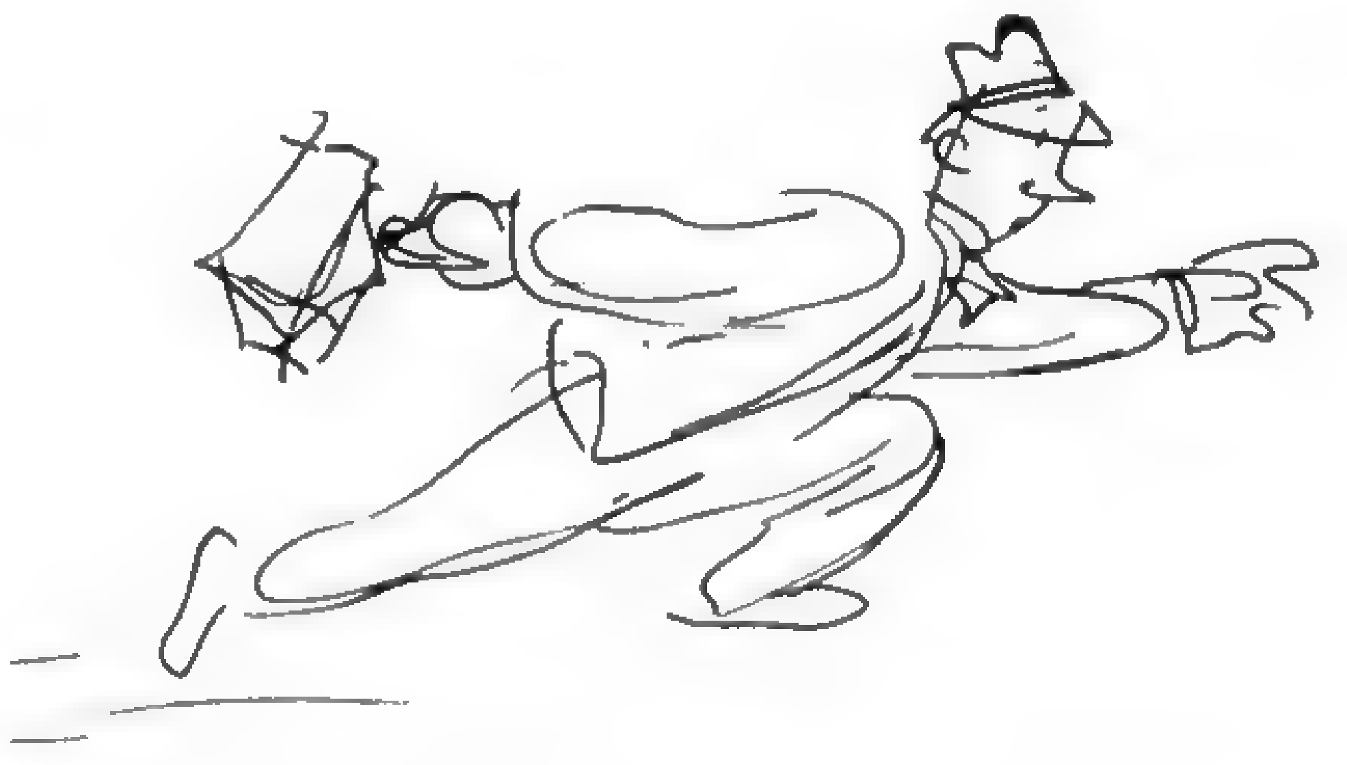
III. THE JOKER

"Smooth-faced Santa Claus" was good. It was very good. It was better than Inspector Fay dreamed when he coined it.

Because, forty-eight hours later, the Ten Spot, at his luxurious apartment on upper Fifth Avenue, was playing that identical role for his adored son and heir, Master Angelo Romano, aged three and a half.

For Master Angelo and for his doting father, not to mention also his small dark mother, it was indeed a grand Christmas. The spirit of the festival even extended to the attendant gorillas on guard fore and aft of the building. A share of the Yuletide joy, of the Yuletide peace on earth was theirs.

And why shouldn't all three members of the Romano household be happy? Mama Romano had the new mink coat and the new ermine coat and the diamond bracelet she wanted. Baby Romano had a tall and lovely tree and half a carload of expensive gifts. Papa Romano had within him the beautiful glow of satisfaction which comes to a creative genius when he knows that the work of his hands has been good and that on it the world—or at least his world—has put the stamp of its approval.



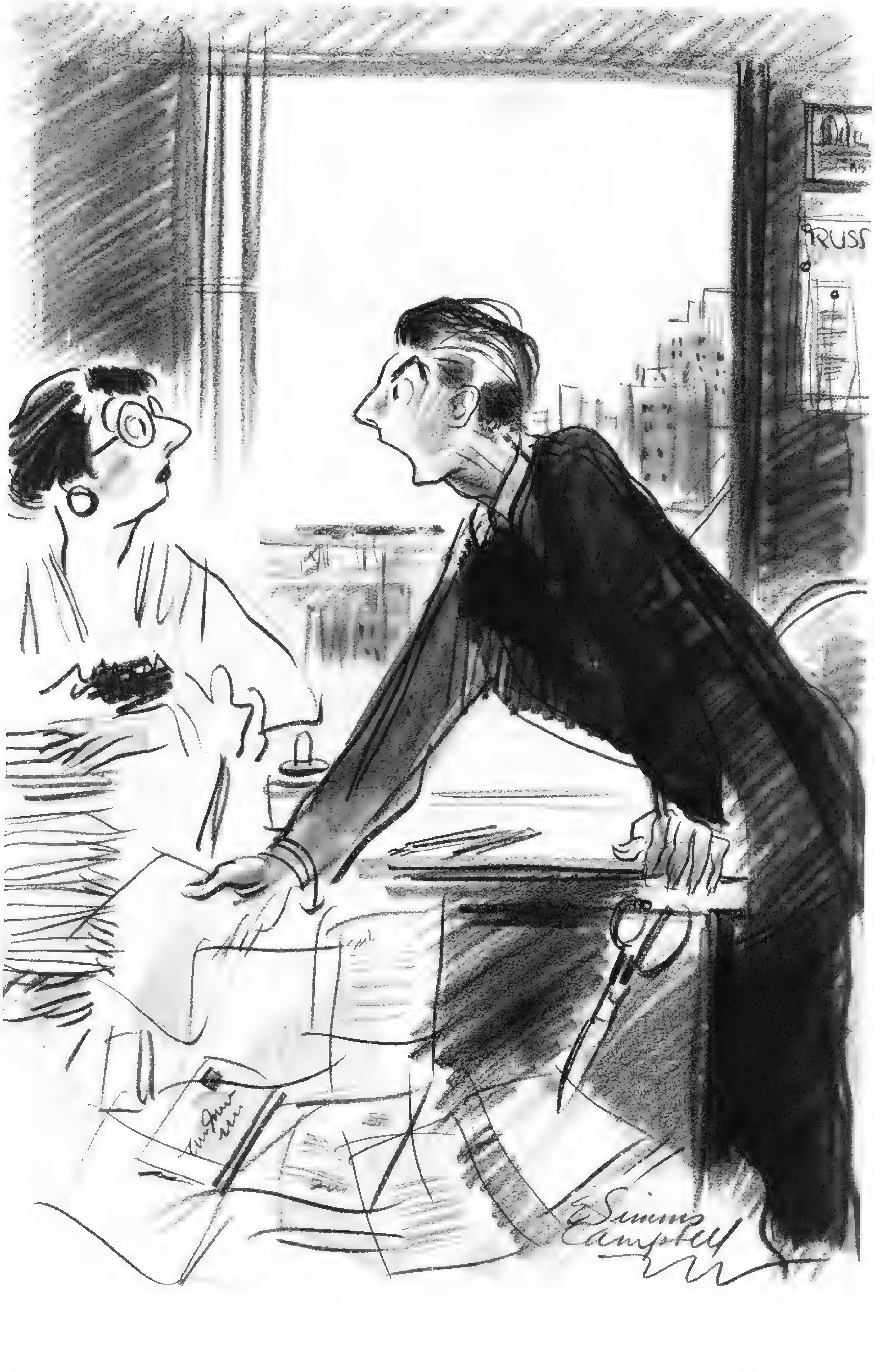
Fate certainly moves in a mysterious way its blunders to perform, doesn't it? Here was the Romano family all filled with content and joy on Christmas Day in the morning and yet within a week Papa Romano would be engaged in dying, after considerable suffering, of acute blood-poisoning.

There was nothing sinister about this tragedy. No subtle enemy laced the wassail cup with the venomed drug or put a deadly essence in the mince-pie—absolutely nothing of the sort.

What happened, and all that happened, was this: Childlike, Master Romano toddled past a thousand dollars' worth of mechanical toys to fix his juvenile fancy on a small, cheap, gaudily-painted Noah's Ark which some humble friend and well-wisher of the father had bought at the five-and-ten and had sent along. And presently, under the baby's rude handling, the head of the spotted wooden lamb came unglued from its whittled neckpiece. So the baby carried the lamb to his father for mending; and the father moistened the socket with his tongue and stuck the head back on. And some trace of a most unbenignant acid in the glue or some corrosive foreign substance in the dye—the physicians had both notions but no positive evidence either way—got into Papa Romano's person by way of a tiny canker sore on his lower lip and set up in his system so malignant a chemistry that neither nature nor the best science which money might buy could save him.

All of which would seem to establish, if indeed it establishes anything at all, that once in awhile Destiny deals unobserved from a marked deck to take the winning trick.

Or maybe the reader has a better theory of his own?


RUSS
Simms Campbell

"Miss Stern, this is a liberal magazine! Why should we give a damn what our readers think?"

Ashes to Ashes

Wherein two people discover that each has buried a dream in the same little silver box

by DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr.

I AM sure that anyone reading this will immediately dismiss it as fiction. But the opposite is true. I confess that when the story was first told to me I was intensely interested and, to an extent, shocked.

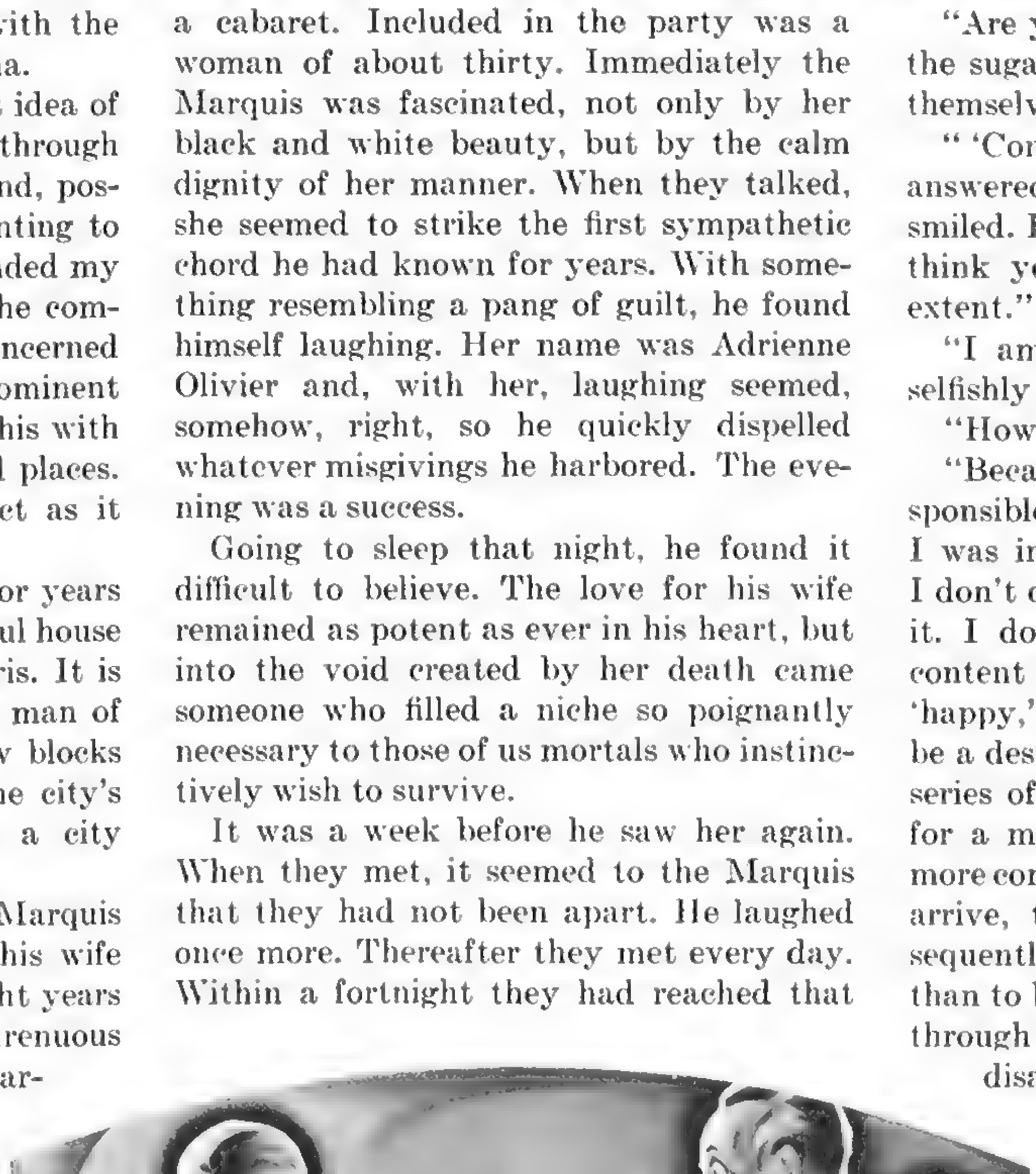
Certain incongruous situations in the story aroused my curiosity so, to verify the possibility of their authenticity, I went to a reputable physician who, because this story has to do with the macabre hallucination of a woman under the stress and spell of a pernicious habit, was the best authority to be had. After I had finished repeating the story, the doctor thought a long moment and then ventured the opinion that, although under the circumstances the related events *could* have happened, they probably never did.

That they did I can vouch for because, notwithstanding the fact that I was not one of the parties connected with the case, the one who originally told me was, and is to this day, in intimate association with the principals of this strange melodrama.

To begin with, I had only a faint idea of the details, picked up here and there through the myriad sotto voces of gossip and, possessing a profound curiosity, amounting to almost feminine proportions, I hounded my friend for weeks until he told me the complete plot. Because the people concerned are living today and are socially prominent on the Continent, I am recording this with forgivable liberties as to names and places. Otherwise, the story remains intact as it was told to me.

The Marquis de St. Austin has for years been living in a charming and tasteful house on the Rue Octave-Feuillet, in Paris. It is quiet, dignified and becoming to a man of his position and means. Only a few blocks from the Bois, it is well out of the city's noises and stenches, Paris being a city supreme in both.

When he was quite young, the Marquis fell in love and married. He and his wife were deeply devoted during the eight years of their marriage but, after a strenuous siege of pneumonia, Madame la Marquise died.



It was sad. They had planned so much and were both young enough to have realized their planning with enthusiasm. The last request of the Marquise was that she be cremated. The thought of lying decaying in a coffin obsessed her and, besides, one of their plans had been that, when they died, they would have their ashes placed in two silver boxes, side by side, so that even after death they would remain together. When these morbid plans were first made, they had seemed highly romantic, but when the time came to carry out his half of the bargain, the Marquis found the ordeal almost more than he could bear.

His friends remarked, however, with what stoicism he carried on. His grief was infinite, and from a very gay blade of the city he became, overnight, morose and humorless. Even after ten years, when most deep wounds have dropped their scabs, he would sit alone, silent in thought. His friends, remaining faithful to the memory of his once irresponsible self, never gave up hope of his ability to resume once more the great capacity for living that was his.

Eventually, their patience was rewarded. Wearied by constantly refusing, he succumbed to their pleading and agreed one night to join them in a theatre party, which was to culminate afterwards with supper in a cabaret. Included in the party was a woman of about thirty. Immediately the Marquis was fascinated, not only by her black and white beauty, but by the calm dignity of her manner. When they talked, she seemed to strike the first sympathetic chord he had known for years. With something resembling a pang of guilt, he found himself laughing. Her name was Adrienne Olivier and, with her, laughing seemed, somehow, right, so he quickly dispelled whatever misgivings he harbored. The evening was a success.

Going to sleep that night, he found it difficult to believe. The love for his wife remained as potent as ever in his heart, but into the void created by her death came someone who filled a niche so poignantly necessary to those of us mortals who instinctively wish to survive.

It was a week before he saw her again. When they met, it seemed to the Marquis that they had not been apart. He laughed once more. Thereafter they met every day. Within a fortnight they had reached that point of intimacy where the use of each other's first name no longer made them self-conscious. When one was invited to a party, the other became automatically included.

The Marquis felt, without knowing, that he was serving the same purpose in her life as she in his. An unspoken understanding and innate good taste kept them from questioning about each other's past. They knew, subconsciously, that they had many things in common and, as they were obliged to linger on in this world, they silently fell into a collaboration on the remainder of their lives together. No matter what they did or where they were, if they were together they enjoyed themselves.

They had known each other about six months when, one afternoon, they were having tea alone at the Chateau Madrid. It was a warmish day, and the Bois seemed refreshing.

"Are you content?" The Marquis stirred the sugar in his cup while his eyes relaxed themselves on her.

" 'Content' is too small a word," she answered, and only the corners of her mouth smiled. Her eyes were very solemn. "I don't think you will ever know quite to what extent."

"I am glad of that," he said. "Rather selfishly glad."

"How do you mean?"

"Because you have been so wholly responsible for my present happiness. You see, I was in an emotional rut and some way, I don't quite know how, you took me out of it. I don't think *I* have ever been more content in my life than now. I won't say 'happy,' because happiness has ceased to be a destination in my life. It has become a series of stopping points. Superbly ecstatic for a moment but—fleeting. It's so much more comfortable this way. If those moments arrive, they arrive by surprise and, consequently, are far more satisfying that way than to be forever chasing them hysterically through life, only to catch them and be disappointed—to find them as unsubstantial and as ephemeral as smoke. But now all that has passed. Now I can relax. Now I can appreciate those moments profoundly because, surmounting everything, you are able, I think, to feel the same way. That rounds it out—completes it."

Adrienne looked down at her plate. "That's a very sweet thought, Lucien. Very sweet."

"It's true. The joy of finding someone to share the burden of existence, after the desire or the impetus to carry on has disap-

Continued on page 132

The Bird of Mars

In praise of cock-fighting, as one sport that can't be fixed—moralists are hereby warned

by HENRY MORTON ROBINSON

You never hear a loud voice at a cock-fight. The sport is carried on in a whisper—a whisper that leaps secretively from the mouth of one cocker to another as they greet each other in the subterranean byways of the sport. Cock-fighting is forbidden by statute in every state in the union, yet there are more than ten thousand fighting-cocks in New York state alone, and approximately five hundred "mains" or tournaments take place in various parts of the country every Saturday night from December to May. Thrivingly, quietly—so quietly that sheriffs, news-hawks and reformers never hear of it—the breeding and fighting of cocks goes on all over the United States, and although a pit is occasionally raided, cock-fighting has attained such an underground momentum that it seems destined eventually to rise to the surface as a legitimate activity—the most colorful and exciting pound-for-pound sport in the world.

The smartest main I ever attended was held on the penthouse roof of a Park Avenue apartment; the host was a steamship magnate who wanted to pit his imported South American birds against an upstate breed of fowl produced by an artist friend of mine. The steamship man had some gorgeous birds, among them a gold and ruby-colored cock that might well have crowned the helmet of Mars himself. But gay plumage and the tense urgings of a dinner-jacketed crowd weren't enough for the South American birds to win on. The homely breed of White Hackles developed by my artist friend swept the penthouse decks in seven straight victories, and incidentally cleaned up more cash for him than he'll ever make in seven years of impressionistic painting.

More typical, perhaps, of American cock-fighting and the atmosphere that surrounds it, was the main I saw in an abandoned root-cellar somewhere in New Jersey. To this day I don't know exactly where that cellar is located. Twenty-four hours prior to the fight I had received a mysterious card informing me that a debate was to be held between Professor Polycarp and Dr. Johnson on a topic as yet unannounced, and that if I really wanted to hear the debate I should take the third left-turn after passing a truck with a blue tail-light parked on a certain road north of Closter. The third left-turn proved to be a dirt road slanting obliquely into the Jersey underbrush; for five miles it twisted and back-tracked, then came to a dead end in the middle of the woods. I doused my headlights (caution is second-nature among coqueteurs) and in a few moments a young farmer bearing a lantern appeared at the side of the car. "This way to the debate," he grinned, leading me down a narrow path to the cockers' rendezvous. It was a gaunt mansarded house standing on the edge of a dismal field; not a crack of light could be seen through the heavily shuttered windows, not a sound of man or nature pierced the lugubrious silence. My guide led me to the rear of the house, tapped on a bulkhead door. It lifted eerily, I paid the admission fee of three dollars, then descended into the earthy-smelling darkness. Now I began to hear the reassuring murmur of human voices; a bolt scraped in front of me, a door was pushed open, and I could see in the center of a dimly-illuminated cellar a crowd of fifty persons bending intently over a spot-lighted pit.

It was an assorted crowd of human beings, all male. A few of the spectators were wearing Chesterfields and imported derby hats, but the majority wore caps and corduroys. Clearly, however, caste counted nothing here. You might be a banker or a burglar the rest of the time, but now you were merely one of the cocking fraternity, interested in nothing except the fight which was about to begin.

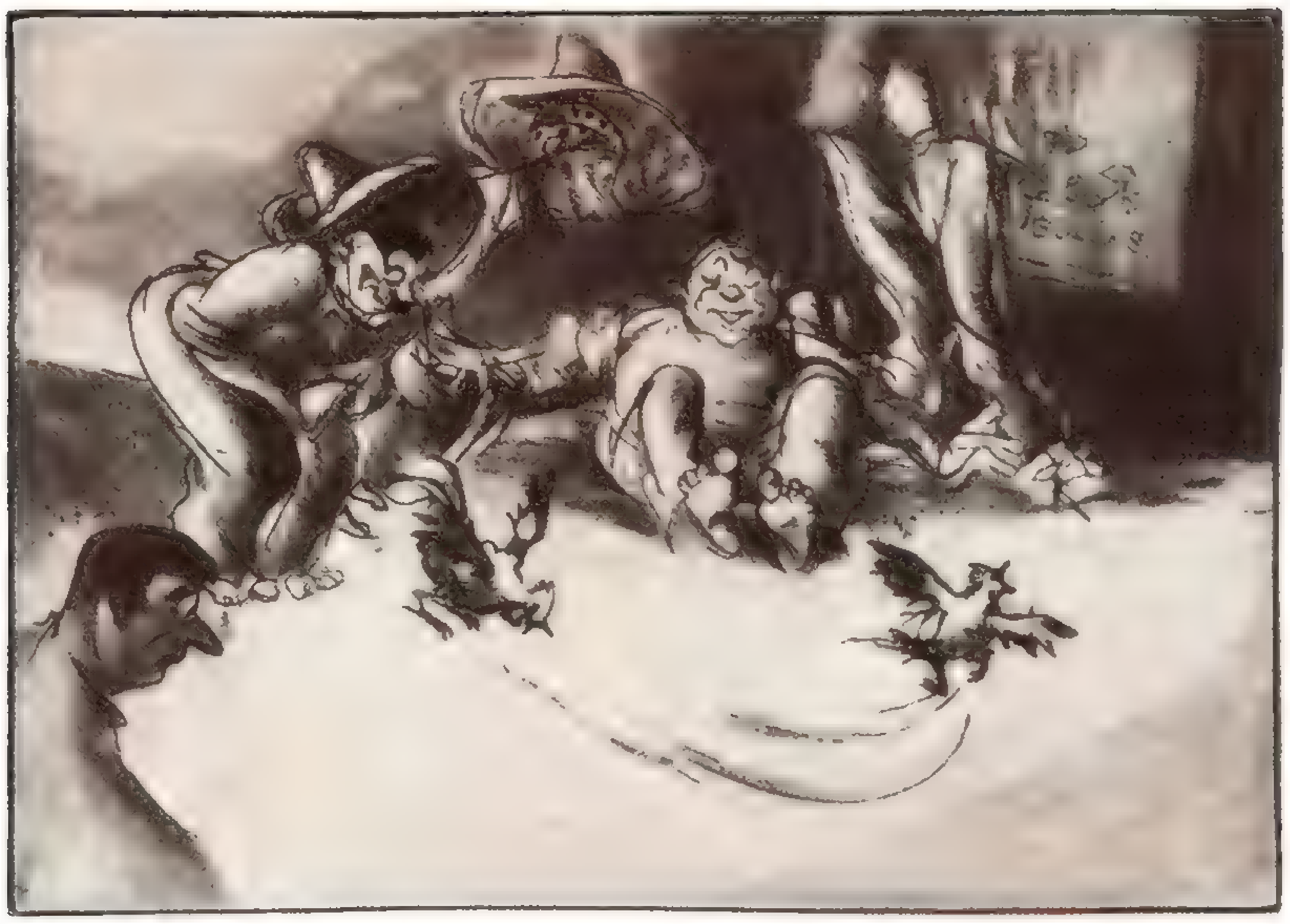
I found a place at the rail and gazed down at the sunken pit covered with moist tanbark. Two handlers, both good yokel types, were "gaffing" the birds, that is, fastening bright steel spurs about two inches long to the birds' ankles. These gaffs are made of handforged, surgical steel and must be delicately adjusted by expert fingers if the cock is to wreak maximum havoc upon his adversary. While these adjustments were being made, I heard a quiet-eyed, carefully-barbered gentleman announce in a conversational tone that he was placing $5000 on his purple Grist Grady cock to defeat his opponent's russet-colored Ginger Buck. "Make it seventy-five hundred," sighed the owner of the Ginger Buck, a funereal fellow in a fur-lined overcoat. "Anything you say," murmured the other. Additional bets ranging from ten to ten hundred dollars were now made by various spectators. Very little actual talking was done. A lift of the finger, a nod of the head, and the bets were made. They were paid, too, in cold cash. No checks, no I. O. U's, no welching at a cock-fight. The cocking code is as strict as the Stock Market regulations, and violators never have a second chance . . .

The birds were now "breasted," that is, given a preliminary peck at each other while their legs and feathers were firmly held by handlers. Wings had already been clipped to a fighting minimum, combs and wattles pared off cleanly, so that the birds were nothing but beak, spur, and sinew, conditioned to steely hardness by long months of exercise and diet. Each bird weighed exactly 5 pounds, 6 ounces at the pitside scales. They were as evenly matched as human ingenuity could contrive, and the decisive factors of victory could be only those deep, mysterious elements that make one man, one horse, or one bird superior to another.

The cocks were now grounded in the center of the ring, and the fight was on. They feinted at each other like boxers, one-two, one-two, then the Ginger Buck lunged at his rival with a cunning, cruel stroke, so rapid and invisible that it made an adder's tongue look like an up-grade freight in motion. No human eye has ever seen a gaff strike home; no camera has ever recorded it. It is the fastest movement in the animal world, and you can only judge its speed and power by its effect on the bird that stops it. In this case the purple Grist Grady was knocked backward about two feet, and the Ginger Buck was all over him in a hail of beak and spurs. I thought it was curtains for the under bird, but he came off the ropes with a bounce, and carried the fight to his rival for a full sixty seconds of savage give-and-take. The punishment was terrific on both sides; the thudding impact of gaff on feathers sounded like a carpet-beater at work. I glanced at the chief backer of the Grist Grady cock, and had the strange feeling that he was thinking more about the bird's bravery than the money he was going to lose. For as sure as death he was going to lose it. The Ginger Buck was now playing a pizzicato solo on the purple rooster's breast; for eight mortal minutes the already-defeated Grist Grady took those whistling gaffs in every part of his body, until at last a lightning thrust of steel pierced his head and knocked him dead on the tanbark.

Tension, sharply released, slid out in long breaths from the spectators. A few mumbled words of praise for the dead cock, some congratulatory nods at the winning owner, and a low buzz of expectation as the handlers brought out the next pair of birds. I saw twelve more fights that night (there are generally thirteen fights to a main), but at no time did the tension relax or the combative tempo slacken. Some of the fights were over in a minute, others lasted half an hour, but there wasn't a single minute of stalling or faking during the entire show. The birds were in that pit for a single reason:—to fight till they were dead or victorious. And they apprehended that reason so perfectly that they seemed impatient of the necessary delays imposed upon them by their human handlers.

But all this, you may object, savors rather strongly of cruelty to animals, and suggests more than a hint of brutality among the men who follow the sport of cock-fighting. Well,



AQUATINT BY JOHN GROTH

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND

no matter what your preconceived opinions are on this subject, the charges of cruelty and brutality cannot be sustained. For the simple truth about cocks is this: *they love to fight!* They will leave their mates and food to give battle to any adversary, no matter how formidable. The bravery of the cock is unbelievable; he will fly at a police dog or a condor with equal ferocity, and will shuffle a bull-snake to death in thirty seconds. I have seen a gallant cock rout a fox who thought, quite erroneously, that he was going to have chicken for supper. Many cock-fanciers will tell you that the courage of a fighting-cock is unmatched by anything in the world, and that even the gored bull is inferior to him in point of fearlessness.

It must also be realized that the cock is practically insensible to pain, his nervous system being so constituted that he either doesn't feel it, or is utterly indifferent to its effects. For example, a cock mortally maimed and merely hanging together in a mass of shreds, will eagerly gobble corn as though he expected to live another twenty years. Or he will pull himself together for one last despairing thrust at an opponent just at the moment that his handlers are mercifully dispatching him. A cock is apparently a cross between a chunk of brass and an Iroquois warrior: you can't hurt him, but if you do, he won't let you know anything about it. Gameness is his principal characteristic, the very essence of his being — so closely interwoven with life itself that the one cannot expire until the other is dead. With him, the life force is synonymous with pugnacity, and it would be depriving him of his major function if he were not permitted to fight.

Inevitably, certain types and strains of fighting-cocks are superior to others; these strains, well known to all breeders of the fowl, are carefully crossed and blended to produce the three desirable attributes of speed, courage, and endurance. Not even the breeding of race-horses is more delicately calculated, for no horse now racing has a pedigree as lengthy as some of the more famous breeds of game fowl. A recorded genealogy of three hundred generations is not uncommon; thus the intelligent breeder of gamecocks knows exactly what has gone into his birds, and can prefigure with Mendelian accuracy the results of any given combination. Let us suppose, for instance, that he wishes to add poundage and endurance to a plucky but physically-enfeebled line. He will begin by crossing his stock with the magnificent Asile strain from India, and immediately the offspring will be noticeably heavier and stronger. But, since the Indian cock fights at a much slower tempo than our western birds, this offspring will lack the necessary speed. Therefore it is essential to dilute the Asile blood-content by repeatedly mixing it with occidental stock specially selected for swiftness; probably as little as 1/64 Asile will give the best results. But as so frequently happens with the plans of men, Nature sometimes takes a mysterious hand, and whole flocks of expensively-bred birds go to seed overnight. No one knows why, yet suddenly you have a trive of heavy-moving, dull-spirited birds on your hands. The best thing to do then is to give away your stock and start all over.

The dream of every breeder is, of course, to produce a super-cock—one that fuses all the known virtues into a single invincible line. Many breeders have almost succeeded; the Shawlnecks, the Roundheads, and the Irish Reds can always be depended upon to slash away until they have beaten everything in sight—sometimes including their own handlers. For every now and then a "man-fighter" is developed—a bird so ornery that it will try to cripple its handler with a wicked cut at his wrist or ankles. These cocks are comparable to the one lion in a thousand that cannot be trained by man, or to the temperamental filly who slings her hoofs at the stable-boy from sheer perversity.

The cocking gentry are great gamblers, and there is something about a cock-fight that inflames the coolest blood to a betting fever. There are reasons for this, of course. For one thing the game is absolutely on the level. It is impossible to dope a cock or bribe a handler, for in either instance the knavery would be apparent to the most stupid observer. Furthermore, the cock cannot take instructions, and would not if he could. It is his single-tracked idea to get out there and fight till he hasn't a beak to peck with: double-crossing his backers isn't in his line. Lastly—and this is true of every cocker I know—the men who breed, own, and handle the birds are personally *fond* of them. They have such affectionate confidence in their feathered charges that they gladly throw the whole weight of their private fortune, whether it's ten dollars or ten thousand, into the pit with them. It's gambling, sure enough, but it's not like throwing inanimate dice or spinning a mechanical wheel. You have no personal emotion about these devices, but when you've raised a plucky cock from chickenhood, you get attached to the brave little beggar, and want to back him with everything you own. Sometimes, to your sorrow, you do. But then again, a single five-pound gamecock may bring plenty of new dollars home to roost. There is a breed of fowl known as Mortgage-Lifters, much honored in the Southern States for the cash they have won for owners who backed them with a deed to the old plantation.

As long as men admire stamina, beauty, and bravery in the creatures they breed, the Bird of Mars will be an undying favorite. Cocks are feathered fighting machines, so brilliantly colored and so marvelously constructed, that they fascinate the eye and charm the spirit of all who behold them. At present there is a vast reservoir of mawkish and misplaced sentimentality impounded in the American mind concerning the cruelty of cock-fighting, but along with other mistaken notions of morality, this prejudice is bound to evaporate. And as for the brutalizing effect upon the spectators, I can only point out that the grit and invincibility displayed by any cock, in any pit, might well be used as a model by almost any human being—especially in these trying days when tenacity and courage are most needed and most rare.

They All Meet at Abie's at Eight

Snoot-, belly- and eye-full, all for a dollar—a popular buy in the undercover movie game

by JOHN B. KENNEDY

Word gets about among the boys that the party will be pulled off at Abie's at eight. The boys are clerks or salesmen with a lunch-hour focal point at the same restaurant, or commuting in common on the same train—or otherwise connected by one of those ordinary bonds of everyday routine living that brings an extraordinary vacuum to one of the boys who might happen to be out of work, which sometimes happens, or might find himself in gaol, which also sometimes happens.

Tickets are passed among the boys, for purchase by themselves and sales to trustworthy friends and acquaintances. The tickets call for a dollar cash, no checks—for there's a vast difference between the way the boys like one another in their small way of life, and the way they trust one another in small financial matters.

The dollar buys food, beer and ART, and for a dizzy or deflated dollar that's a buy.

Eight o'clock and Abie's begins to function. Abie, a prematurely grey young man, with a pot-belly that's a flaccid record of potations, rolls a barrel of beer to the right corner in his garage. This is a chill, concrete barn. The heat from the cook-stove in the corner, on which simmer a pail of hot dogs and a second pail of pig's knuckles and sauerkraut, is a teasing gesture in a square tomb lumbered by crippled trucks.

A taxi decants five early birds outside, where they dip into pockets hilariously on account of preparatory beers en route, and cut the fare and tip five ways.

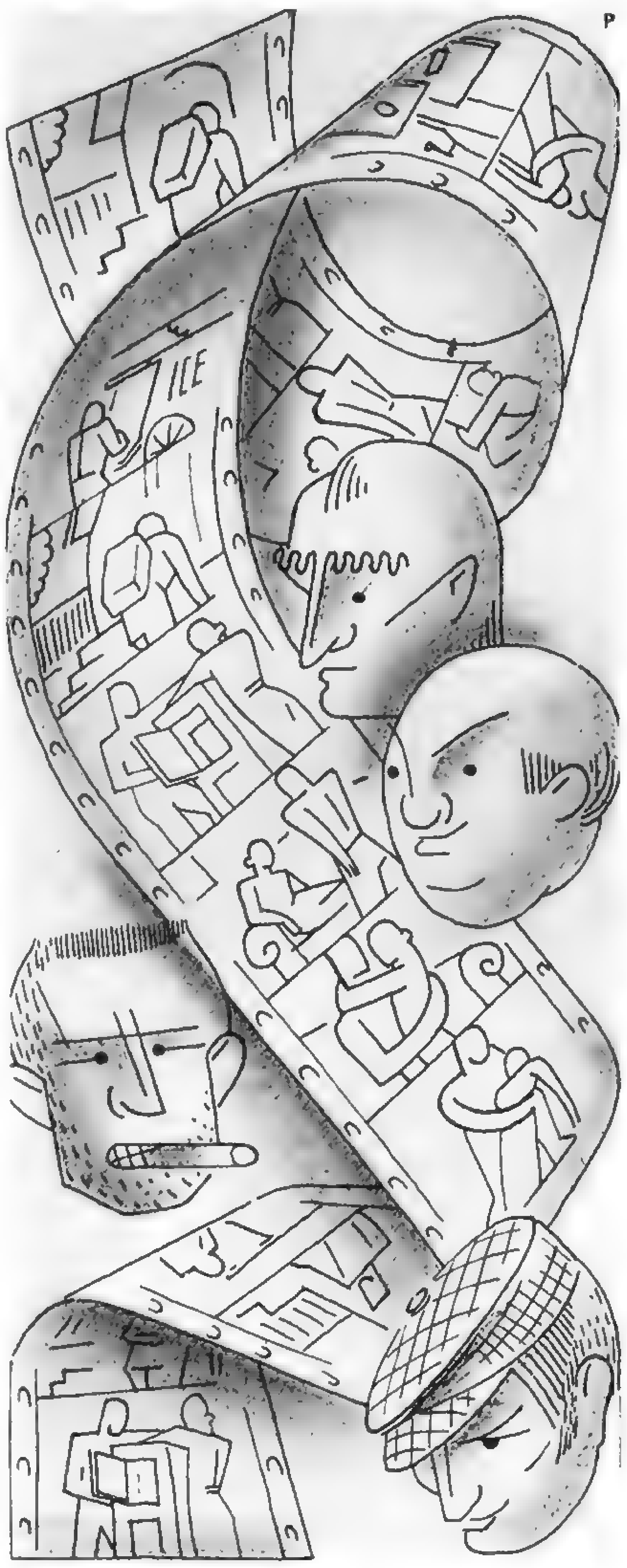
They come in and keep on their hats and overcoats. Abie welcomes them with a hand-wave and a grumbled salute from behind his cigar.

"Git the beer going, Jake," he calls.

Jake, his garage mechanic, sets up a pump, smacks a bung into the half-barrel, and a spray of foam flecks the hats of bystanders who back away, laughing.

The beer is tasted with oversize collars on it. But after a while, when a dozen or more of the boys have arrived, it's working. Cigar and cigarette smoke weaves thin grey scarves under feeble lights. Talk tattoos to and fro, filigreed with forthright Saxon monosyllables. More of the boys come in—and more. A company of twenty-five or thirty. Impatience obtrudes, largely because standing around on a chill concrete floor is no fun at all.

Hip flasks induce geniality foreign to cold beer on a cold night. Another cab load arrives, and the outer garage door is rolled down, an old man of the night-watchman type that sooner or later stumbles across a body in the dark, being planted against possible police surprise.



"We'll set the benches and the screen," says Abie, supervising this excursion into ART.

He doesn't set any benches nor does he set a screen. The boys, of all ages down to twenty and up to sixty, attend to these matters. Abie assigns Jake to watch the cooking, while he filters tickets through all hands present.

"Now," he says, when the boys are uncomfortably and jumblingly seated, but ready to start, "we're all set when the cans come."

The cans contain the ART—on its way by a special messenger who will also be special operator for the special machine to project the ART. He makes a non-tarrying job of every assignment. He has no desire to arouse police interest in his ART.

Eventually, by the time some of the boys, disgusted with thin beer, are sniffing around the hot dogs and knuckles, he arrives. Five cans are in a bag he carries. He empties the bag and gets to work. Lights are clicked off and out. The projection machine sputters and whirs, and on a patch of silver screen a murky picture ensues, following a caption authored by some alien who learned what English he knows in ten lessons and printed by a craftsman who learned all he'll ever know in two.

"Sene ina Harim" it reads, without detailing whether or not the "Sene" misspells the verb or the noun. And as the ladies of the "Harim" are revealed it's at once obvious that the closest they ever got to a Harem was in the dictionary, if they ever got close to that.

They are buxom gals, who strut and flop and ogle, displaying charms that are hard to miss with the naked eye so naked are the charms.

After a preliminary skirmish they proceed to more athletic exhibitions of art. They are serious about the performance. A gap ensues, during which the boys make editorial comment on individual females they have noted. The next picture is of an ice-man's traditional triumphs, which arouses ironic mockery on the part of the boys. Another gap, followed by a reel of obscene cartoons, animal and human, that stirs the lads to laughter. Its successor reveals sadistic goings-on in a swanky pent-house tnat is wretchedly illuminated.

Then two reels that have the same plot of crude debauchery, one with street-sign evidence that it was made in America, the other with topics as old as smoking-room conversation and protagonists somewhat older judging by the Edwardian cut of the garments they divest.

The boys razz throughout. Blank light flickers, the garage lamps switch on, and the show is over. The boys turn to beer and food, and lies of gayer adventures in real life. Eventually they go their ways heaven or hell knows where. The lad with the cans of celluloid filth has departed before them, unaware and unheeding of their expressed dissatisfaction with his ART.

But that's all in their dollar's worth. Abie was glad to see the customers come. He's glad to see them go—for his side racket of dirt shows is a risk.

The whole business is a risk run daily in every large city, more especially in New York, Chicago, Boston and towns of that size where the hideaways are more obscure and word-of-mouth advertising less permeating.

In New York there's an exchange for this kind of film trash where the pictures, they tell me—the cops tell me—are rented at ten

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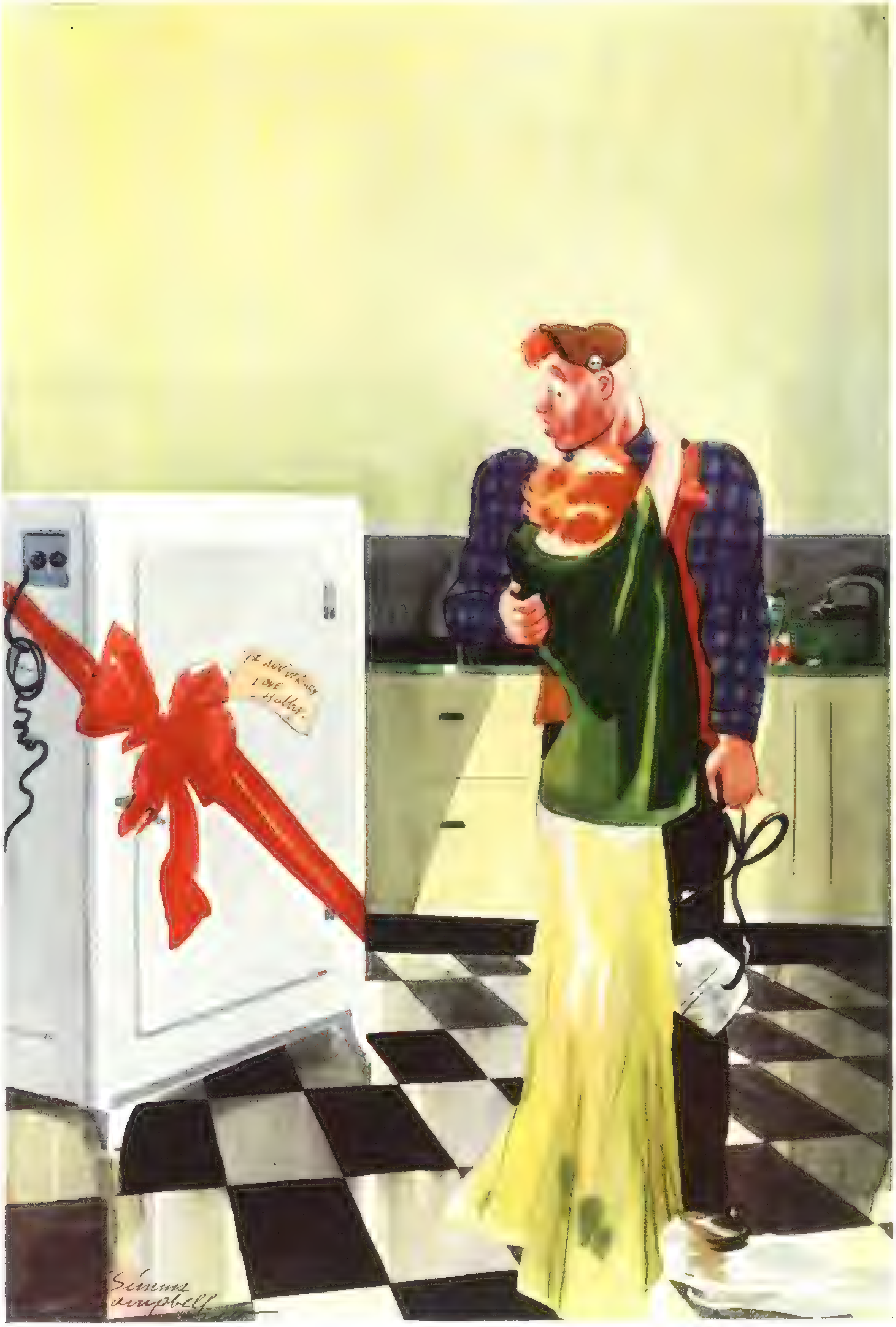
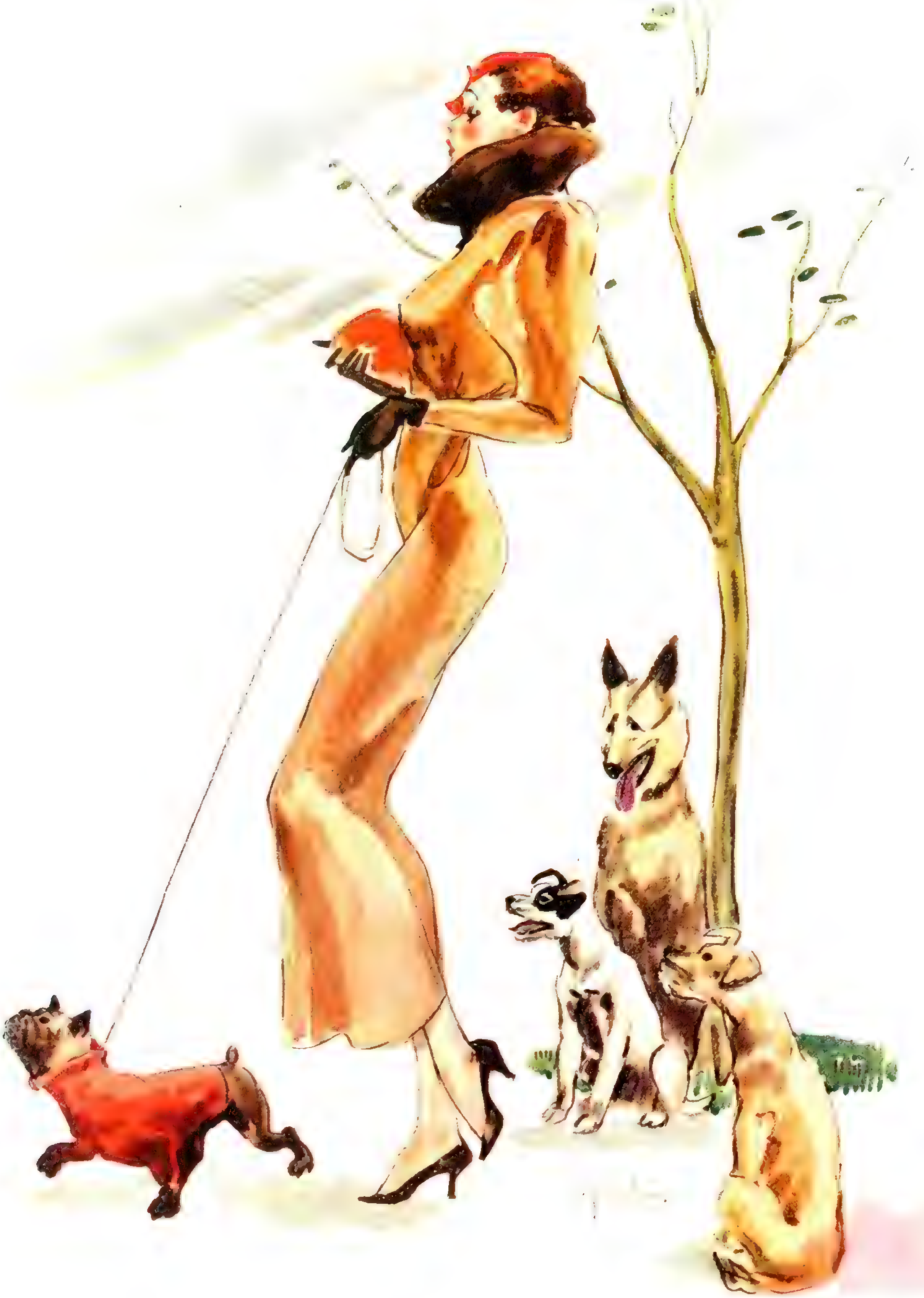

1st Anniversary
Love
—Hubby.
Simms
Campbell

"Don't cry, darling—all things must end, y'know"



"I knew him when"

Dogs Are Tailor Made

An article about the history and characteristics of five of the most popular breeds

by PAUL W. KEARNEY

IT MAY sound brutal, yet it was all a matter-of-fact procedure to a certain sporting man in Pembrokeshire: a district where fox, otter and badger were then abundant. The necessity for keeping three kinds of dogs for three kinds of hunting pained him. So, being practical, he got some of the best varmint dogs available, chopped their legs shorter and spread them wider apart, hammered their skulls flatter, and named the quaint-looking net result after his home town, Sealyham.

Of course, it wasn't really as bloody a business as we've painted it. Instead of resorting to the cleaver and mallet, he achieved his desired end by the natural process of cross-breeding. And because it all happened so recently, the story better demonstrates a fundamental point which a great many thousand dog owners seldom appreciate: that dogs are really tailor made. For centuries past they have virtually been cut from a pre-determined pattern to fill a specific requirement, and as in clothing, there are models for sport wear, models for work, models for dress.

Take the Airedale, for instance: more interesting than some of the others because he represents a model built to scale by people who were not even professional breeders but who created a definite dog for a definite purpose.

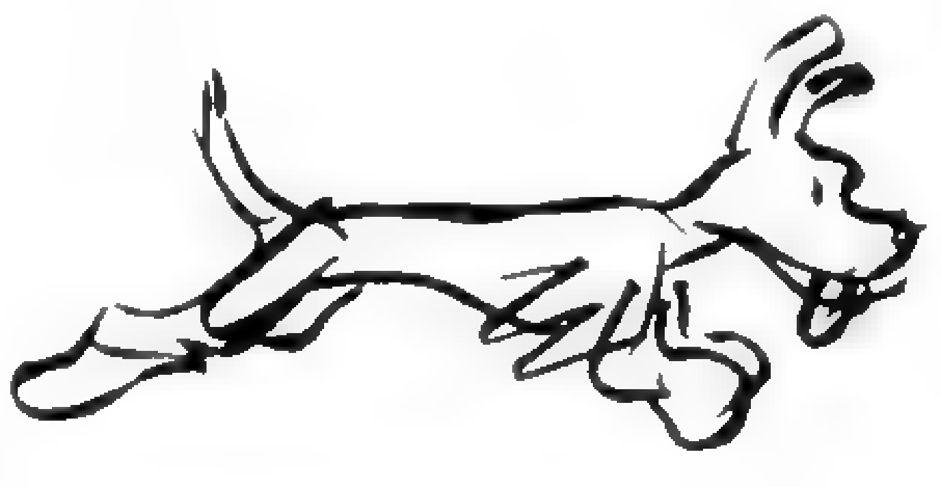
The Airedale was virtually the product of a parliamentary act: the act which left the English working man disconsolate and morose when his favorite brutality, bull baiting, was officially banned in Great Britain. Deprived of that ennobling diversion, his competitive urge set him to contriving other pastimes and dog fighting, in a ring under rules, came into popularity. The Bradford district of Yorkshire (in the Aire Valley) was populated chiefly by quarrymen and mill hands: a tough, rough bunch of hellions who liked their contests raw. Existing dogs didn't particularly satisfy them as fighters, so these fellows, in their spare time, set about manufacturing an animal that would give them Bigger and Better Fights. They started with a rough terrier common in that section, crossed him with the bull terrier and again crossed the offspring with the otter hound. The result, in the eyes of any fancier, was a nondescript mongrel, but the expression of such an opinion was never made aloud anywhere in the Aire Valley but reserved for the safe seclusion of the kennel club in London. Which was fine judgment, for these were tough dogs for tough guys. They were exactly what their breeders wanted: fighting dogs with a vicious temper and a vile disposition which would permit them to tear the pants off his Majesty, the King, at the snap of a finger. And that, in England, is a pretty mean beast!

Today, of course, the Airedale is quite different. But what we're driving at is that it is a breed that was tailored by amateurs to meet a demand. Known first as the Working Terrier, then as the Waterside Terrier, then as the Bingley Terrier and, finally, as the Airedale, there was considerable variety in his "cut" originally. He had hound ears; he came in all colors, some light, some all black; some had silky coats and some were smooth, and for many years they were outcasts as far as the kennel clubs were concerned. Later the professionals got hold of the breed and proceeded to refine it: the impossible temper was eliminated; the coat was standardized; the ears shortened; and the Airedale as we know him was evolved.

There are other dogs whose very height and build and skull-shape have been dictated by similar interplays of sociologic factors, national temperament and moral viewpoints. The Bulldog is an excellent example, bred for the sole purpose of bull baiting. Likewise, the Bull Terrier, an offshoot of the Bulldog, was bred strictly for fighting. And when that pastime was barred, the very ownership of a Bull Terrier marked a man as a low and disreputable character, as Dickens showed us with Bill Sikes.

These three breeds, however, are interesting in the fact that they have survived their original function and persevered nearly a century after the reason for their existence disappeared. One reason perhaps, is that they fell under better hands as social conditions improved and their original fanciers turned to some other form of amusement. Yet it is as interesting as it is germane to consider that the dog those original fanciers gave us when they were compelled to make this change was the Whippet!

Considering the type of men involved, the Whippet is certainly a "pansy" compared to the burly bull or his savage successor in the sporting ring, yet his existence is logical enough. Deprived of the elevating amusement of betting on two curs tearing one another to ribbons, the Englishmen had to find other competitive activity, and he took to dog racing. Greyhounds were first used and the pastime gained considerable impetus. But breeding children and Greyhounds in the small cottage of a typical working man worked something of a hardship in the hound. The problem was deftly solved in the Lancashire district by cultivating a smaller dog, a miniature Greyhound, variously known as the "snap" or "rag dog" before attaining its current name, Whippet. This speedy little devil quickly won his place throughout the north of England; sports promoters introduced handicaps with substantial prizes; and the "lower element," with an eye on this money, went in for Whippet breeding in a big way.



Thus, behind every breed of dog, you find a story: a story involving people, their habits, their tastes, their work, even their life and death. The Bloodhound, although used by the ancient Romans for boar hunting, has certainly been bred to a century-old pattern around the indisputable motif that people will break the law. And, at the other end of the functional scale, there is the St. Bernard. Stripped of all the melodramatic tripe that has been wrapped around him, this legendary hero of the Alps still stands supreme in his peculiar field of "breaking trail" through fresh snow in a mountain section far too treacherous for even the trained senses of the monks who have spent their lives there.

Man's effort to gain a livelihood has, naturally, put a definite stamp on the qualities and characteristics of many dogs. The universal duty of tending the flocks has probably given us more varieties of dogs than any other occupation. They range from the handsome Collie to the unbelievable Old English Sheepdog with many specialized kinds for specialized work. The Belgian Shepherd and the German Shepherd are quite different from these English varieties: the Corgi, the herding dog of Wales, and the French Briard, seem surprisingly small for this type of work yet are extremely clever. But whatever their size, their temperament, their coat, you can rest assured that it was a point determined by environment and function rather than personal whim.

Beyond the realm of herding, the work dog branches out into many other fields. The Samoyede is the draught dog of the European Arctic; the tailless Schipperke and the spitz-like Keeshond are the watchdogs and ratters of the Belgian and Dutch canal barges; the Great Dane is the ideal property guard; the Newfoundland, the world's champion life saver; the Poodle, by virtue of his uncanny intelligence, is the historic circus dog, and so on. Indeed, we can go beyond the pale of the law and find some of these

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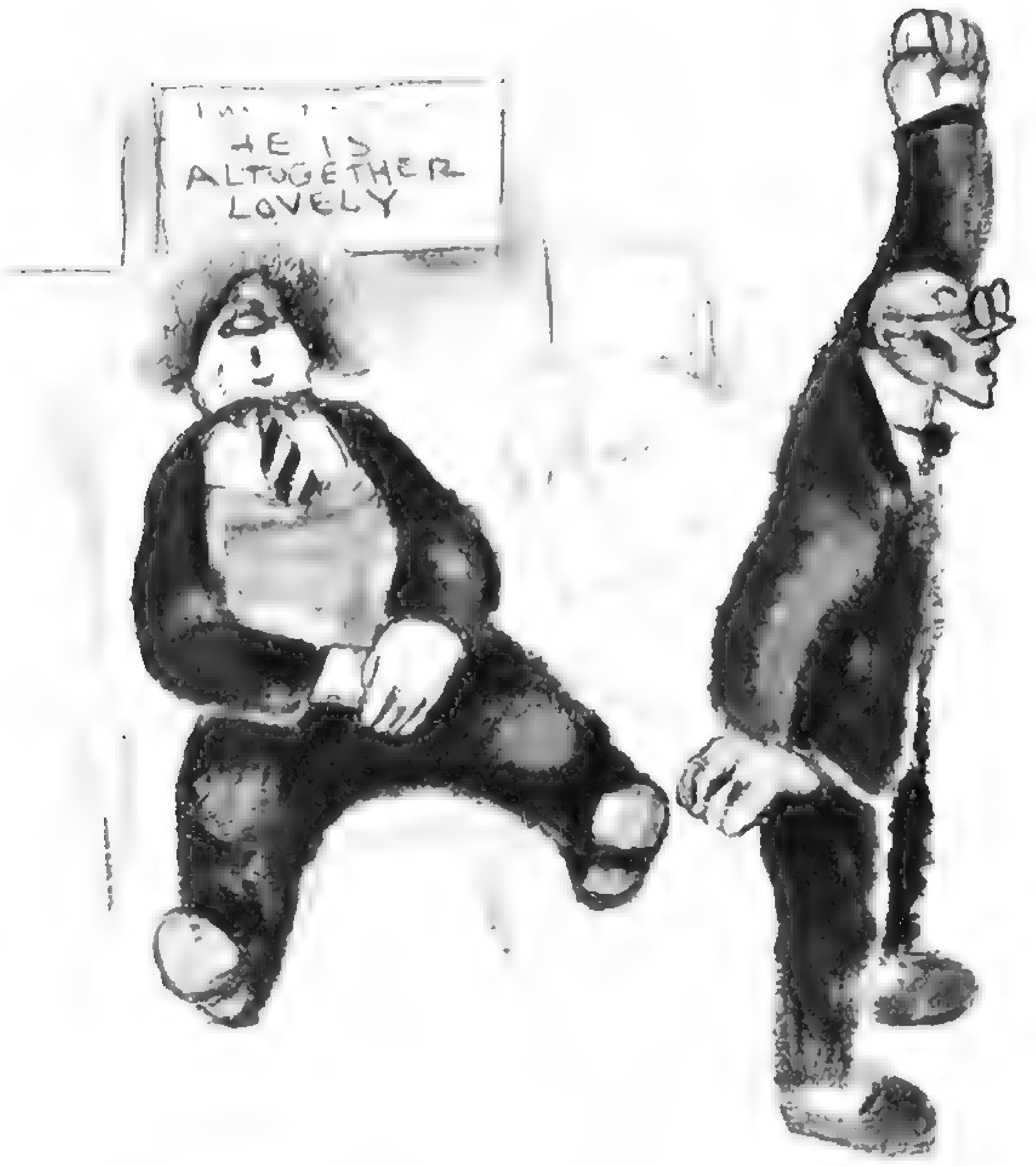
Poor Man's Paradise

Hallelujah for a handout, where salvation means shelter and a sandwich and an emotional jag

by ARNOLD GINGRICH



WHERE Flotsam Street crosses Jetsam Avenue, in Chicago, there are many ways and many places to find entertainment and solace, culminating in forgetfulness, for the misdeal that life has dealt you. But you need money for all of them. Not much, but some.

For a nickel you can see a scabrous movie, where a girl will writhe before you in the altogether and closeup at that, with nothing on her, gents, no not anything at all and no holds barred—but it's a very short film, it hardly lasts a minute. And it's colder than ever, then, out on the street again. For a dime, you can get a shot, but stay out of the corner places, it's fifteen cents there and they're very rough when you haven't got it. Of course, for fifty cents you can get—but why rub it in? You just keep moving, and try hard not to think of things and wish you were warm.

It isn't so bad when it's just cold, cold and dry, but it's tough when it's cold and damp. Walking helps when it's cold and dry, but nothing helps on a night like this. But you have to keep moving. They make you.

There's a crowd in a doorway, so you cross over.

Whatsiss, you ask a guy. And he says, Sa mission. Only free joint on the street. Ya get fed if y'act right. But you got to wait your turn.

You'd Godhop for less than a hot dog on a night like this, so you stay. And in something between ten and fifty minutes, you're up to the door. The next time it opens a long arm reaches around it and half beckons, half yanks, you in.

At least once before that happens, however, the door will open, much more suddenly, and a sodden bum will come catapulting out at a rate that would suggest at least a rocket as the means of propulsion. He will be followed by a baldheaded bruiser in tortoise-shell specs, who will pick him up and knock him down, again and again, unmercifully, shouting meanwhile, "We are not amused," "You're not funny" and "That'll learn ya to mock God's holy name to bum a free meal."

As he goes back inside, one of your neighbors in the waiting crowd may volunteer the explanation that the quivering moaning heap on the sidewalk probably failed to keep a straight face as he testified to his salvation.

What'd he testify for? you wonder.

But after you get inside you understand.

Something between a hundred fifty and two hundred people crowd a room the size of a farmhouse kitchen, sitting in each other's laps, cramped in camp chairs with almost no space left for knee room. On the platform twenty to thirty more, most of them young girls and some of them very lovely, are seated to the left of the speaker's rostrum. Against the right wall is an upright piano. Between the rostrum and the piano is a clear aisle, kept open to afford access to a door in the rear wall.

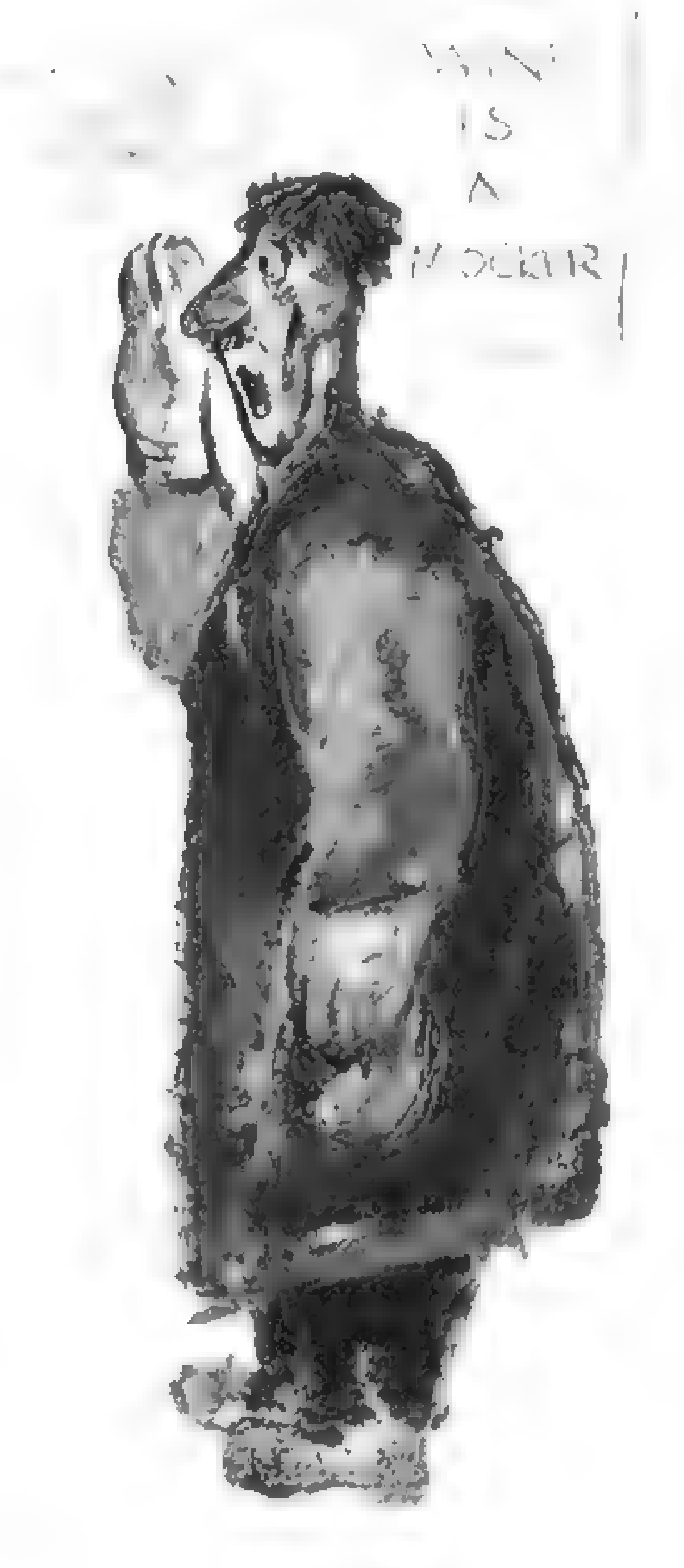
You thought you'd never be warm again, and now, or at least after a minute or two, you're steaming. There's no ventilation and before long your eyes are running and your clothes feel like horse blankets in active use. One out of three are coughing and the fellow ahead of you is the worst of all. He coughs into a handkerchief; it's a dirty oystery shade and the color is suitable. Advanced stage of T. B.

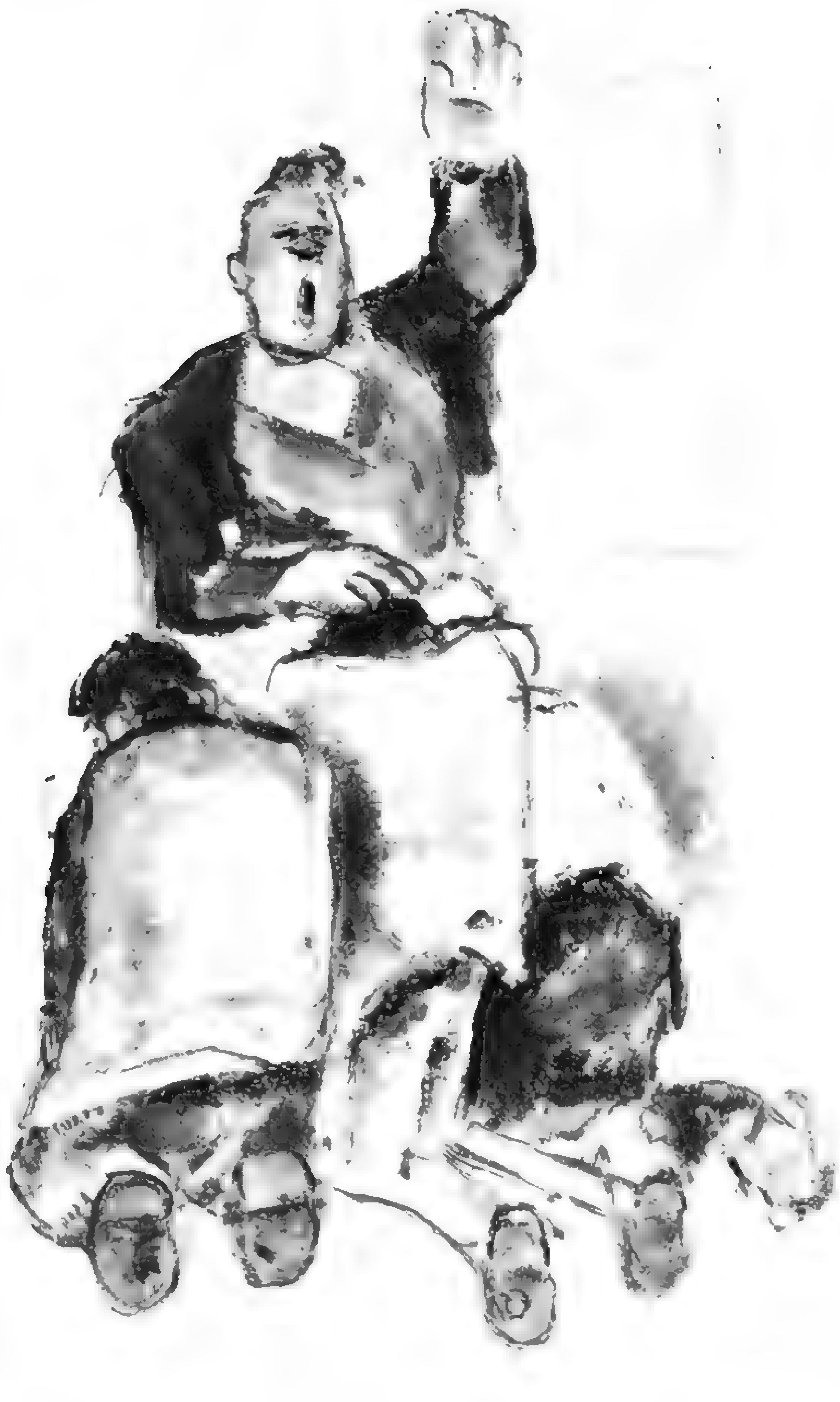
Cleanliness was not an early Christian virtue and here holiness is at home with smelliness. The warm perfume of armpits lies like a thick cloud over the crowd and you feel that you could poke a finger into each separate stink, the way you break up smoke rings.

Someone stands up to testify. If it is someone from the group on the platform it is apt to be either a pretty girl or a young child. If it is someone from the front third of the audience, it is apt to be a formidable female, over forty-five and over one hundred eighty pounds. If it is someone from the middle third, it is apt to be a clean but threadbare man of decent but impoverished mien, soft spoken in his testimony but terribly sincere, in contrast to the raucous shouting of the large ladies up front who are so arrogantly sure of themselves in their superior status among the saved. If it is someone from the rear third, it is apt to be a dirty and disheveled bum, tattered and whiskery, who will mumble his first words, then become more carefully articulate under the searching scrutiny of the bouncing brother whose job it is to heave out the palpably unworthy.

He will say, if he is smart, something to the effect that he is a powerful sinner who has suffered for his sins (both statements easy to believe at a glance at him) and that he has felt tonight the need to get right with God, and that he wants everyone present to pray for him. Then after a decent interval, he may walk up to the door at the rear and going on through to the canteen, may do right well for himself with sandwiches and doughnuts free of charge.

An offering is taken up, before the evening services get properly under way. It is in fact, taken up on the installment plan, as the first canvass of the crowd seldom yields more than a few cents. Upon being reminded that they number almost two hundred, and that a total of two dollars ought,





therefore, to be within reason, the crowd is given another chance. It seldom results in the attainment of the desired total. The plate is passed again, until the two dollar goal is either achieved or demonstrated to be an impossible objective. Then the meeting gets under way.

Brother Kelly stands at the rostrum. Seated behind him are Brothers Hughes and O'Neill. Wisely, because a hard night's work lies before them, they are both asleep. Brother Kelly leads with a light crack about dance halls and crosses with a stiff jolt about church going.

"Goin' to church'll no more make you a Christian," says brother Kelly out of the side of his mouth, "than hanging 'round a garage will make ya an automobil'."

"Amen, 'tis true, hallelujah, praise the Lord," chants Sister Platz from her place at the piano.

Brother Kelly comes back with a wicked dig at smoking. "You can breathe hellfire through your nostrils soon enough, if you've a mind to, without startin' it down here on earth. It's the Devil stokin' his furnace when smoke comes outta the human body that was meant to be God's temple. If God'd wanted ya to smoke he'd a put a chimley on toppa yer heads. Amen," says Brother Kelly crisply and challengingly, "Amen!"

"Ho-ho-ho—'tis true, hallelujah, ho-ho, praise the Lord," says Sister Platz.

Brother Kelly feels that testimony should begin at home, and before calling for testimony from the audience, will offer some himself. He details the depths of sin which he himself, in his unregenerate days, once sounded. He tells how he once scoffed at those who tried to save him. He concludes with the story of his salvation, punctuated with his own *Amens* and with *Hallelujahs* from Sister Platz. "You're not a Christian until you're ready to stand up before your fellow men and say so—until you've felt the personal touch of a personal God—until you've learned to walk with Him and talk with Him—until you've got the faith that heals."

Amens now come from all over the crowd, mingled with *Praise the Lords* and *Hallelujahs*. Voices here and there are raised in a half-chanting repetition of the words, *Thank you, Jesus.*

As the voices die down, prompting stage whispers can be heard from somewhere in the front rows, and one of the little girls on the platform stands up, blushes deep, shakes her head at someone in the audience, half-sits down again.

"C'mon, little sister, speak up," says Brother Murphy, "Don't let the Devil pull you down again. The old Devil doesn't want you to testify, and he'll try to stop you if he can, but c'mon, speak right up."

The little girl speaks, parrot-like, in a voice half-muffled by embarrassment, "I praise the Lord and thank him for saving me from sin. Pray for me and—and—and help me to keep away from worldly things. I thank God for saving me and for making my arm well again." The last words are almost swallowed as she sits down.

"Amen, praise the Lord," says Brother Kelly, and half a dozen others get up to testify. But a big balloon-breasted woman raises her hand and requests, in a tone that would drown out a tuba, permission to interrupt the meeting.

"I'm Isabel's grandmother," she explains, "and Isabel didn't tell the half about that arm."

"Bless you sister, go right ahead," says Brother Kelly and sits down between Brothers Hughes and O'Neill.

"Dear ones," says the big woman, "if ever a case showed that God hears prayers and steps in where doctors fail, this was it. Stand up and show 'em your arm, Isabel. See, folks, that arm's as good as anybody's. Well, would you believe it, three doctors wanted to cut off that arm. And I wouldn't let 'em go ahead. They had a lot of big words to tell what was wrong with it, but I just kicked 'em right out and I made my son and my daughter-in-law get down on their knees with me and pray to find out what to do, because the Scriptures say what God has joined together let no man put asunder and God didn't mean for that arm to be put asunder and I knew it, and so I asked Him about it and just as loud as I'm talking to you, dear ones, here tonight, He answered me and He said that child's got a blood-poison. So I made my son call up a doctor in Chicago to come out and look at the arm—my son lives in a small town and I never did think those doctors out there knew what they were doing, but anyway, to make a long story short, the doctor from Chicago came and he said, just what God told me about that arm and he lanced it and took out three cups of that poison or rather pus, and so I asked all my friends to pray for us that night, or rather this was the next night—the doctor came in the forenoon and this was that night—so all the Pentecostal people I know I asked them to pray that night and we prayed in our house and the next morning that arm was all right again."

Cheers greet this testimony, and another woman gets up. Her mouth is puckered and twisted, as if she had a piece of lemon in it, and her cheek is a corrugated yellow. She has a pronounced squint, but it serves only to emphasize the glitter in her eyes. "He's real," she shouts, "I know He's real—I've walked with Him, I've talked with Him, and He has called me His own. He has saved me when I was deep in sin, and He has cured me when I was ailing. Why, only last year I was still wearing glasses, and I had worn them for thirteen years, and one night when I was talking with Jesus, He said leave off your glasses tomorrow and I did and I've never put them on since. And right now I want to announce that there is one with us tonight who is sick and has come to be healed."

She points to the man next to her, who is seated next to the wall. His chin is on his chest, his eyes are closed, and his body is slumped against the wall, limp as a sack.

Brother Kelly, who wears glasses, looks none too pleased. He nudges Brother O'Neill who blinks and springs up as though kicked erect, and says, "Amen, let us sing."

The song is a teetery hymn, but Brother O'Neill leads like a college cheer-leader. "C'mon, let's have some noise, clap your hands, beat that drum, you down there, c'mon sister, pass out some of them tambourines, let's snap it up for the Lord." The same verse is sung over and over again, a little louder and a little faster each time.

Between exhortations to noisier devotion, Brother O'Neill sings loudly off key, which reassures some of the men who have been humming half to themselves, and the song redoubles in volume. "C'mon," shouts Brother O'Neill, "C'mon you Pentecostal people, let's see some manifestations, let the spirit come down into you."

A woman gets out into the aisle, and raises her arms again and again, slowly from her knees up over her head, to a long shrill

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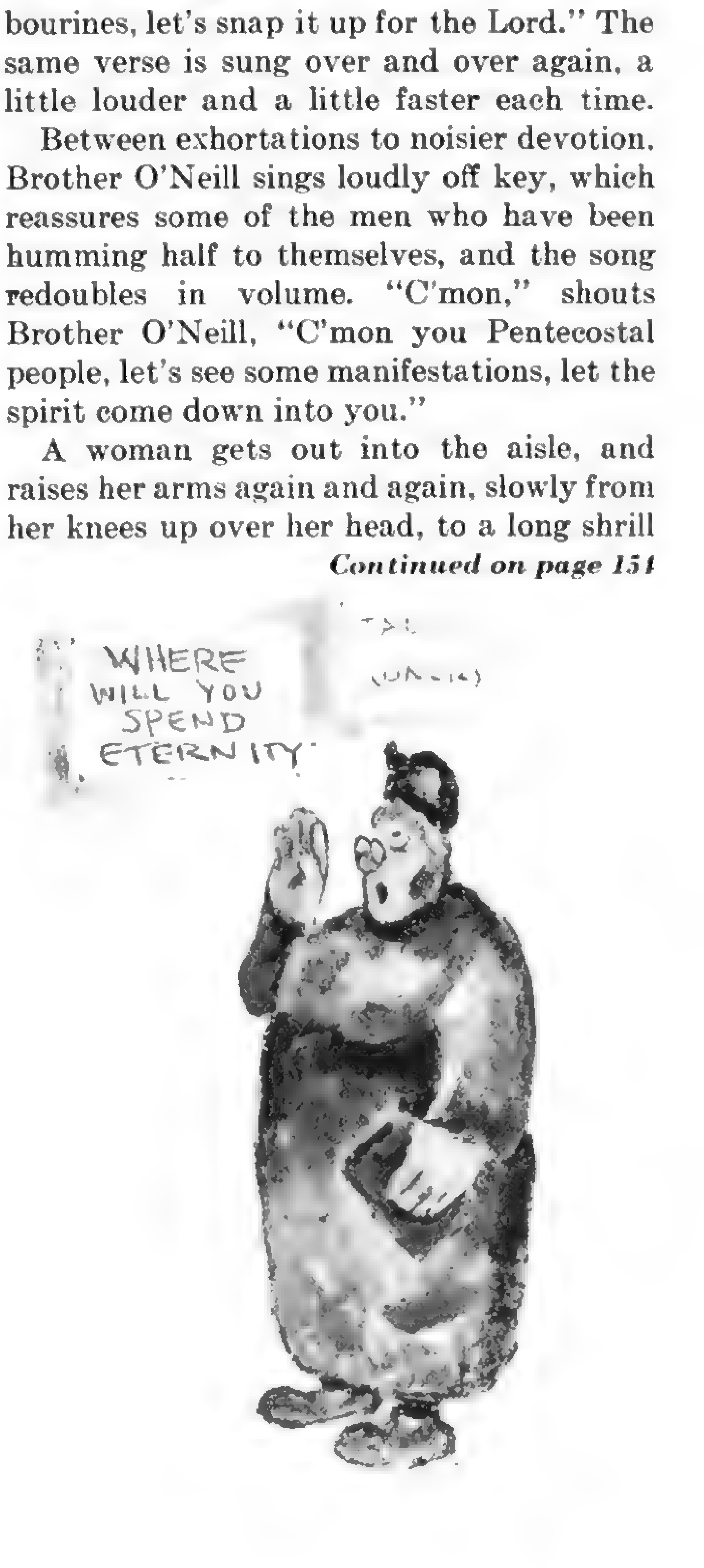
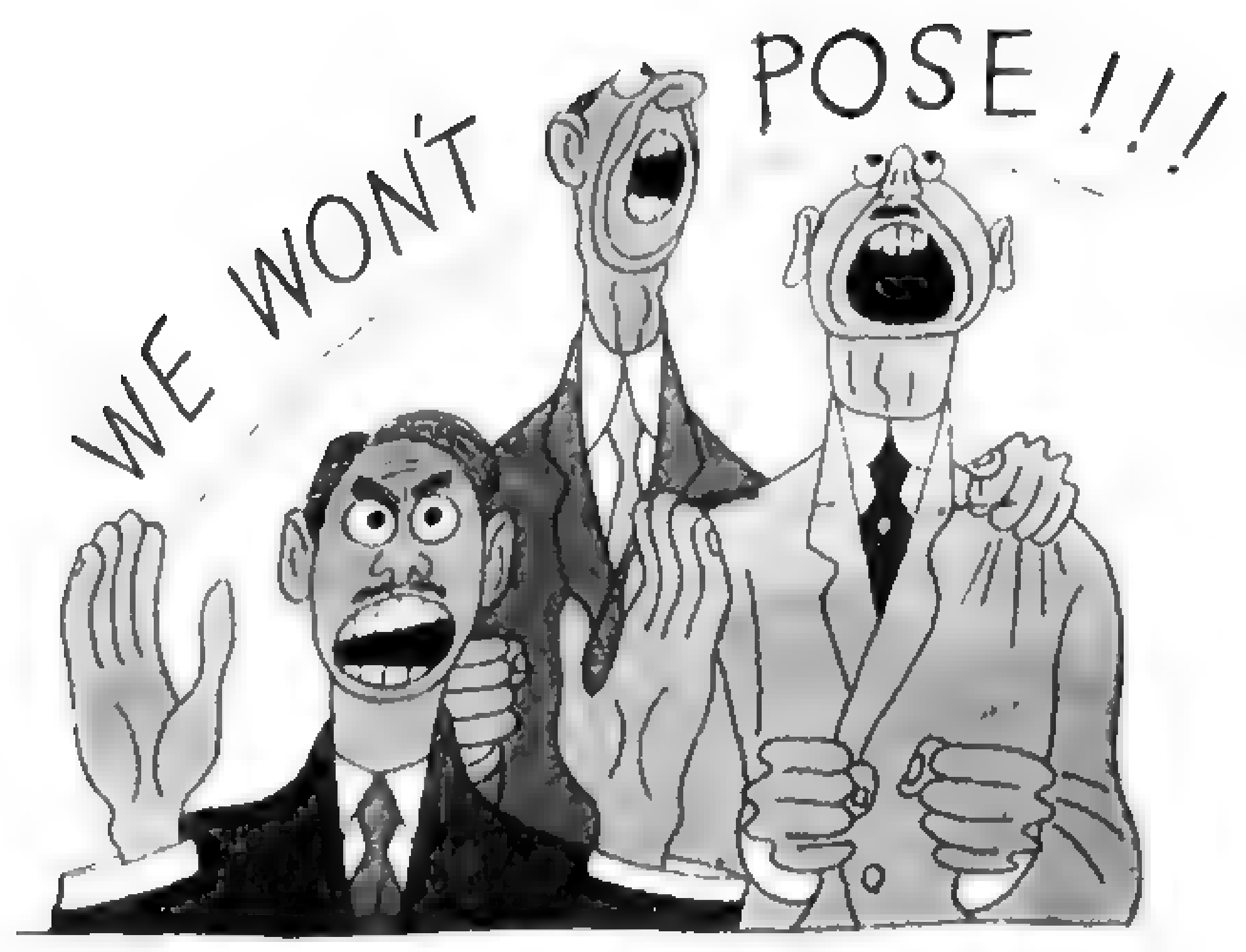

WHERE WILL YOU SPEND ETERNITY

Interviewing the Great

An interviewer, by the grace of God and George Bernard Shaw, tells how it is done

by S. J. WOOLF


WE WON'T POSE!!!

HAD it not been for George Bernard Shaw the chances are that I would never have become an interviewer. I went to his home—he was living at the time in Adelphi Terrace—to make a drawing of him, and the supposedly sardonic old gentleman was so kindly and courteous and spoke so charmingly that I was tempted to put on paper what he said. The result was my first interview.

There is another fact connected with my meeting with Shaw which has left an indelible impress upon my memory. The first time I called at his house, I spoke with his secretary through an iron gate which barred the stairway to the second floor. She was obdurate in her refusal to permit me even to see the venerable author. I left downcast and walked by the long row of gloomy houses which had been built by the Adams brothers during the latter part of the eighteenth century.

I was anxious to make a drawing of Shaw but I realized that the ordinary approach would get me nowhere. Accordingly when I returned to my hotel I sent him a note. I wrote that I had read in one of his works that the only reason that he had posed for Rodin was in order to attain immortality. "That is all right as far as Europe is concerned," I said, "but with true Shavian modesty I want to tell you that in order for you to gain immortality in America it is necessary for you to pose for me. I only require about a half an hour and after all this is a small price to pay for everlasting fame."

The following day I received a characteristic Shavian post card, written in the small well-known hand. "I have had so much experience as an artist's model that my price is now $3750 an hour, moreover I shall not be disengaged for a year to come."

It was the third of July. I immediately sat down and replied. "Your price is acceptable to me. I charge the same for making a drawing. As far as being disengaged is concerned, that does not matter. I can draw you while you are busy. Were you to pose tomorrow and autograph the drawing think what it would mean to the American people to have two vital documents both signed on the Fourth of July."

The letter did the trick and brought a telephone message asking me to call.

I can still see the dining room into which I was ushered, with its Welsh dresser and a portrait of Shaw by Augustus John, a portrait which Mrs. Shaw told me had caught most admirably her husband's spirit. There were books about everywhere. It was a home which reflected the tastes and personalities of its owners.

Shaw himself proved a surprise. Instead of the satirical, caustic writer I found a benevolent and sympathetic model who, despite the Mephistophelian turn to his eyebrows, was more like Santa Claus than Satan. Sitting on a cretonne covered sofa, he discoursed on life, religion and art.

I had almost as much trouble in seeing Einstein as I had in making an appointment with Shaw. I had called at the Einstein home, a comparatively small flat in Berlin, with no success. I had spoken with his daughter and son-in-law to no avail. As a last resort I called Mrs. Einstein on the phone. It was not until I told her that I had always heard that Professor Einstein had a kind heart and that I could not believe that he would not see a man who had traveled over three thousand miles to make a drawing of him, that she relented and arranged an hour for me to see the Professor.

I was early in arriving for my appointment but the Professor did not keep me waiting long. He came into the room with bath robe and slippers and asked me to make myself at home until he had completed dressing.

Had this taken much time the results would not have justified it. When he returned his tie was askew, his coat collar was turned up and his hair was but little better arranged than when I first saw him.

He took me up to his attic room. It was there that he had worked out his theory on relativity. Beneath a sloping window was a table on a dais. Beside it was an old-fashioned arm chair with an antimacassar pinned on its back. Another table with a red and white cloth was as littered as the first with papers and pamphlets. Confusion reigned everywhere but the Professor was apparently unaware of it.

He seated himself in the chair on the dais and before I had arranged my drawing materials he had taken from his pocket a black fountain pen and some scraps of paper on which were figures. As if he were absolutely alone he began jotting down notes.

A night or so before I had been in one of Berlin's chess rooms. As he sat making these notes and changing figures, while he puffed a cigarette and twirled one of his long gray locks, I could not help thinking of some of the men I had seen poring over chess boards. It was impossible not to feel that this wide-eyed dreamer was not concerned with the material results which might ensue from the arrangement of figures which he was making. He, like the chess players, was intent upon solving a problem—the solution alone interested him.

It was also in Berlin that I saw the late Gustave Stresemann. He made a remark at the time which in the light of present circumstances, shows how comparatively little men at the head of nations understand their own people.

We were speaking of Mussolini and I had said that he had impressed me as an actor.

"He is too great a man to act so much," said Stresemann. "Acting may be necessary for the Italians, but can you imagine what the German people would say if one of their leaders were to behave as he does? Ridicule, not patriotic fervor, would be aroused."

That was four years ago. Much has happened in the meantime and the German people are being ruled by a man who has out-acted Mussolini.

The real head of Italy combines with his sense of the theatrical a keen appreciation of its humorous side. He realizes the value of pomp and glamour, he is never forgetful of his dignity nor does he ever fail to impress his authority. Yet he is not blinded to the amusing episodes that attend his show of power.

Picture to yourself an immense room in which there are two large globes, one terrestrial, one celestial, and the model of a Roman trireme. In one corner is a desk behind which a middle-sized man in standing. A visitor enters and the man behind the desk rubs his hands together, knits his brows and stares with burning black eyes. As the visitor

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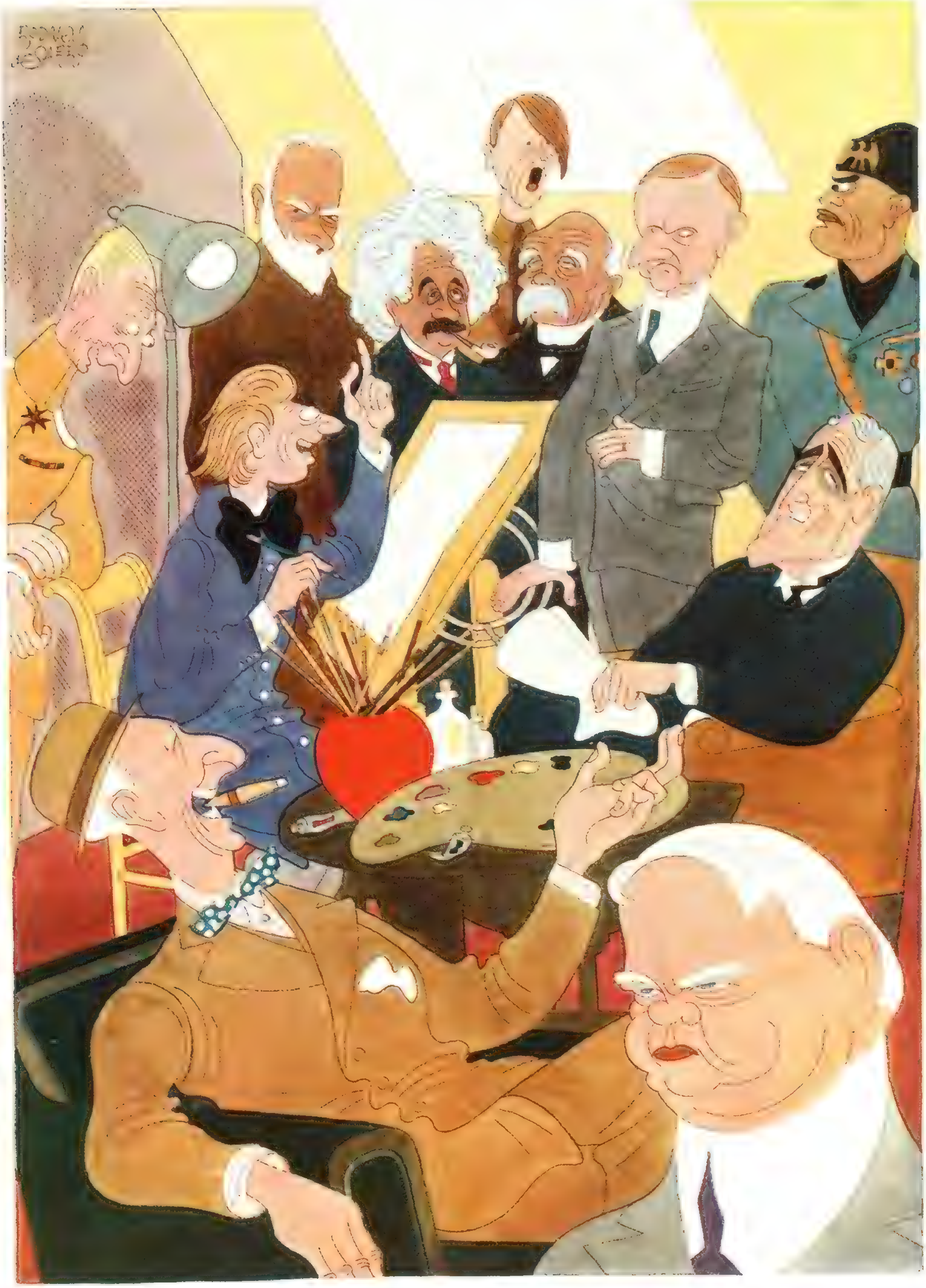
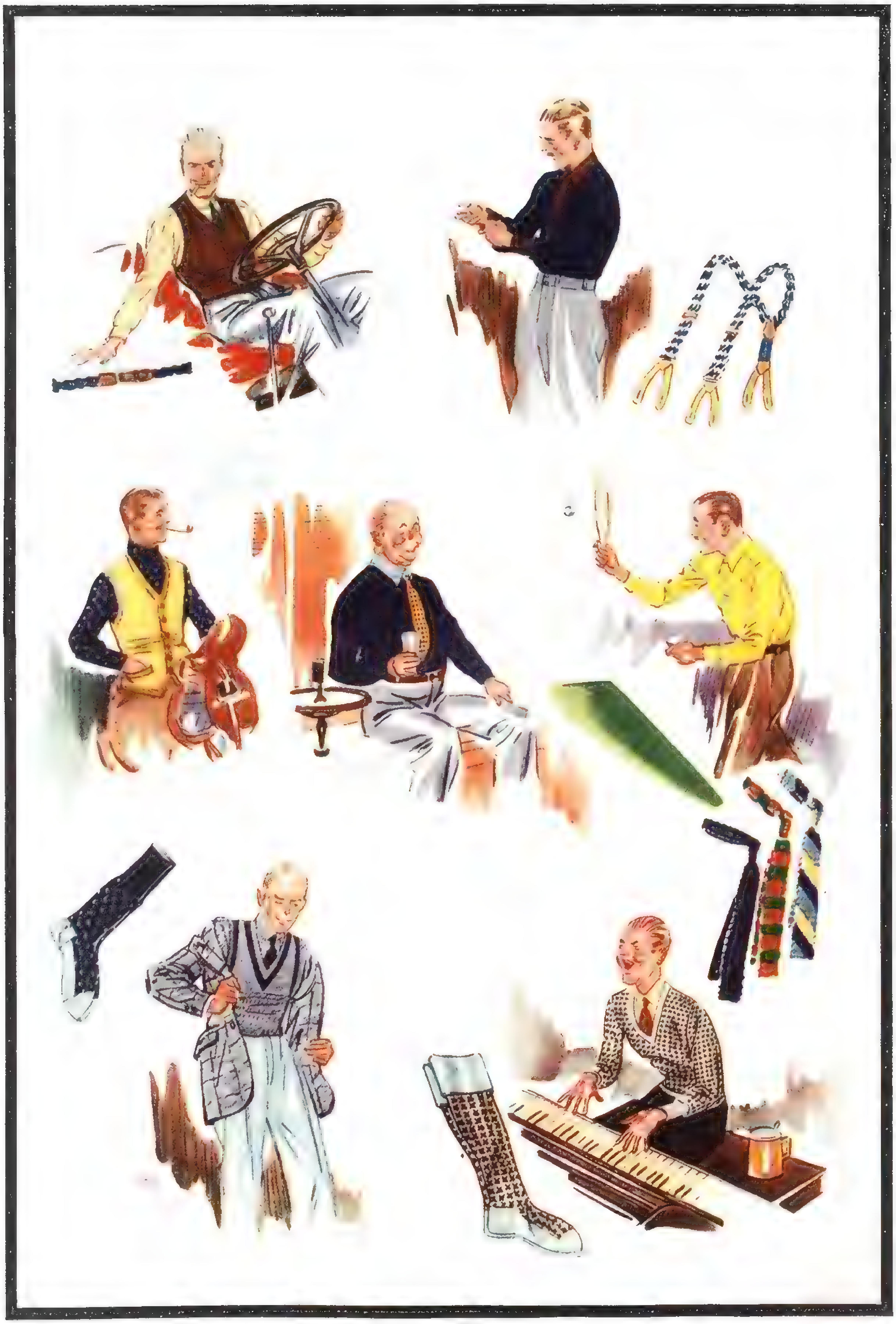
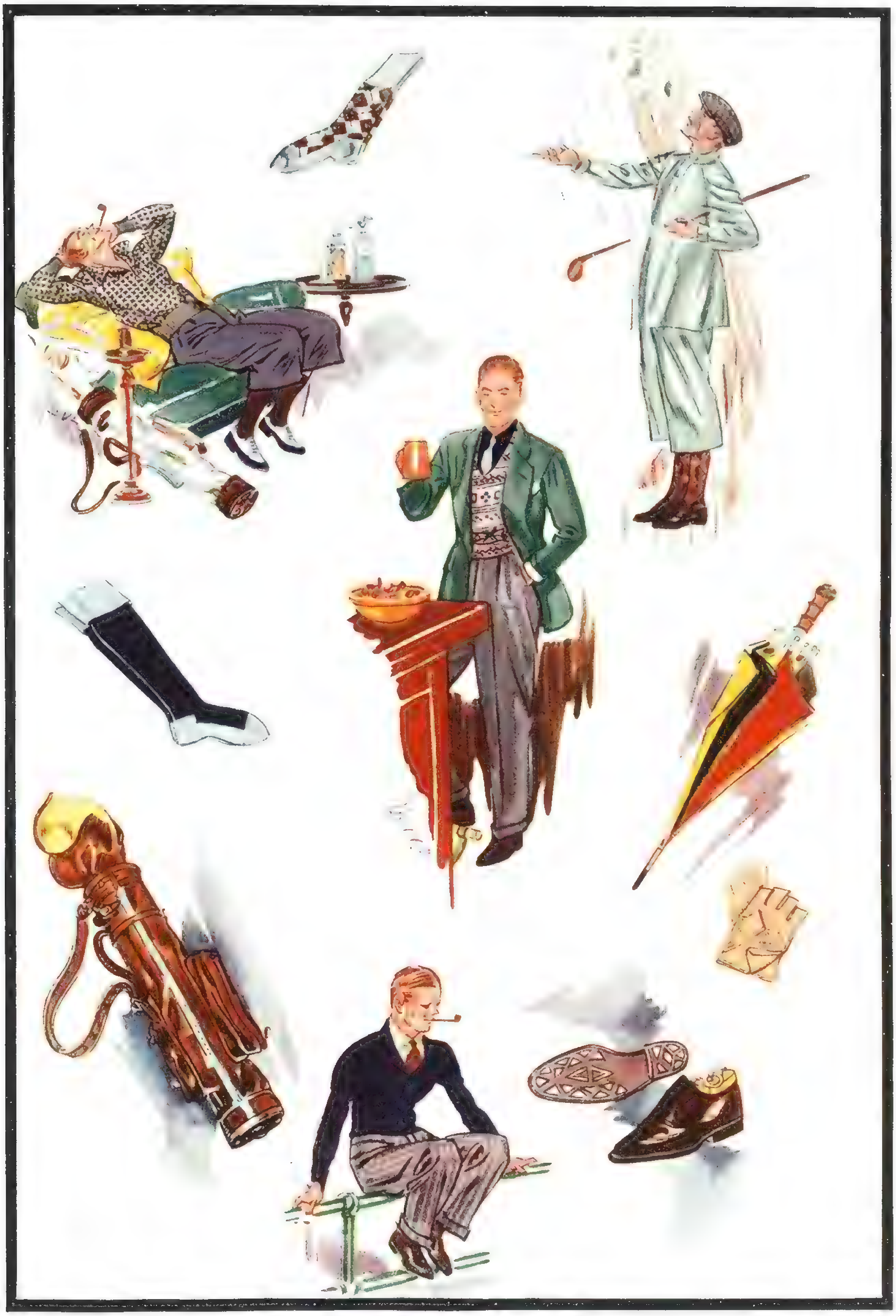

RODNEY deSARRO

S. J. WOOLF AMONG THE GREAT *by* RODNEY de SARRO



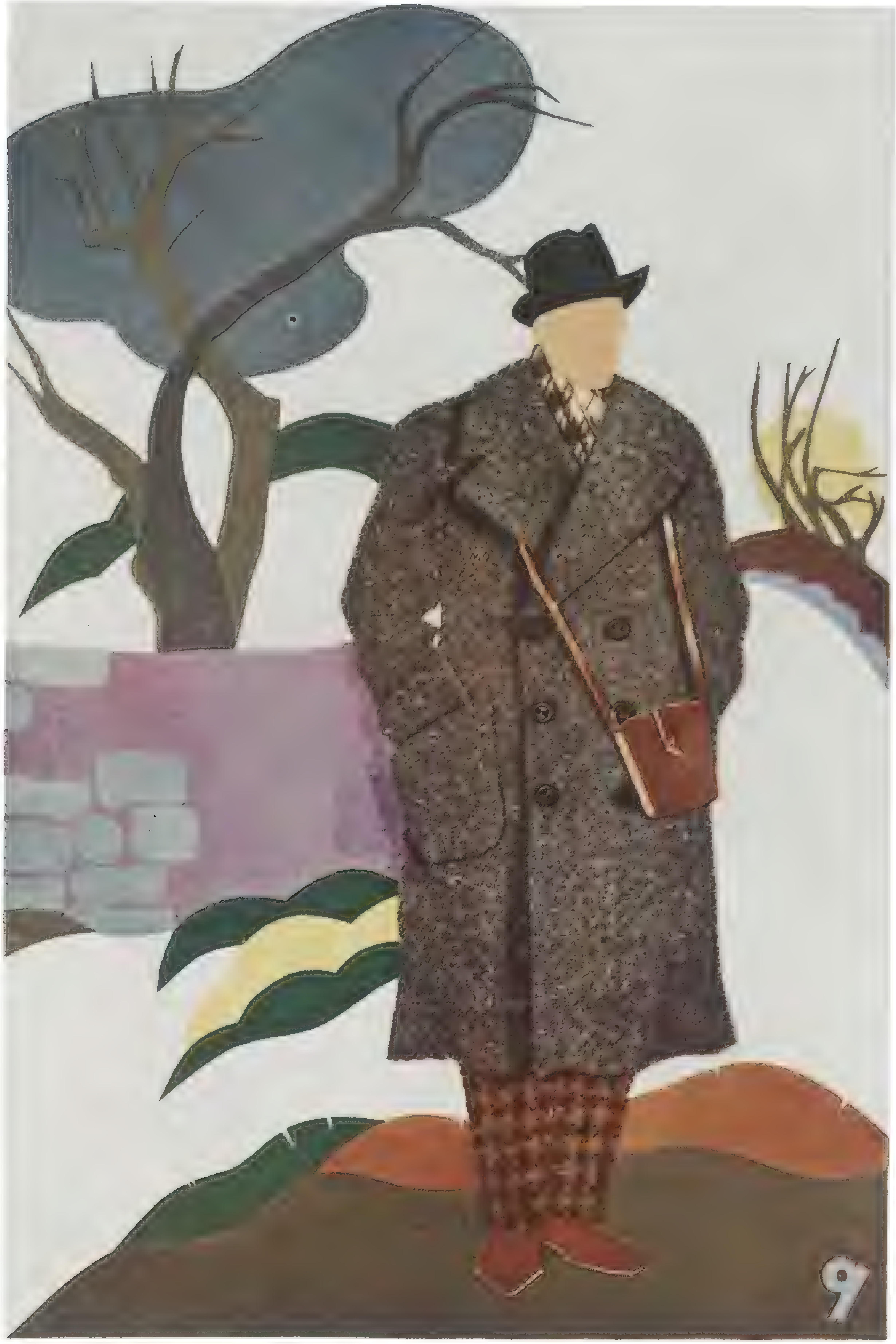
A PAGE FOR THE KNIT GOODS ADDICT

Upper left: A new short sleeveless cardigan and a close knitted sports belt. *Upper right:* The new polo shirt sports contrasting collars and cuffs; the braces are knitted silk. *Left center:* Yellow knitted waistcoat, worn over a polka dotted flannel shirt which has a stock to match—very smart and horsey. *Center:* Silk and wool shirt for golf and country, with striped broadcloth collar—has even been seen in town on very cold days. *Right center:* A solid color silk and wool polo shirt and three favored crochet knit ties; the shirt is ideal for all around sports use and the ties may be worn, with rough fabrics, either in or out of town. *Lower left:* Hand knit polka dot wool hose—a pattern with a high fashion ranking at the moment; a light grey short sleeveless sweater of India cashmere with contrasting trim. *Lower right:* A light weight sweater, in small checks, and not meant, as the picture might wrongly suggest, to match the hound's-tooth check golf hose.



A PAGE FOR THE ARDENT GOLFER

Upper left: The outfit, in case you care, that the Prince of Wales is now wearing—maroon and white hound's-tooth knitted shirt, dark grey tweed knickers, solid color wool hose of wine red, black and white moccasin shoes. *Top:* Heavy wool Argyle patterned half-hose for those who prefer slacks for golf. *Upper right:* Oilskin blouse and three-quarter length trousers (long enough to cover knickers) recommended for the any-weather golfer. *Left center:* Englishmen currently evince a preference for golf hose in deep solid colors with white or light colored cuff. *Center:* Club lounge outfit; lovat jacket of light weight cheviot, long sleeved navy polo shirt, light blue knit tie, sleeveless Fair Isle sweater (long gone but never forgotten), grey flannel slacks and brown buck shoes. *Right center:* Golf umbrella and fingertipless gloves. *Bottom row:* Carryall golf bag of light weight leather, cardigan with polo collar, and rubber soled golf Scotch grain golf shoes.



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THE FABRIC PICTURE FOR COUNTRY WEAR

Embassy to Moscow

An article that gives you an intimate inside view of what may be ahead for Mr. Bullitt

by WILLIAM C. WHITE

"Now that the United States has recognized us," a Russian peasant is reported to have said on hearing the news, "all our problems are over. When will the new governor-general arrive and chase out the Communists?"

Recognition may mean the end of various foreign problems which have troubled American presidents since 1918. It may mean the solution of the problem of those American businessmen who want to sell their surplus machinery and raw cotton. But for the hundred people, who have just left to staff the American Embassy in Moscow and the various consulates throughout the Soviet Union, their Russian problems have only begun. Almost every Russian-speaking American except Prince Romanoff has applied for a place on that staff but all places are filled. For the past ten years the State Department has been training young men in the Russian language school in Paris and at Riga, Latvia, where Russian is spoken by all citizens as a tonsil-resting relief from Lettish.

Their education in Russian ways has not yet started. They face the problem of finding quarters in a city where no newspaper ever advertises "Houses and Rooms for rent" because seven families now share a seven-room apartment and seven more families are on the waiting list. They face the problem of social life in a city where one of the more blessed results of the Russian revolution has been the elimination of "eligible and marriageable daughters" and where no herd of buxom matrons is eager to do a little social alpenstocking by entertaining the "embassy crowd." They face the problem of food in a land where staples common in the American diet are so difficult to procure that the new Ambassador, William Bullitt, proposes to take along, as part of his staff, several bourgeois American cows. And they face another problem, peculiarly Soviet, of "friendships" in a nation where any citizen who is willing to mix with the diplomatic circle is suspect because of his very willingness.

These are personal problems. A lot of new professional problems await our embassy to Moscow. The previous American embassy retired silently almost sixteen years ago, just a few months (according to Soviet legend) after they had lent Kerensky a helping hand, in his eagerness to flee from the Bolsheviki—a helping hand, an embassy automobile, and an American flag as well. In those sixteen years a beaver nest of debris has piled up—little things, not the problems of debts and of trade which concern two nations, but petty affairs that vitally concern individuals: the transfer of the thousand dollar inheritance which a coal miner in Pennsylvania left to his family in a small Russian village; the affairs of the child, in a Russian factory town, who claims some peripatetic American for his father; the cases of the six hundred Russians in this country awaiting deportation, hitherto impossible because there was no country, legally, to which they could be deported; the worries of those American citizens who, in a fevered flurry of ruddy enthusiasm, gave up their American passports to become Soviet citizens and who now, having cooled, would like to reverse the process. There are the questions of Soviet marriage and divorce. Does recognition legalize in the United States the results of Soviet marriage laws? If so, the enterprising Soviet Tourist Bureau can advertise here, "Divorce, gratis, with each ten-day tour of Russia!"

These are professional matters and they are complicated. Yet it is the personal problems which all embassies to Moscow have found the most difficult.

An American embassy to Moscow will be a welcome addition to the diplomatic circle. That circle is smaller than in other national capitals for, while most European nations have diplomatic delegations to Russia, there are none from Central or South America. Most of these embassies and legations are housed in homes which once belonged to the wealthy. The staff live wherever they can find rooms. In most cases the Soviet government rents the residence to the foreign nation and no small part of some attache's time is occupied in persuading the landlord to repair the heater or the roofing. Austria was given a house, rent-free, for damage done to the former Austrian embassy in Petrograd.

For the past ten years the home of a former merchant, on a little square in what was an aristocratic part of the city, has been held for the Americans "if and when." Mr. Bullitt will probably live there, although there is no place for his cows. The house is chiefly triumphant staircase and entry hall. There are magnificent banisters for sliding and an elaborate goldfish pool. But there is no place for secretaries, attaches, offices, and diplomatic paraphernalia. And, after ten days of house-hunting in Moscow, Mr. Bullitt decided to build an apartment house and office for the staff.

A member of the American legation in Riga, not particularly friendly to the Soviet government, made another suggestion. "We built a good building here and we like Riga. Why not keep the embassy in Latvia?" A trainload of Soviet diplomats, bound abroad, to attend a reception in their honor at the American embassy in Riga, would be a revolutionary diplomatic affair.

With living arrangements settled somehow, there is the next problem, of the Russian people. There are 170,000,000 of them in the Soviet Union.

"And the best way never to meet any of them," said one ambassador, stationed for eight years in Moscow, "is to belong to an embassy!" His daughter added, "In the

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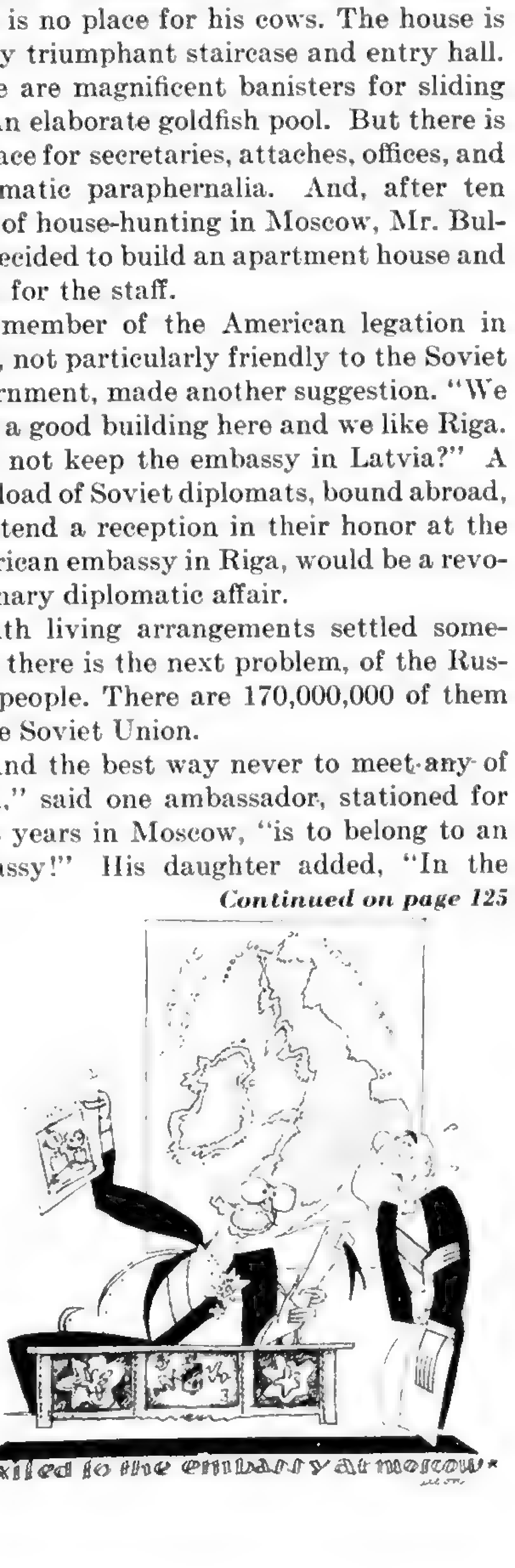


exiled to the embassy at moscow

Kittens Can Climb

Continued from page 43

visited the Farthing ménage. I happened to sell three pictures the same afternoon that Ferati got paid for a portrait commission, so we performed the usual rites together. I went to bed about three, comfortably loaded with absinthe. About six I became conscious of uproar as I lay still confused, trying to coördinate the consciousness of daylight and heat and the impression of a brass band in my ears. Over at Farthing's they had moved the victor onto the back gallery and turned the darned thing loose with a loud needle and a full orchestra record. I heard shouts and laughter, so, being still rather tight, put on trousers over my pajamas and went across the roof. When they saw me they shouted, "Come on over, we've all been pinched!"

I jumped the gap. Gladys met me at the rail, seizing both my hands.

"Don't you ever come over that roof again, it makes me feel ill. You know I have altophobia. Now promise me, please."

For all that trick, artificial, entirely phony word, she was not joking or being feminine; she was in deadly earnest.

I told her, "All right, if it bothers you."

We stepped through the window and she introduced me. Her mother was in pyjamas and well liquored, a woman of forty-five whose face looked as though she had been kindly, respectable and foolish, then in adversity had collapsed into meanness. In repose, there were deep, straight, narrow lines from her nostrils to the corners of her mouth. As soon as I saw her I believed all I had been told about her terrible accesses of temper. Two boys sprawled on a sofa, one sat on a table, one on a chair. Two lay across an unmade bed on either side of a girl. They were boarders or friends from outside. I was told a string of shortened first names. Two were pretty bad eggs, the others were not high types, but no harm in them. The girl, Mae, was one of those pretty chickens with a hard, dead face. She had come in the night before with one of the boys, "to the party."

Gladys had on a green dress, inside out, and no stockings. Her splendid hair was incredible in the middle of all that tawdry mess.

"The cops took us to jail, but Willie's father's a politician and he got us out," one of the boys proclaimed.

"That makes twicet this month, ain't it, Miz Farthing, hanh?"

"Did all of you go?" I asked.

"No. Gladys was asleep and they left her, and Miz Farthing fooled 'em."

The landlady said, "I got into my pyjamas real quick and went to a back room upstairs, and made out like I was asleep."

Gladys interrupted. "They made so much noise when they came back, I got excited and put my dress on inside out. Look." That child's voice.

"It was that damn ole man across the street," Mrs. Farthing took up again. "He called the police. We was only playing the victor in the front room, soft, too. All the boys went, and Mae and Ethel. Say, where at's Ethel?"

"Gone off with Charlie. Say, did you hear what she said to the cop? Well, we was stopping at the station, see? And she asks him, 'Is this all the further we go?' And he says, 'That's all the further, but we can make it as often as you-all like'."

"Say, Mr. Brenton, have you got any gin? hanh?" Mrs. Farthing beamed on me. "I make dandy gin rickeys. They're good in this hot weather, too."

I fetched some gin, going around by the street this time. Some of the boys became sleepy and turned in, a couple of them actually had work to go to. Mae and Willie drove off in his car. I thought that this was a literal example of the term "disorderly house." There were at least two dozen empty bottles ranked along the baseboard, cigarette stubs were all over the place like lice. There were two kitchen chairs, an overstuffed armchair, a sick looking sofa, a table covered with dirty plates, glasses and bottles, a really good antique cheval glass with a piece knocked out of the bottom, and three college pennants on the wall—Tulane, Suwanee, and Princeton. The next room was dark.

Having seen it, I went to that place as little as possible, and I felt sorry for Gladys. Granted that in her passive, mysterious way she had retained the morals and refinement of the better days when her father was alive, granted her vague yearnings towards prettiness and order, it was small wonder if all that disorder and rottenness, and her mother's drinking and fierce temper, drove her to drink too much herself.

I tried to help the girl, but she wasn't helpable. She wanted to get away from there, but she had no training, she wasn't strong, she could not support herself in any way. Nothing would serve. She was ineffectual: as one listened to her story, or watched her silly, charming mannerisms, one felt that if something were put right into her hands she wouldn't be able to grasp it. She had a hard luck story, all right, and she always would have. She was so occupied with maintaining the shadow of a refined life that she couldn't pull herself together to go out and get the actuality. Her room was like herself, incredible in that house. It was neat, and full of any number of little things, a little book case, two small chairs, a good but obvious water-colour, and any number of miniature china figurines, scent bottles, and stuff like that. It was the artistic taste of a kitten.

Kitten was right, but kittens can climb, and this one said she had "altophobia." And yet, and yet, she had stayed decent under terrific pressure. The regular boarders there all respected her, one might almost say they were proud of her. They stood up for her, except when her mother really got into a fury; none of them would face that. So there must be some strength somewhere, one had to reserve judgment; after all, even her virtue had at first seemed to be part of the fluff and affectation. Strength somewhere, but I doubted it would ever come out in positive action.

She visited my place often enough to become rather a nuisance, her conversational range being rapidly exhausted. Twice when her mother was on a rampage she routed me out after midnight to give her shelter, coming over each time with her book of poems and some one of her more cherished knickknacks clutched to her, much as you will see a child hugging a pet doll. She would not let me give her the bed, but insisted on curling up in two armchairs put together. All this gave rise to some very fruity gossip in the French Quarter. She never did ask for much. I know she was often hungry, but it was hard to get her to accept a meal. When you persuaded her to a table, she would pretend she didn't want much, but after an attempt at beginning slowly, she would wade in and stow away food like a lumberjack.

In the end of July, for the first time she brought one of the boarders over to see me, a new arrival called Richard Manning, with whom she was clearly in love. She would be. He was about twenty-one and so good-looking I mistrusted him on sight. He was trying to make his way as a commercial writer, publicity and so on. After I got to know him, I had to admit that he was reasonably intelligent, quiet, and a very hard worker. That last was a great point in his favour, since any art colony is so overloaded with talk-artists who are always going to do something soon, and long-haired exponents of the wonderfulness of the me. It was a lean year in New Orleans, right after the flood, but he kept at it and didn't kick. After he began to warm up to her, Gladys stopped drinking entirely. I hoped it would last.

I supposed I was going to have the whole tale of her love dumped over me, but she never said a word about it, which I put down as a mark in her favour. He, when he became intimate, took me into his confidence, for he calmly assumed that Gladys was a problem which we were both committed to solve. He bought her some stockings, which she badly needed, and talked me into chipping in to buy her a dress, a cheap enough thing, but all too dear as my finances stood —or his, for that matter.

At first he thought the life at Farthing's was rich and gorgeous, good copy for the book he planned to write some day; but shortly it sickened him, and as he became fond of the girl he grew to think of it, as I did, a hell-hole. He stayed on there because of her, and because the old woman would always forgive the rent if one came around with a bottle of wine.

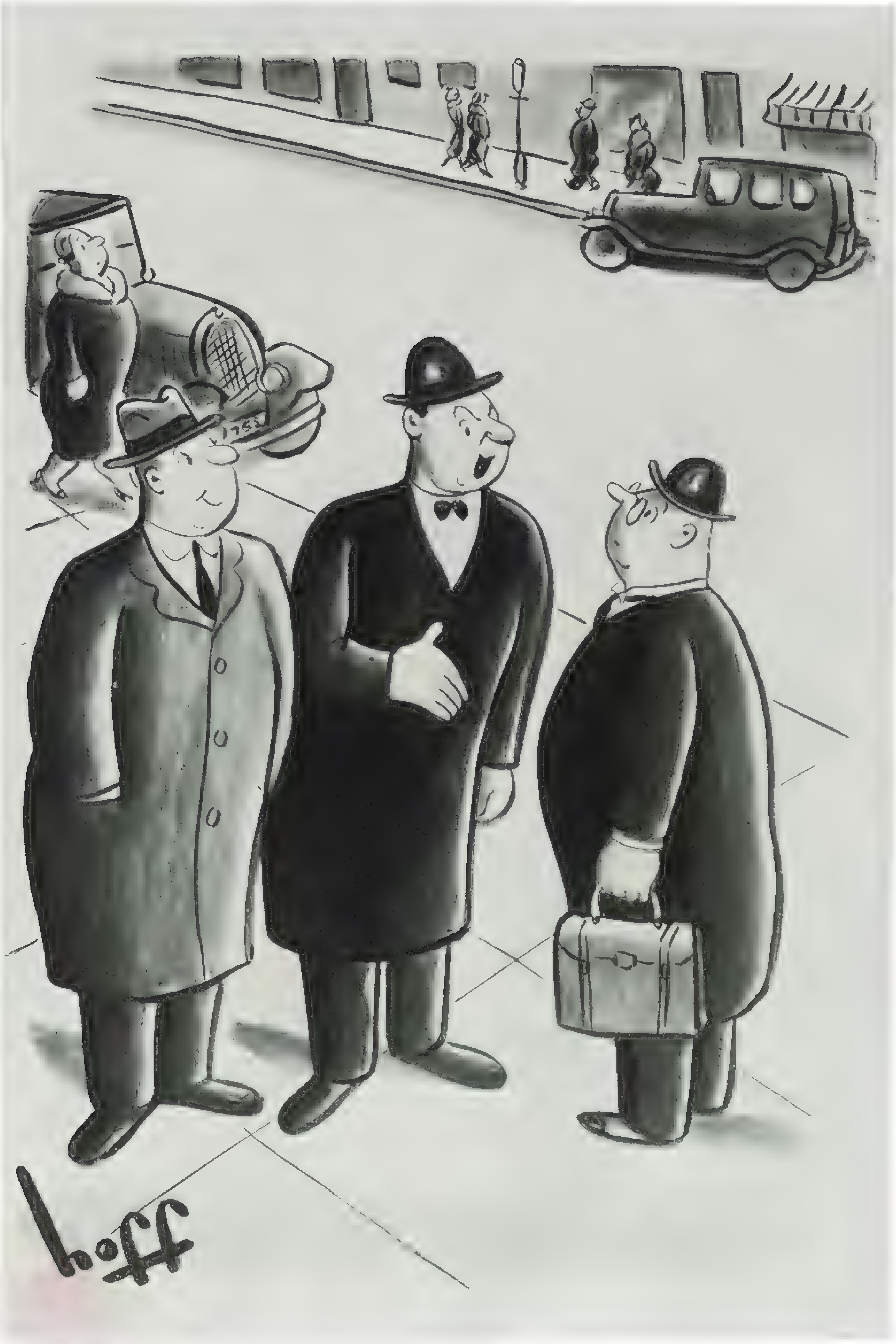
He seemed to have found in the girl a reality which I doubted. He agreed with me that she was surrounded by a cloud of affectations, so that it was impossible to tell where solidity was until you had tested it. One day we decided to try out this "altophobia" of hers, as a fair sample. We put a ladder from my balcony rail to the courtyard and forced her to descend that way. She got over the rail all right and then she turned dead white and started to shake, barely able to hang on. She shut her eyes tight, and it looked as though she were going to let go and crash any minute. We lifted her back; she sank to the floor with her face against the wall, pressing herself tight into a corner for the comfort of feeling enclosed. I thought she was going to be sick, and we both felt cheap.

The last morning in August Dick came over and spoiled my breakfast.

"Thanks, I'll take some coffee. I've got an offer to go to Biloxi to do stuff for a new resort hotel there. It's a real chance. Now," he went on before I could speak, "I've really got to take it, and that means leaving Gladys alone, so I'm leaving her in your care, so to speak."

I said "O.K." but I didn't put much feeling into it.

Continued on page 152



"Well, well, my old school teacher—H'ya, skunk!"

Mud-Hens and Loons

An article about mid-winter dinghy racing, as practiced by the Frostbite Yacht Club

by ERIC DEVINE

The Iroquois Indians of North America didn't dream that their war-training pastime of "baggataway" would develop into world-wide popularity, becoming, with scarcely any change, the modern game of Lacrosse; nor did Bill Ellis of Rugby School have any idea of what he was starting when one day, in the heat of a soccer game, he grabbed the pigskin, tucked it under his arm, and ran through the stupefied opposition for a goal. And, when George Ratsey brought a fleet of "Lymington Scows" to this country in 1930, he doubtless would have considered the person crazy who dared to predict that the racing of these sailing dinghies through fair weather and foul would become the fastest-growing and certainly the most hilarious class in the entire boat-racing setup.

But precisely such has happened, and most any week-end these days one can visit various of the Long Island Sound Yacht Clubs and see a lineup of twenty boats or more battling it out. Dressed in everything imaginable—heavy slickers, leather windbreakers, galoshes, high rubber boots—and squatting in the stern of an eleven-foot "dink," these zero zealots are funny. They'll admit it themselves. And, it is this very element of pure foolish fun, that, in spite of all the influences towards regulation and formality, has made the Frostbite Yacht Club the most informal racing organization we have. It is also this same hilarity that has caused the whole idea to grow, the impetus which brings out the competitors twelve months each year to race their courses in spite of everything—including the weather and for the sheer sport of it!

During the early part of 1930, George Ratsey, prominent American sail-maker and yachtsman, was visiting his native England, and while he was there, took some spins in a type of sailing dinghy he'd known as a boy. Here in America it had not been uncommon to use dinghies as tenders for big yachts, propelling them with outboard motors or by oar. But why not a good utility boat—a staunch and seaworthy dinghy—that would also sail? This was the question Mr. Ratsey asked himself, and he answered it by bringing over three of these little craft which were known in England as Lymington Scows.

Conducting his sail-making business and his regular boating activity, he was naturally well acquainted with the syndicates and the skippers who were backing the boats that had been built to defend America's Cup: *Weetamoe*, *Vanitie*, *Enterprise*, *Whirlwind* and *Yankee*.

It was a busy summer in the Sound—the preliminaries to determine the best of the American boats had to be run; many other regattas served to keep the boating calendar well-filled.

Mr. Ratsey gave two of his three "scows" to friends. The friends liked them, talked about them, sailed them. Then the same Mr. Ratsey imported twenty more of these little craft, and soon they were to be seen hanging from the davits of the Cup-defender boats and other big yachts; an occasional smaller sloop or yawl appeared with one of them in tow. Lying at anchor in a harbor during a race meeting, when there was time to kill, the inevitable happened:

"Hey there!—how's your dink?"

"Swell!—sails better than the big one!"

"How about a little race?"

"Let's go!"

And into the water the dinghies went. The halyard, about as big as a clothes-line, rattled through the pulleys, up went the featherweight sail—and they were off—loser buying the drinks!

Through the summer of 1930, the group of these boats which Mr. Ratsey had imported from England were sailed about, for utility as well as for sport, and people found them great fun. American builders saw the possibility of them and developed many for the market, selling quite a number, and by fall there was a good-sized fleet throughout the Sound.

Then along came a couple of fellows who were perhaps crazier about the sport than the average. In fact, they were regarded by several of their more intimate friends as rather "dinghy dippy." One of them, William H. Taylor, owned a Ratsey dinghy, and the other, H. Martyn (Slim) Baker, owned an American boat built by Dyer. New York was shivering through the cold December days, and these two hit upon the whimsical idea of conducting a regatta for dinghies. They liked the idea so much that they just couldn't wait until Spring to organize it, and they determined to have the races in the winter—in January! Needless to say, they got a great deal of publicity with the stunt, probably because every editor in town thought they were crazy!

Their announcements brought forth unexpected results. Anybody who owned a dinghy that sailed was not only eligible to compete, but was encouraged. The whole idea was a lark, and a surprising number of people wanted to be in on it. These tiny boats could be dug out of the hay-mow, the cellar, the garage, could be loaded on top of an automobile or on a trailer and transported to Port Washington, Long Island without too much trouble, and this, the first regatta, was a huge success. Eleven boats competed in this meeting, run on January second. An excellent gallery watched, and the first race was sailed in rain, the second in sleet, the third in a flurry of snow!

The excitement of the first regatta steeled their courage against the fickleness of the weather, and the whole thing seemed to everyone to be such a good idea that they immediately organized the Frostbite Yacht Club—a sort of unofficial dinghy fraternity with no clubhouse of their own, but, from then on, welcome in any clubhouse. They decided, after some deliberation, that their club burgee should picture a polar bear sitting on a cake of ice.

As soon as the news of this mid-winter regatta became known, when the organization of the Club was announced and plans for the future widespread, the public at large, sitting before cozy fireplaces throughout the land, considered these fellows a bit looney. But, the official use of this term "loon" was not recognized by the Frostbite Yacht Club until about a year later.

As the regattas continued, the competition became keener. Men who wished to win races had to learn the many whims of their boats, had to put every iota of skill into their sailing—the last wisp of air, however infinitesimal, had to be manipulated into the canvas. And a boat that is being raced, that is to say, pushed, must often take chances. Carrying a considerable amount of sail—seventy-two square feet in all—these boats are what might be considered treacherous, especially if the blow is a real one. They must be handled with the care and patience of a watch-maker, for, as every race bears proof, these dinghies capsize—often very abruptly and with amazing efficiency—tossing their skippers into the briny, fur coats and all! Six capsizings in a single race, a spectacle which happened during one of the Essex, Connecticut regattas, remains a record.

The Frostbite racers, who, during a sanctioned regatta, capsize for what the committee considers "legitimate reasons" are classified as "loons." Those skippers who go over through carelessness, foolishness, stupidness, drunkenness—their faults are punished by a thorough ducking, after which they are officially and automatically elected to the "mud-hen" group.

Soon after this business of dinghy racing

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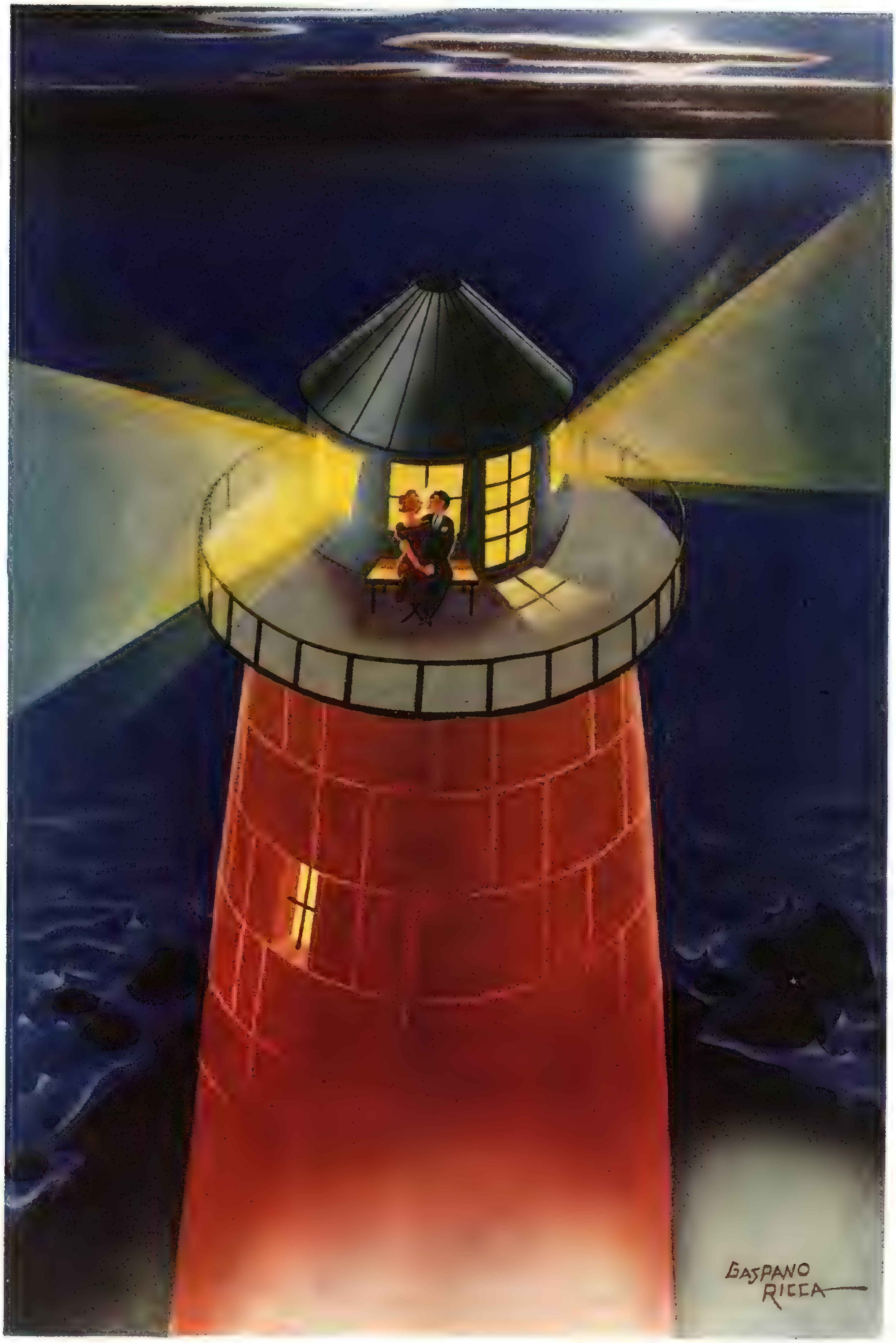
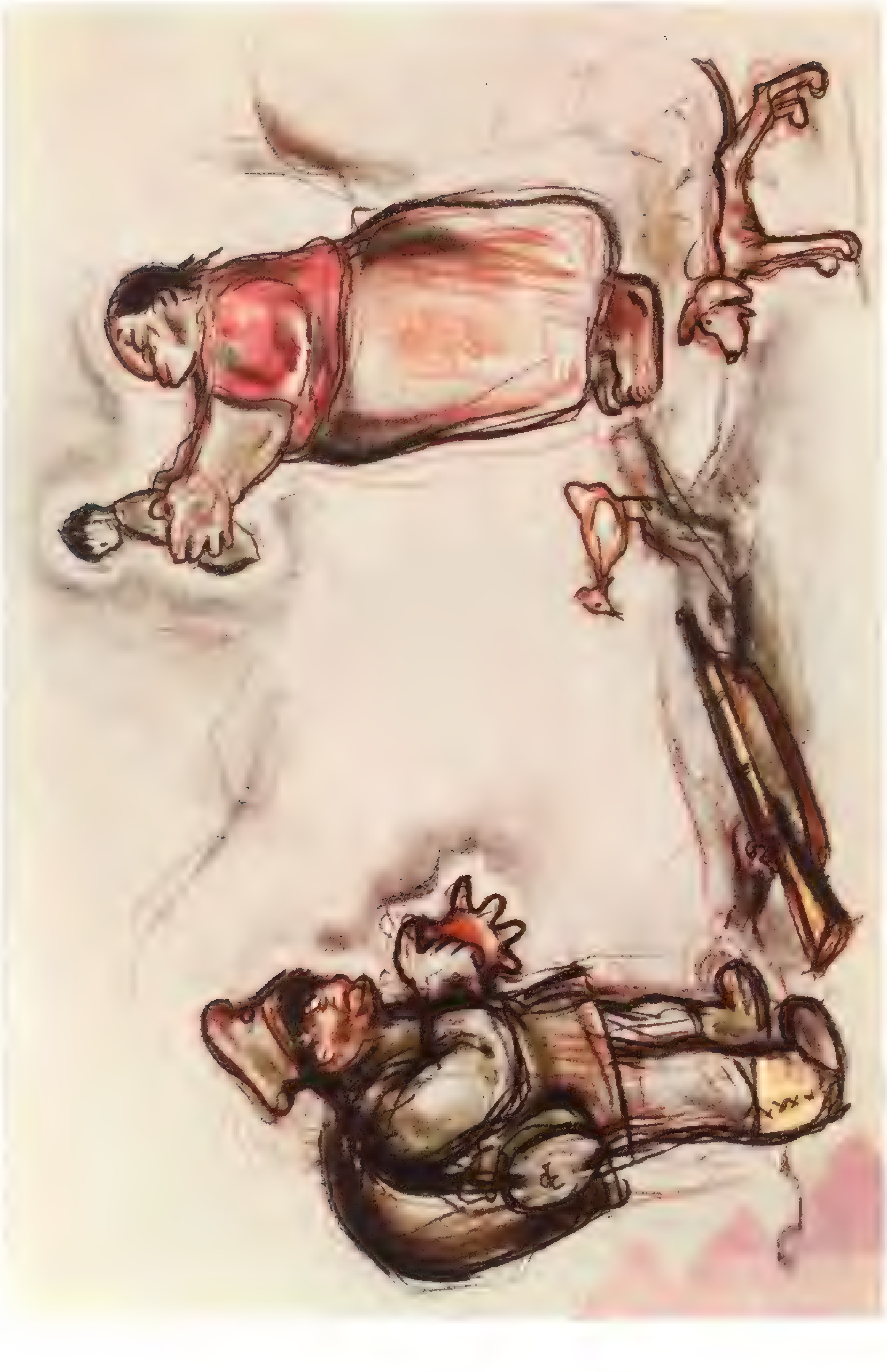
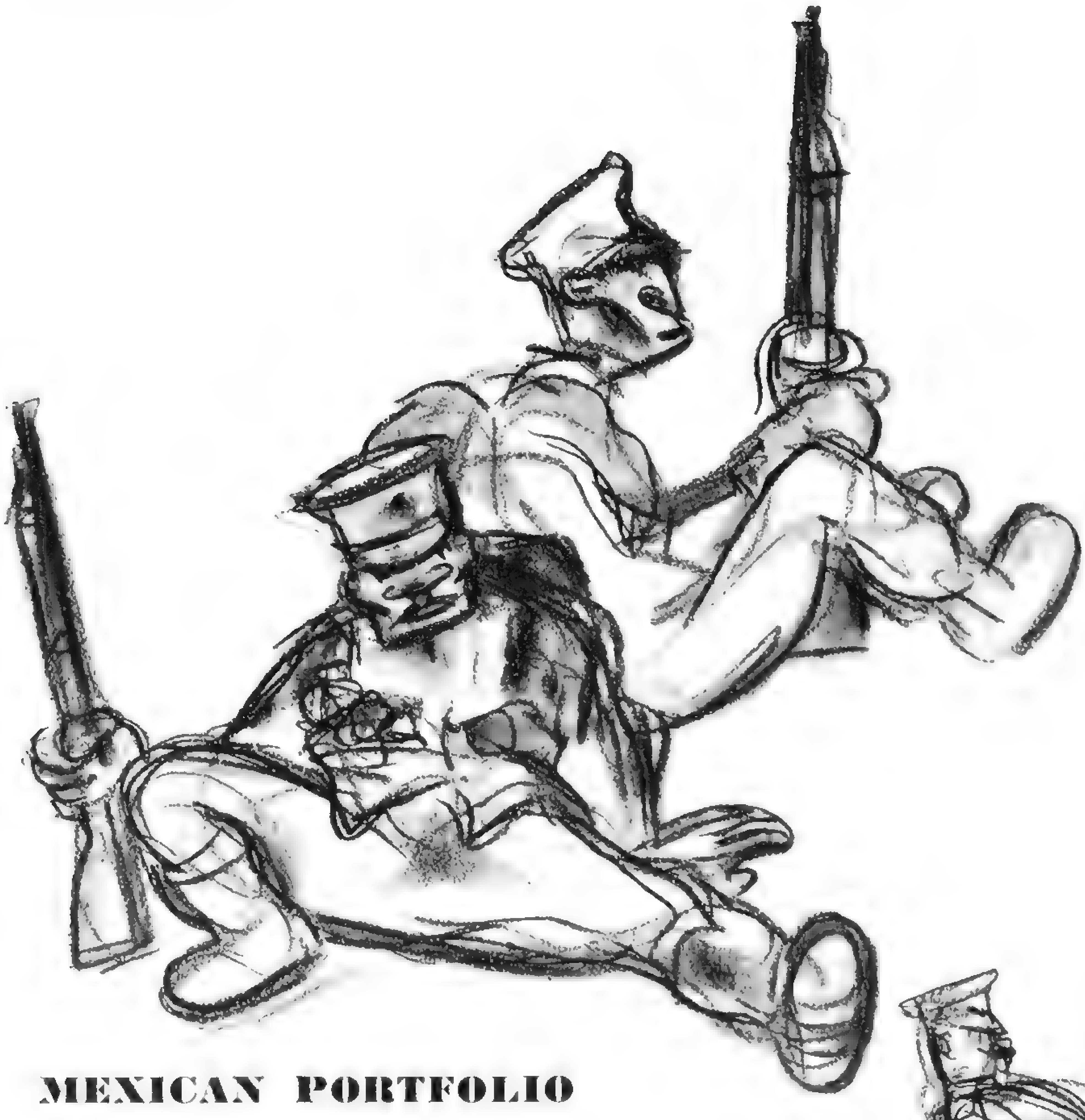
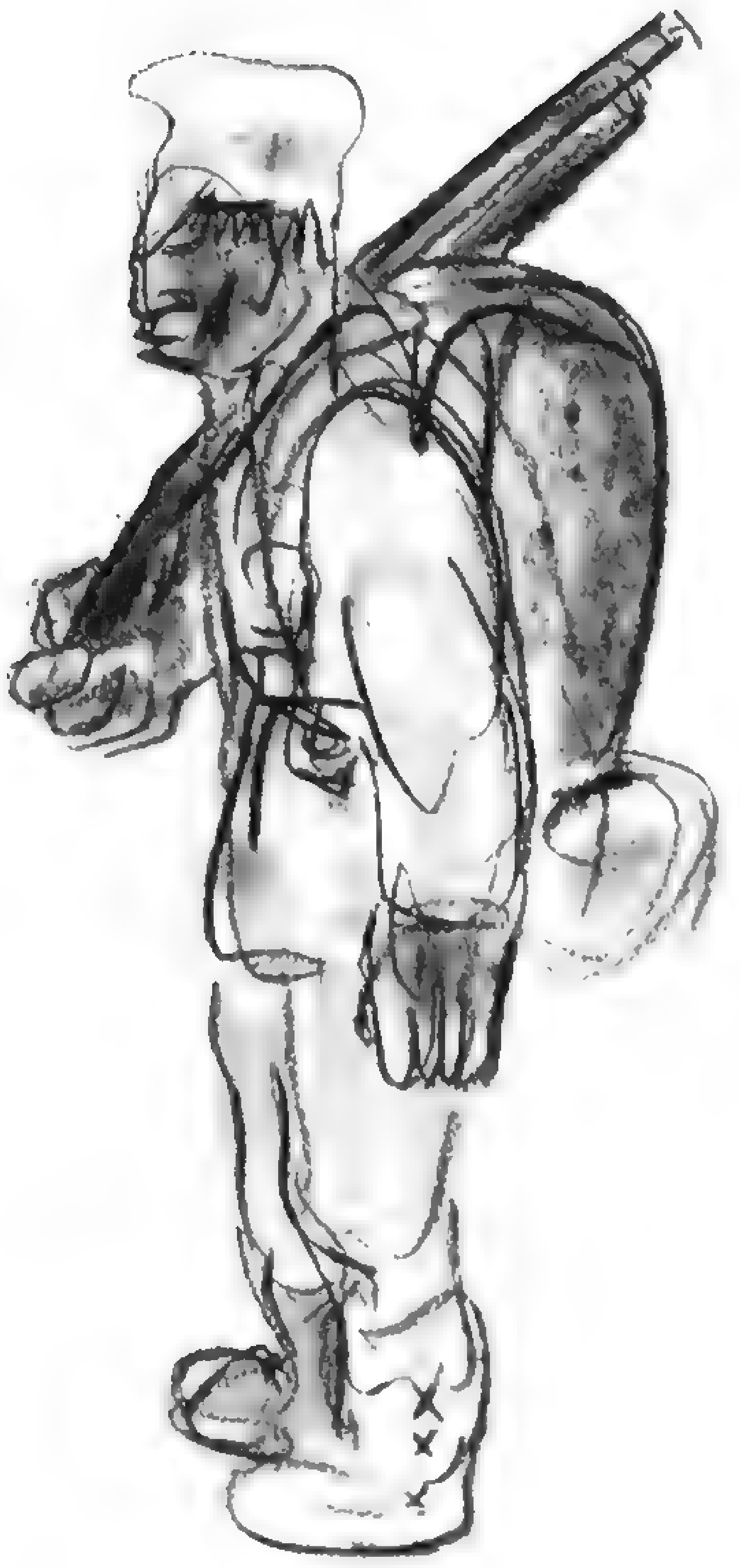

GASPANO RICCA

"What will my father say if I turn off the lights?"



WARRIOR'S HOMECOMING *by* JOHN GROTH

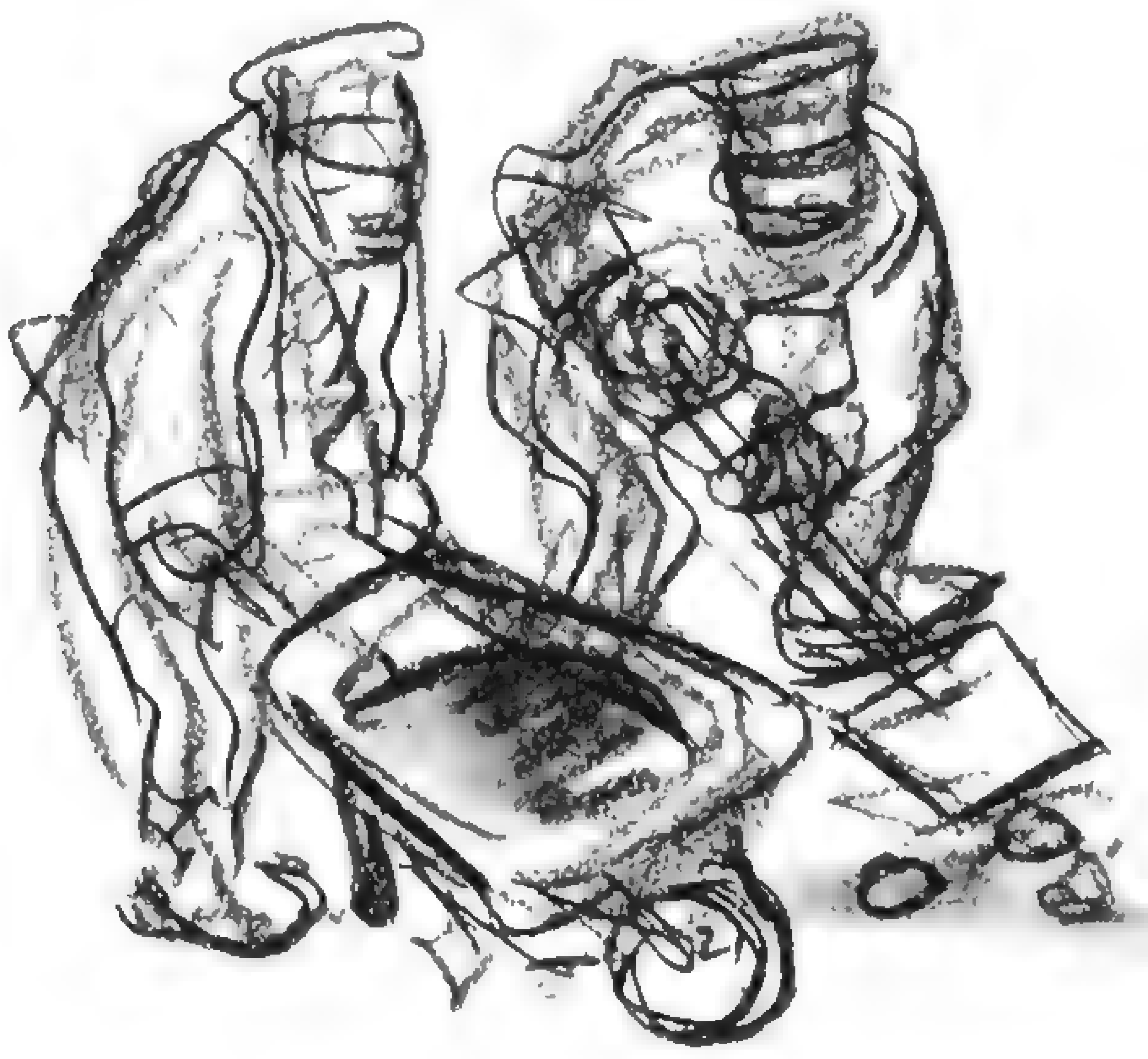


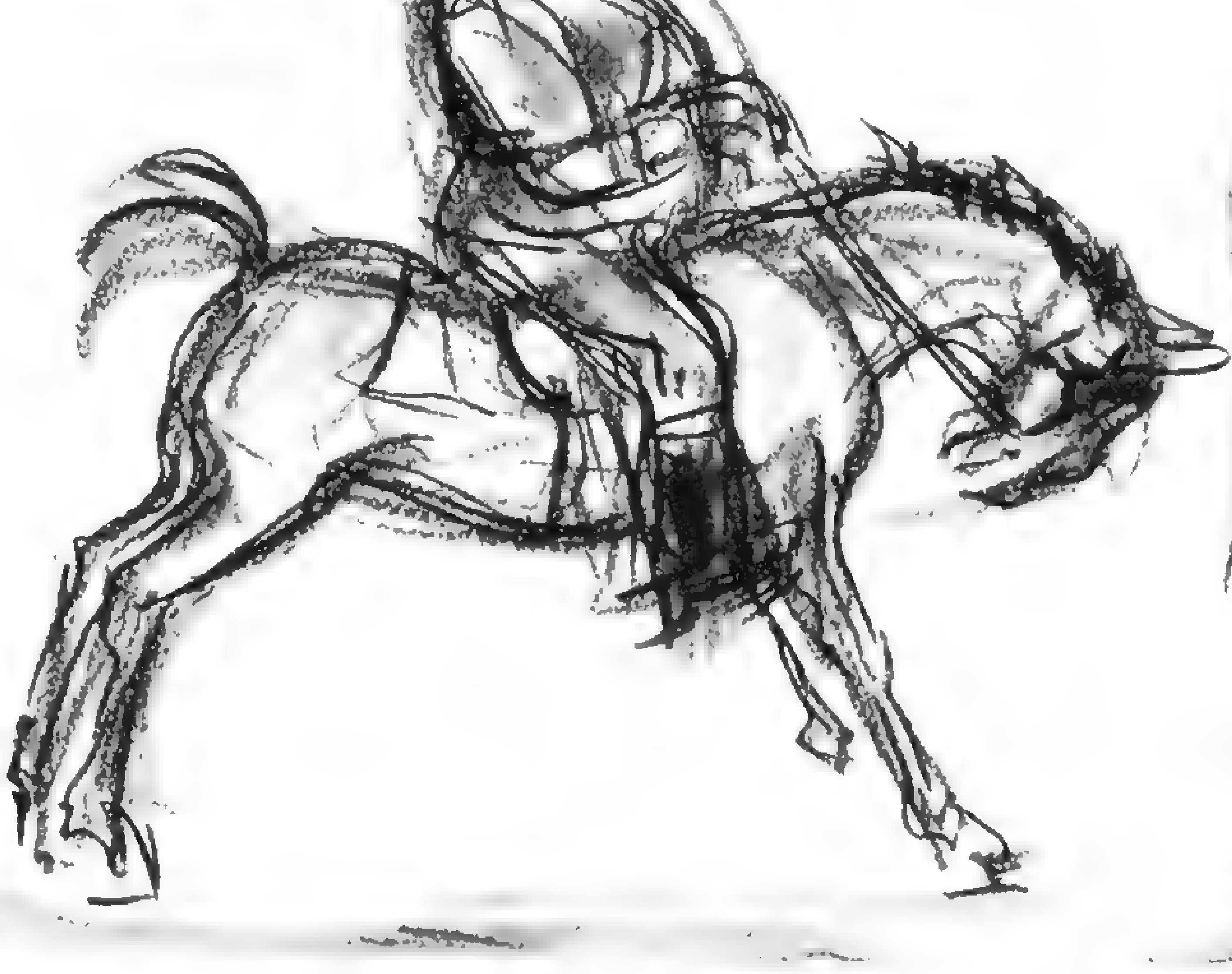


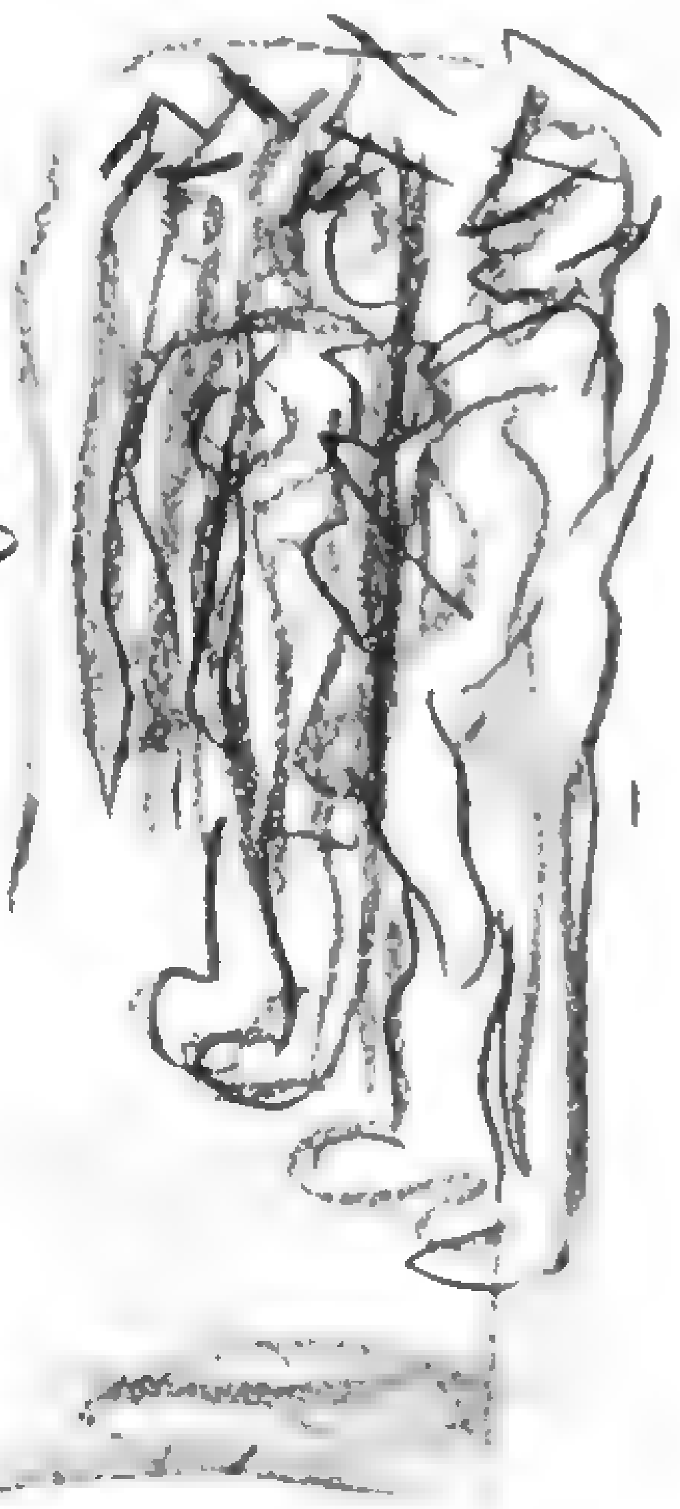
MEXICAN PORTFOLIO

by

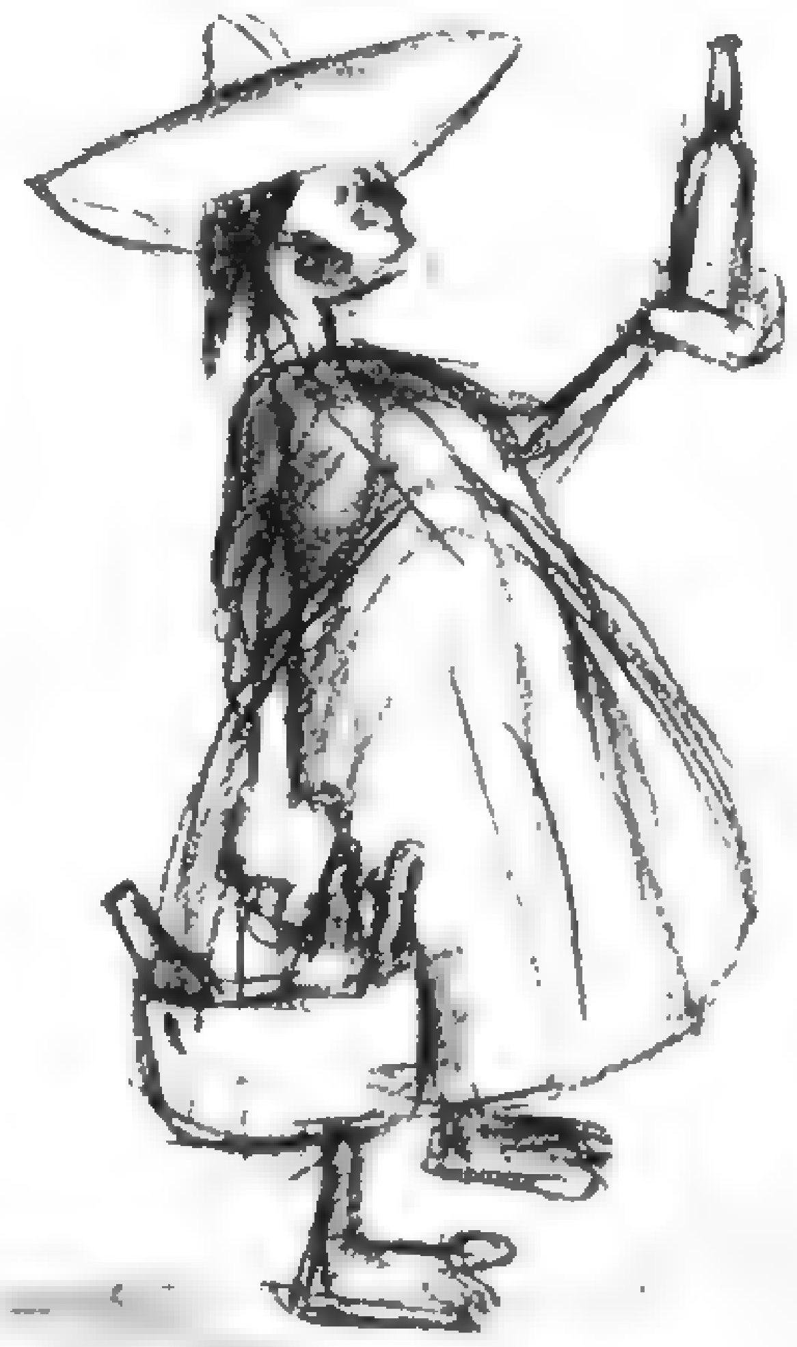
JOHN GROTH

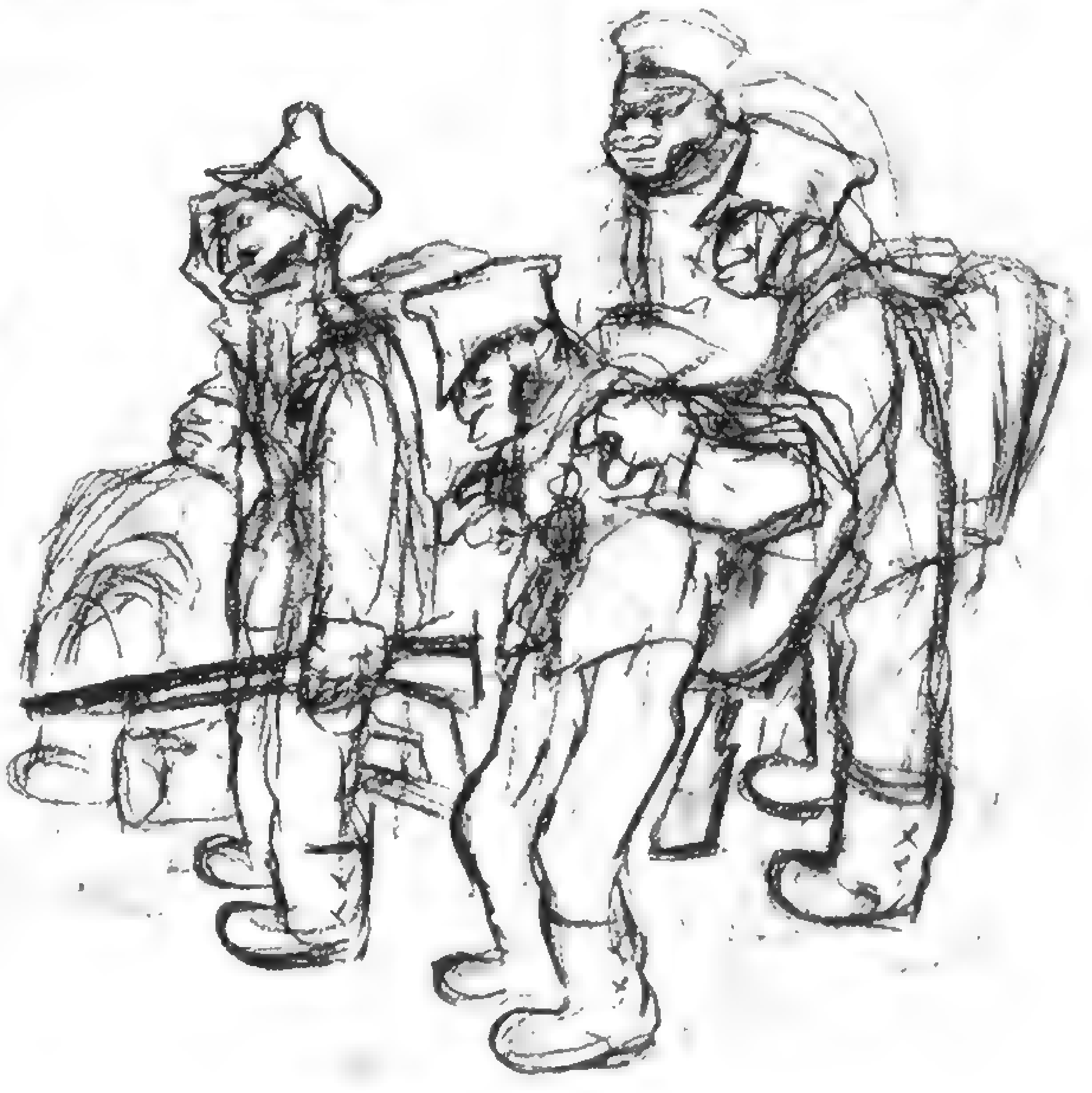


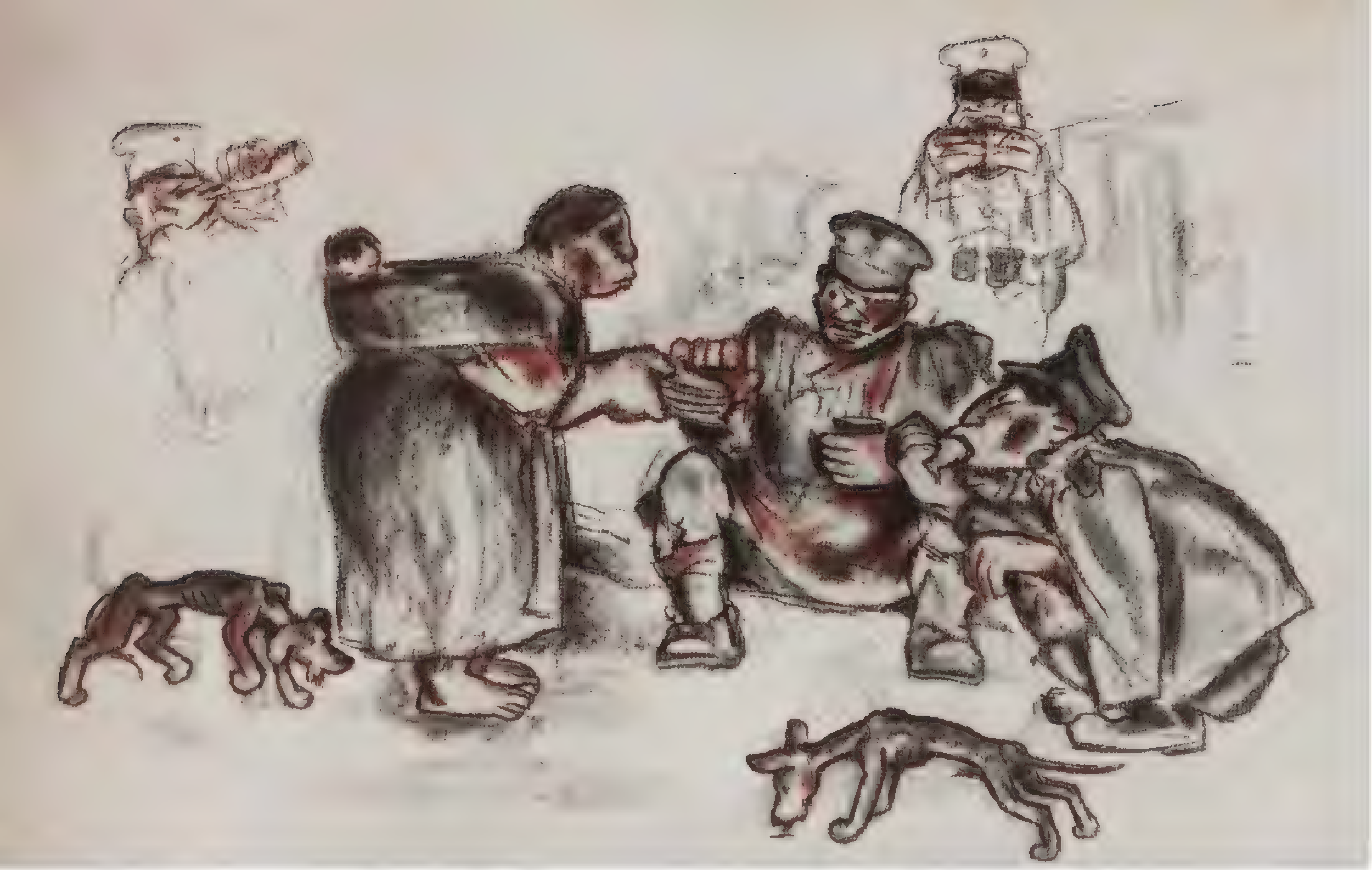




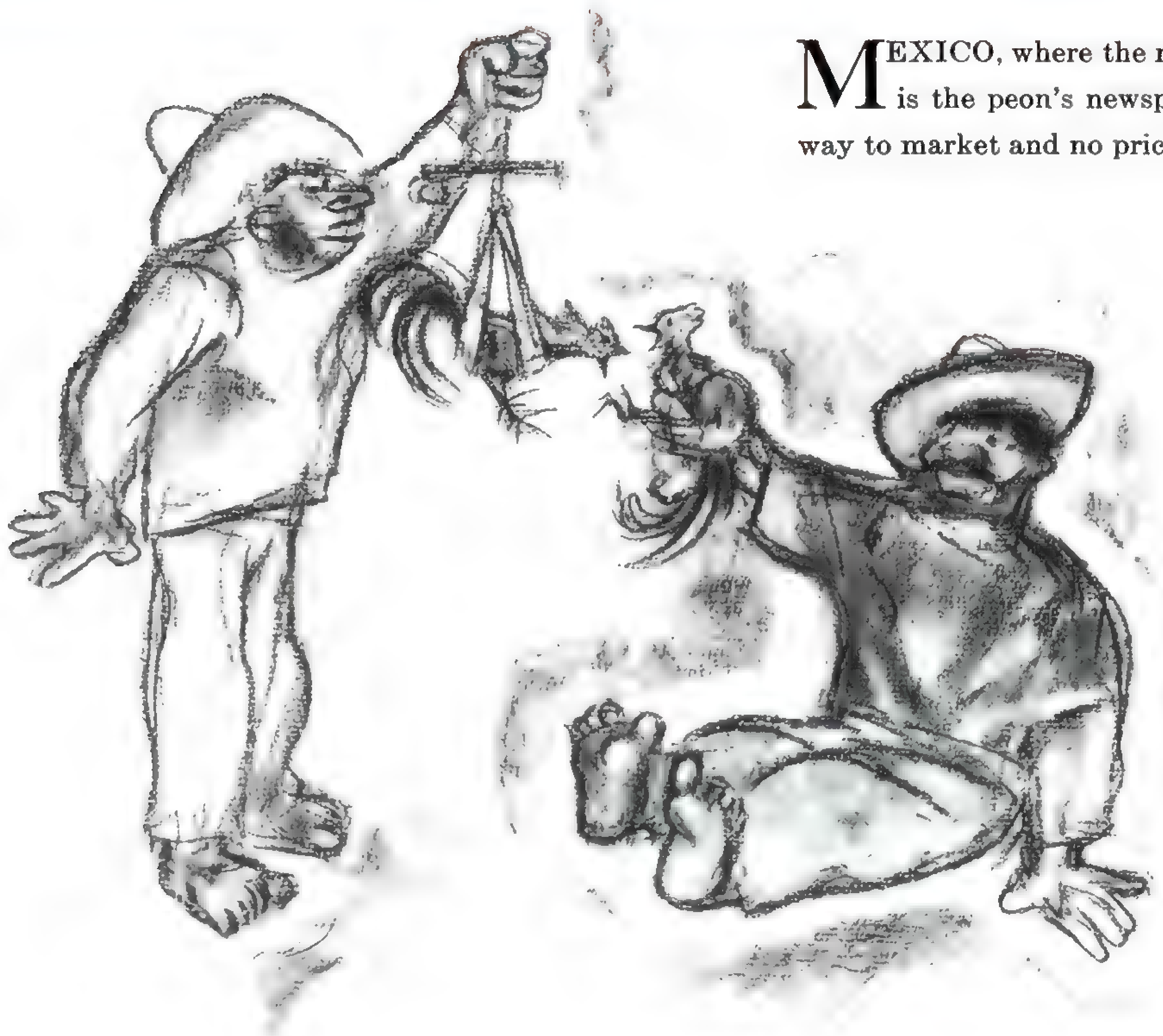
THE Mexican peon, whom Stuart Chase portrays as a happy Arcadian, whom Sergei Eisenstein envisions as a firebrand of purposive discontent, John Groth sees simply as a pathetic sufferer, enduring privation as unthinkingly as a dog. Here, for example, the army—that tragi-comic band numbering 250 generals to 75,000 men, where the uniforms are all one size, built for a putative warrior of five feet two, where a haircut would make most caps four sizes large, where concern for the appearance of the parade ground leads to unutterably funny spectacles, where whole families travel as integers of every troop, where men, women, dogs, pigs and kids bivouac together on the cold Mexican nights.

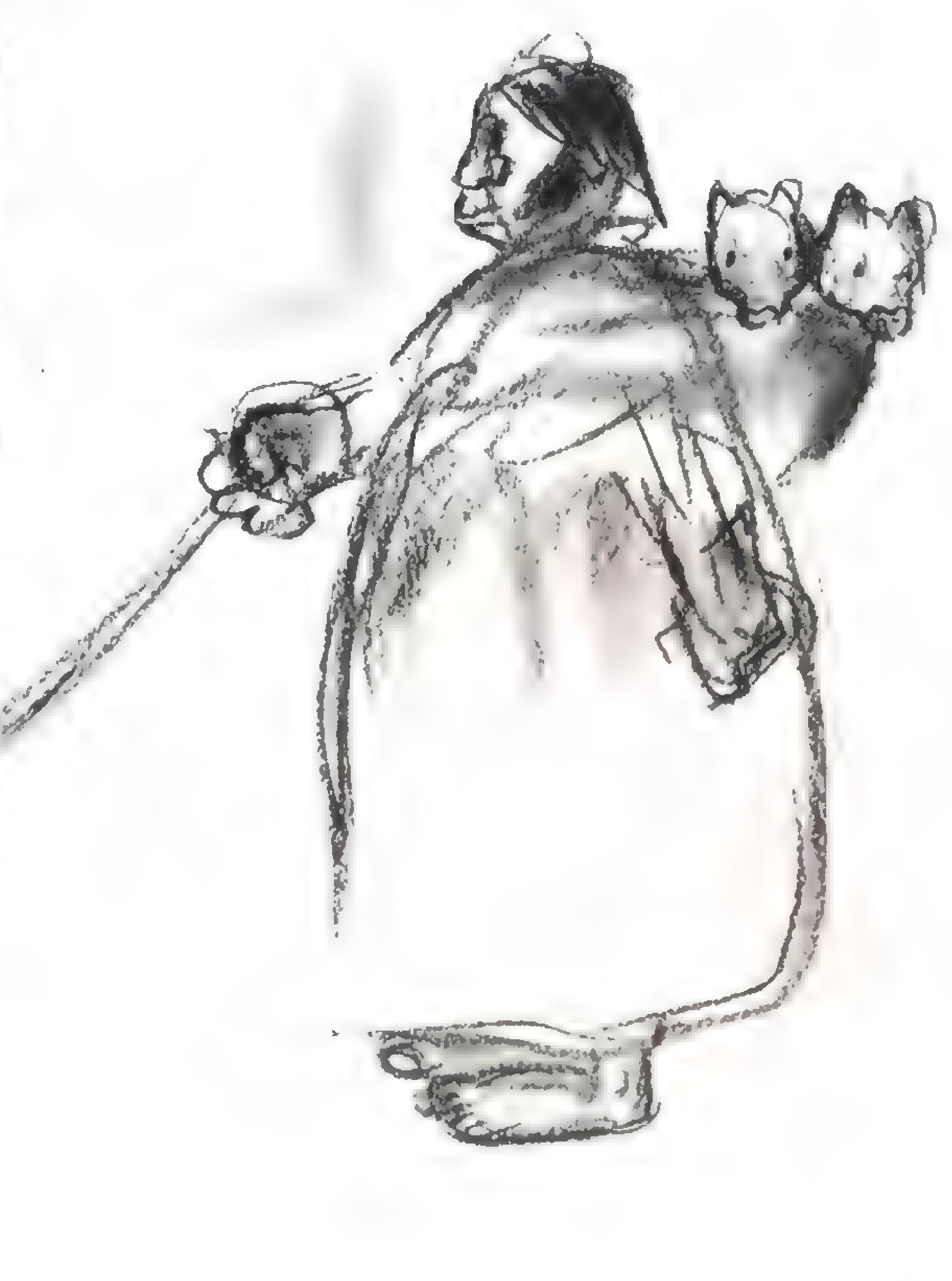




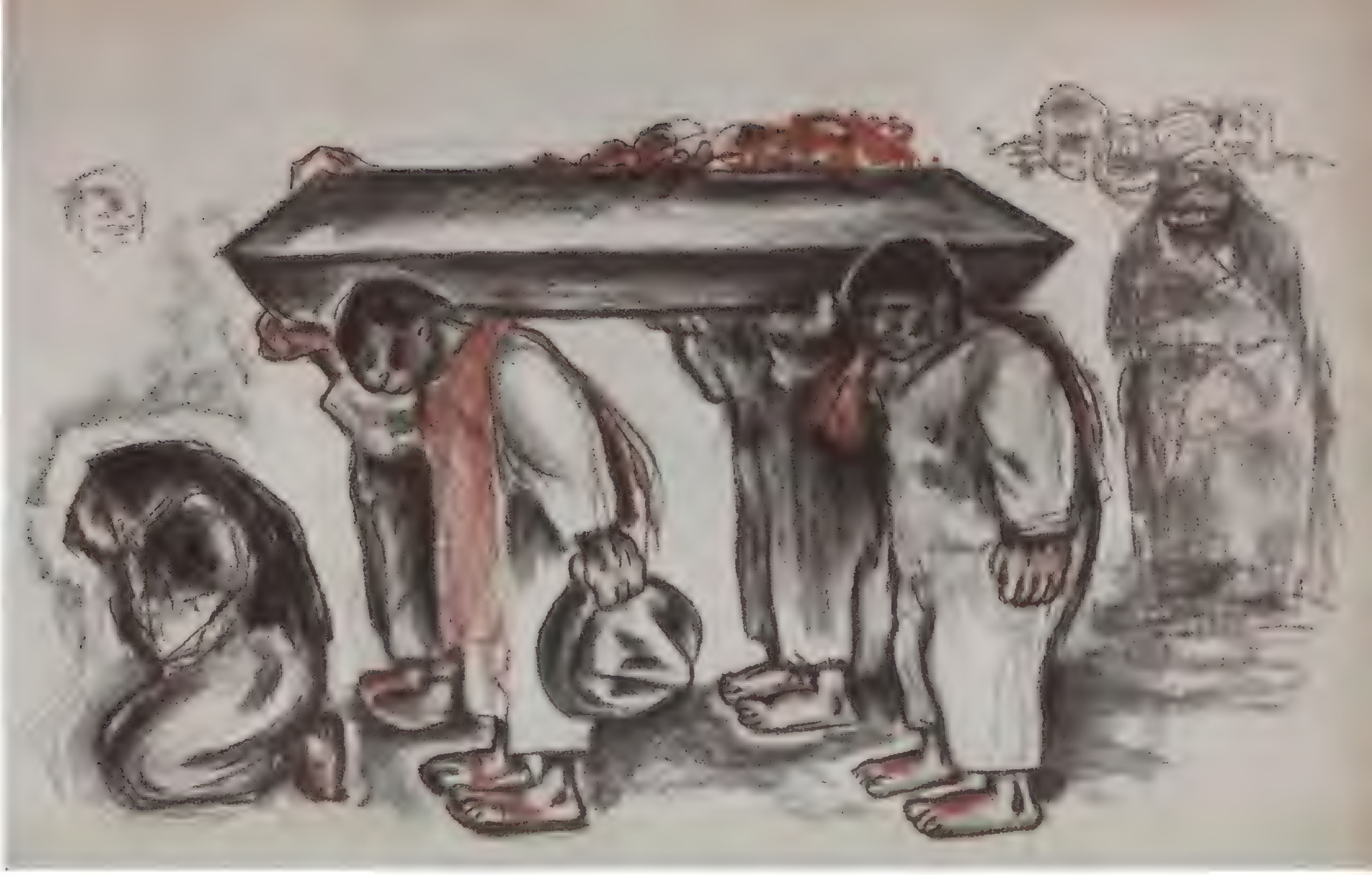


MEXICO, where the mountains are never out of sight, where the marketplace is the peon's newspaper, radio and club. Stop the Mexican farmer on his way to market and no price is high enough for his oranges and beans. He may sell nothing when he gets there, but rob him of his chance to go to market and you rub the only glitter off his days, you cheat him of the fellowship of pulque and the frenzy of the cockfight, you nip the only blossom that flowers from his toil.

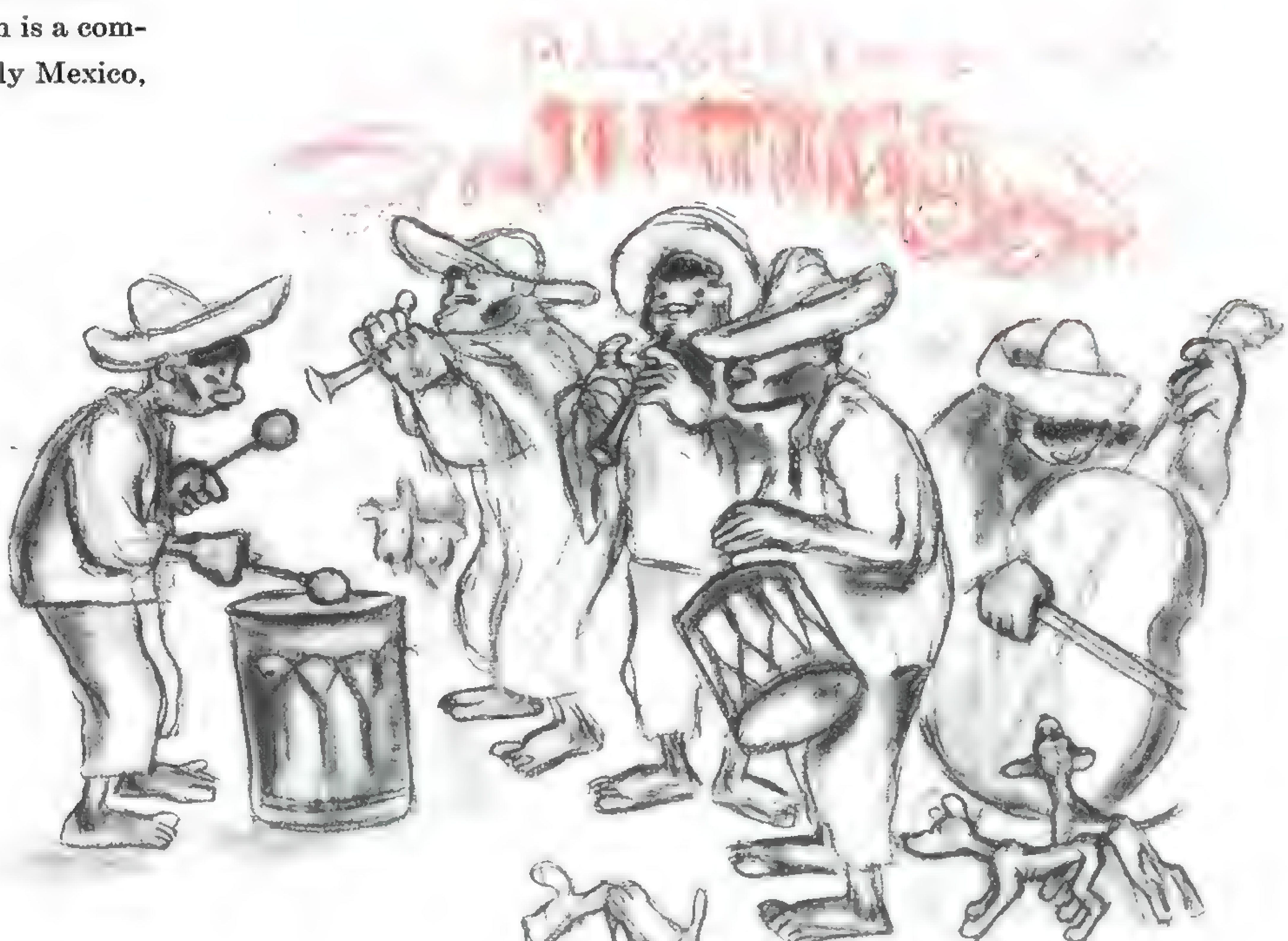


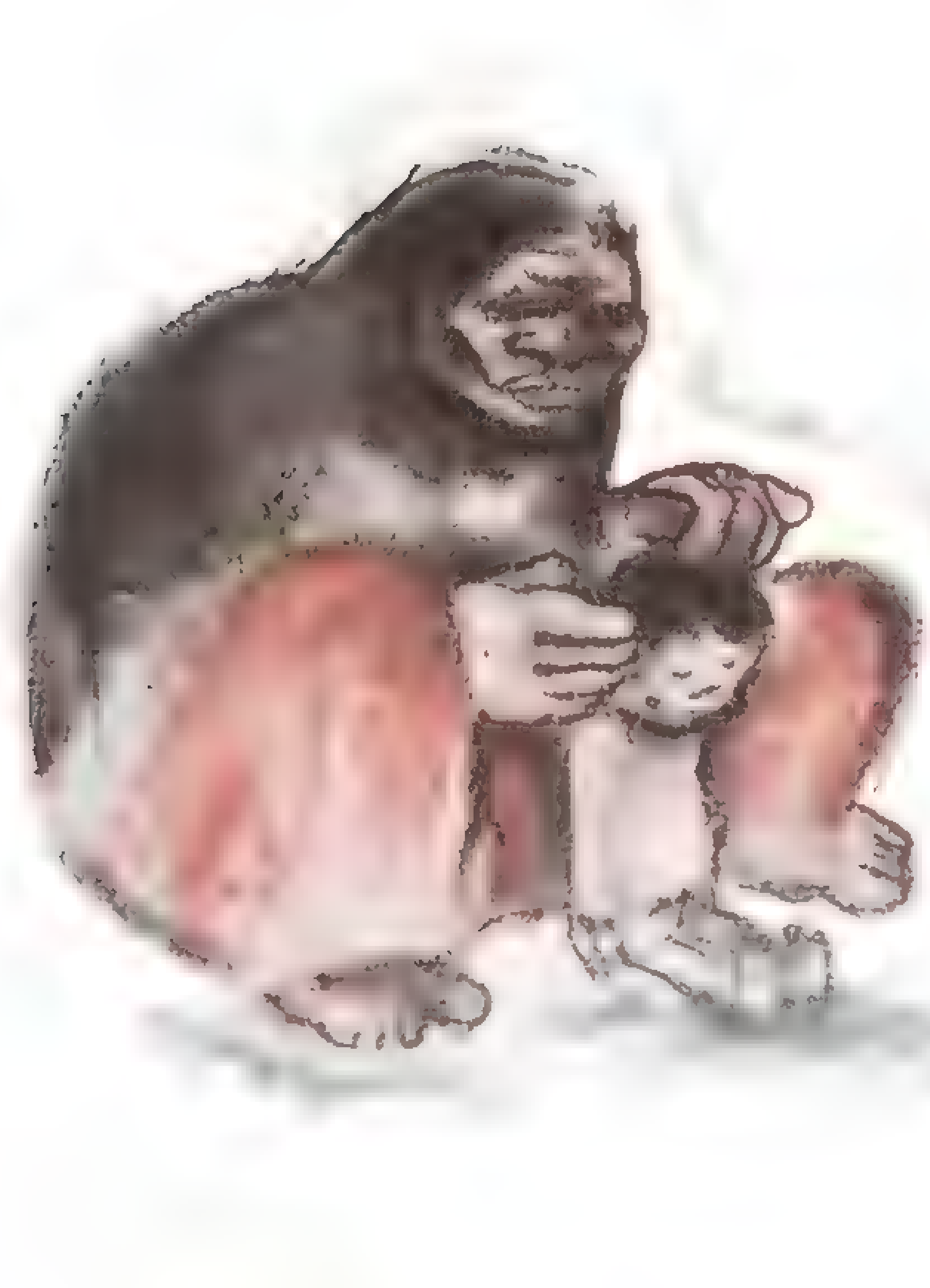


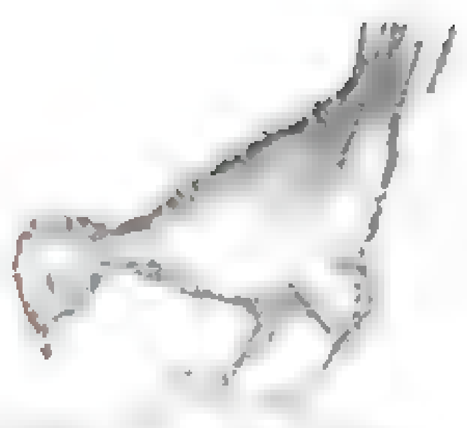
SHE bears a child in the morning, she cooks the family's meal at noon, before night she is getting firewood again, and next day she trudges the weary miles to market, with fully her share of the load. Life is nothing if not hearty for the squaw of a Yaqui.



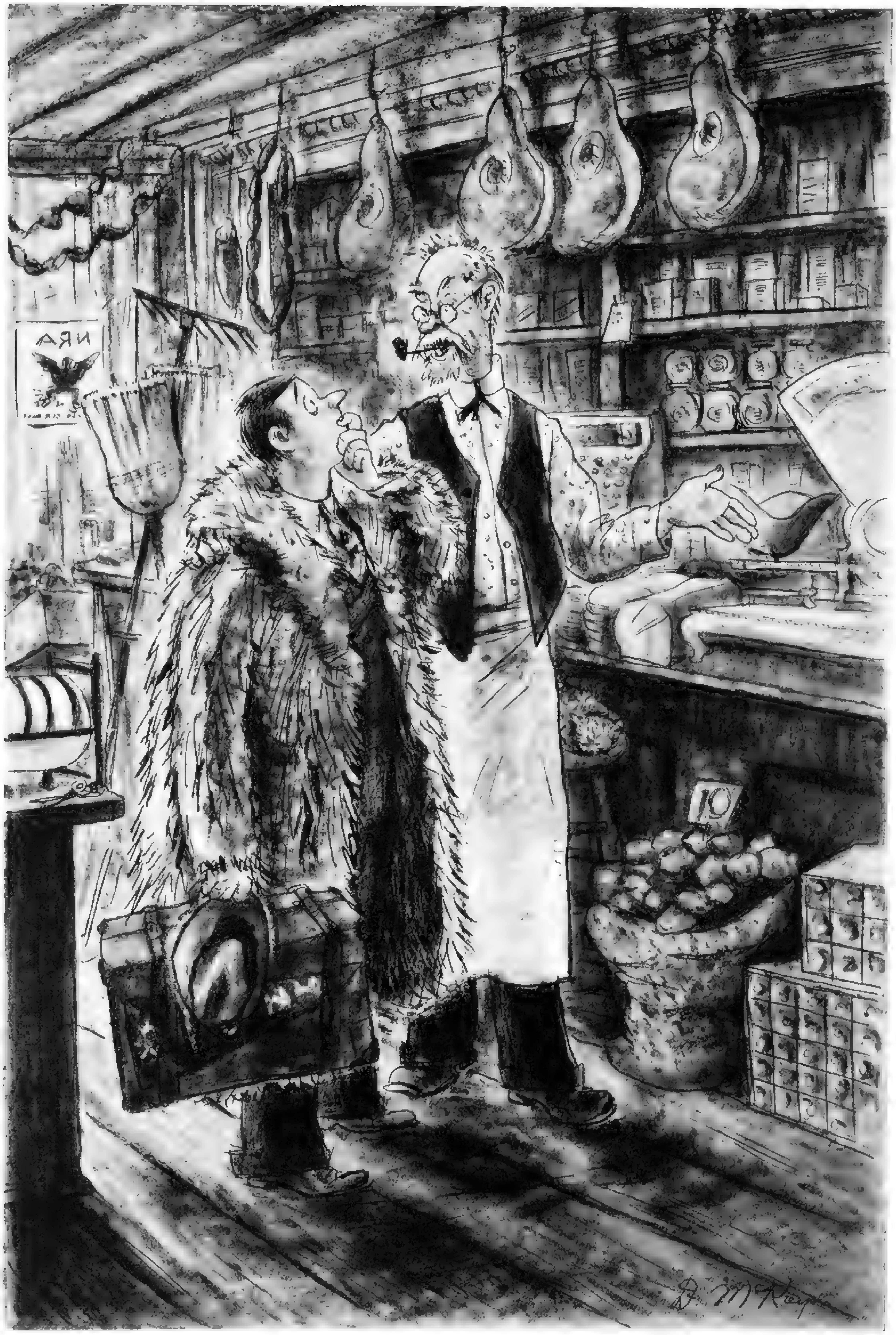
AND death, like the mountains, is never far away. It is not only in the bull ring that it comes, suddenly, in the afternoon. Where birth is all too easy, death is a commonplace, though always hard. For this is not only Mexico, this is the poor man's country all over the world, where the harmony is over-close between the dread and the joyous, where the moments of gladness may be loud but never long, where the pleasures are a pitiful few bright spots of embroidery on a long dark web of time.







THERE are other Mexico's than that of the peon. There is the sun-baked and blood-drenched sand of the bull ring, which is the footing of another world, and a different version of both life and death. John Groth's Bullfight Portfolio will be a feature of the next issue.


NRA
10
D. McKay

"This retail selling experience will be invaluable to you, son"

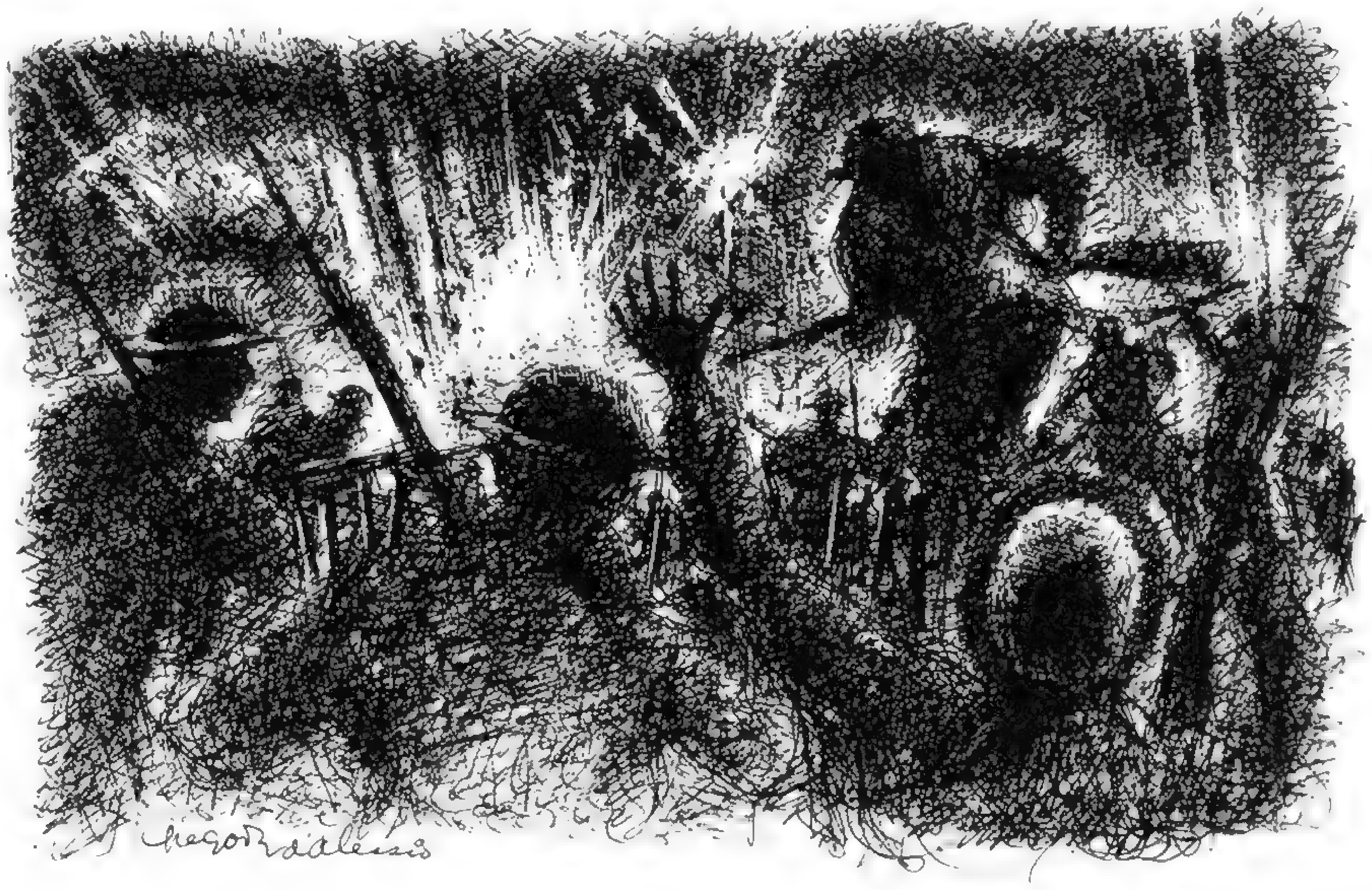
The Wound Stripe

The story of the means a young lieutenant took to wipe out the shame of a self-inflicted wound

by GRANVILLE FORTESCUE

SECOND Lieutenant Peck was lost. And, he thought resentfully, no one in the whole A. E. F. gave a darn. Six hours had passed since he had been dumped off an ammunition truck outside headquarters, 9th Marine Brigade. There a wild-eyed operations officer told him the One Hundred and Eighty-Eighth Division held a sector fourteen miles to the east, and he damn well better beat it or he'd be rated a deserter under fire.

Peck slogged along stopping steel helmeted strangers to query them politely concerning the whereabouts of his Division. These steel helmeted strangers replied with irritated accord—"Howinhell shouldIknow!"



Once a squat, tractor-drawn howitzer came dangerously near flattening young Mr. Peck into a reddish splotch on the ebon macadam. All of which was highly inconsiderate of the A. E. F.

The *Chemin Paris-Metz* swarmed with troops. Shuffling foot-soldiers, muzzle drooping cannon swaying drunkenly from ditch to ditch, clattering wagon trains, lumbering howitzers, smooth-running staff motors, all war's panorama seeping into the endlong labyrinth of drab trenches, referred to in the battle orders as "previously designated positions."

Second Lieutenant Peck trudged along the rim of the moving army like a lost mongrel. After nightfall the youth met further discouraging rebuffs. Steam escaping shells exploded along the road with alarming regularity. He decided to seek a more sheltered path. He abandoned the *Chemin Paris-Metz* for bush hidden byways meandering through the Argonne Forest. He wandered for hours under towering oak trees, through dense pine thickets and almost inpenetrable underbrush that completely engulfed him. Finally he found himself lost as completely as if he treaded the Congo jungle.

Second Lieutenant Peck grew increasingly sorry for himself. Utterly wretched he threw himself down in a soggy ravine. He doubled up into a pitiful little heap of trench coat and mud spattered boots, and fell asleep.

When he awoke he sat up shivering. Cold, the ghostly underbrush, the mysterious forest shadows startled him. Somewhere beyond the forest he thought he heard a thunder-storm rumbling. He looked at his radium dialed wrist-watch.

All those hours asleep! Impossible! He listened to his wrist-watch. It ticked in his ear. Well, what of it? Nobody in the whole damn army cared what became of him. Self pity again overwhelmed Second Lieutenant Peck. This was not the way he had planned his return. Down in the Alleray hospital he had worked out a splendid regeneration scheme. The shame of that wound would be wiped out.

The circumstance of his becoming a casualty etched itself sharply on his mind. Never would he be able to account for the impulse that had driven him to the act of a coward during that raid on the training area trench. Of course he was scared. Who wouldn't be, after sitting under a twenty minute howitzer barrage, ten minutes rain of whizz-bangs, five minutes bombing and machine gun fire.

Of all the boob stunts! To stick his arm up over the parapet during a burst of machine gun fire! It certainly was dumb. But, honest, he had just wanted to see if . . . if one of those machine gun bullets would hit him. But would anybody believe him? The look his uncle, Captain Fred Williams, had given him, answered that question. If he'd known Uncle Fred stood directly behind him . . never said anything at the time, Uncle Fred hadn't . . just sorta looked . . never said a word when he sent him back to the dressing station with a bullet hole through his forearm and a fractured ulna bone . . of course Uncle Fred was a crank about discipline . . but—but he just couldn't turn against his own kin. Still, no wound stripe authorization had come through to the hospital . . funny, that.

Lieutenant Peck wiped his past misfortune from his mind. He was darn lucky to get this chance to come back; not one man in a thousand went back from hospital to his original division. He was darn lucky to get the chance to show Uncle Fred he had guts after all . . he'd show him.

Nibbling a chocolate bar, Lieutenant Peck stood up. He shook down his musette bag, shuffled his trench coat, felt his automatic, then crawled out under the overhanging oaks. Unexpectedly his feet found a hidden trail. He drew a long breath then headed for the thunder flashes.

Trudging between two walls of underbrush, splashing into puddles that glistened like dark mirrors in his path, he gradually realized the thunder storm completely circled him. But no rain fell. That was funny. . . Suddenly it broke upon the young officer that he had stumbled within a ring of battle barking cannon. Panic stricken, he dog-trotted along the trail. Four screaming shells crashed above him, spraying the topmost oak leaves with a leaden rain. Lieutenant Peck cowered behind a tree trunk.

Another double brace of shrieking shell, once more the leaden rain. Like a frightened rabbit he scurried across the mossy soil. Suddenly he toppled over the edge of a wide black ribbon cut into the ground. His hands touched dank earth. A trench? He crawled along in the mud, flinching at every salvo that sailed overhead. Feeling along the trench walls with trembling fingers, he came to a low doorway blocked by a canvas curtain. A dugout? He listened. Voices. Speaking English. Lieutenant Peck thrust his hand through the curtain. . . He lost his balance, and tumbled down the dugout steps. . .

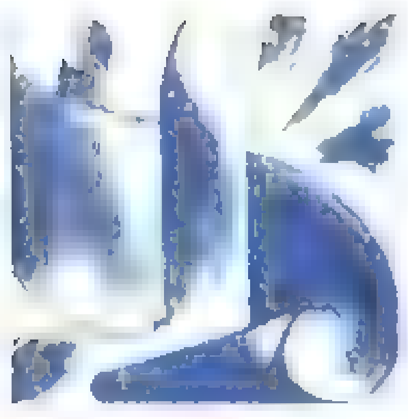
Three grease weeping candles stuck in empty wine bottles lit the Post Command dugout. Their flames threw flickering shadows over three officers seated around a map covered table. One—the adjutant—wearing horn spectacles, sorted a sheaf of message blanks. The other two watched him silently as with a red pencil he drew a series of short red lines on the map.

Continued on page 128

Marching Feet

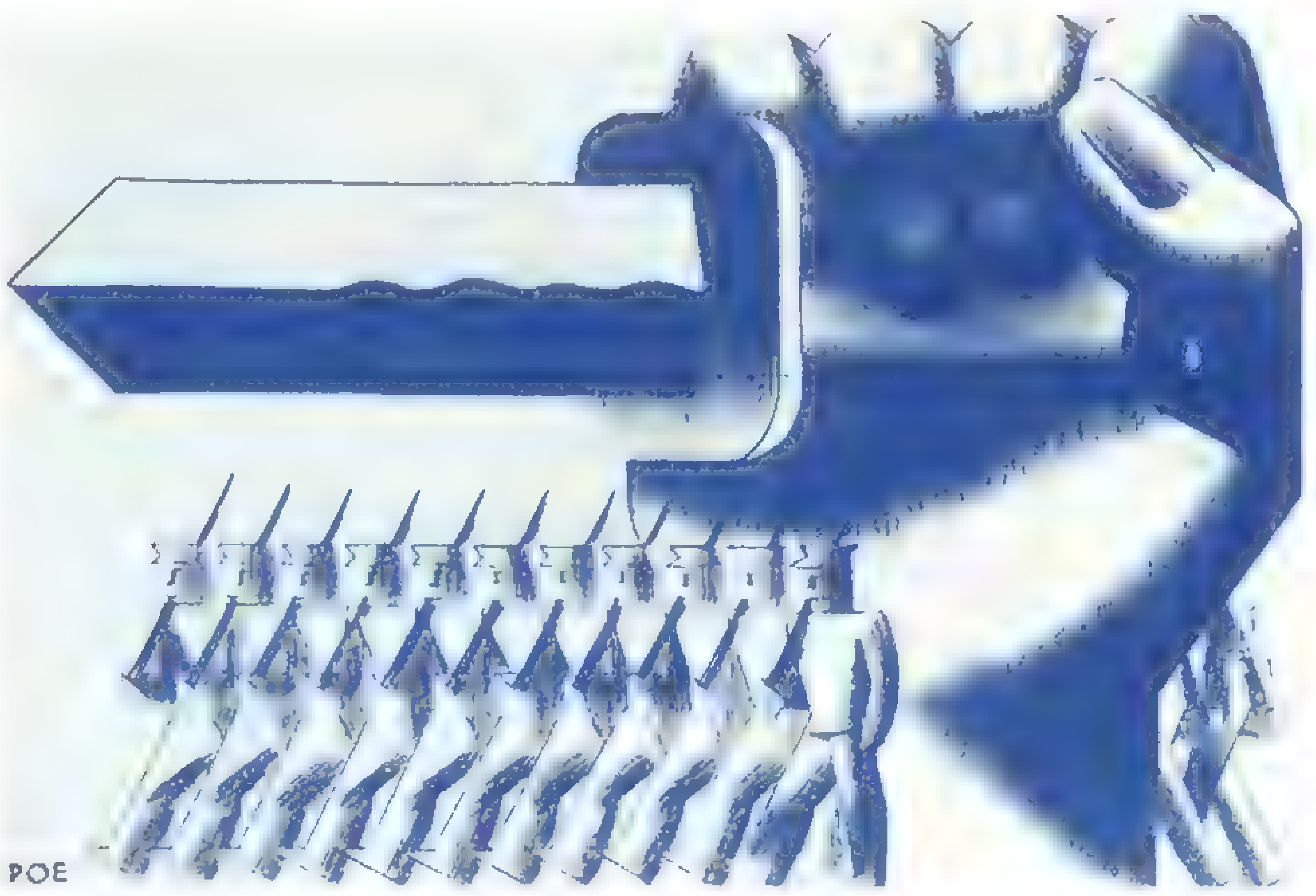
Account of European travel with a note book and reporter's nerve to ask questions, late in 1933

by CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.



I

It is eleven o'clock of a hot and shining Sunday morning. Church hour back home, in America. War Scare hour here, in Europe. Each Sunday for the last three months they have been shaking fists and making faces and sending mighty yells of "Down with Germany" and "Down with France" across the Rhine. To-day is no exception. Perched on the window-sill of my room, overlooking the wide expanse of the river and the black sea of Nazis below, I am listening—with one ear to the high-pitched voice of Herr Hitler roaring through the amplifiers, with the other to my portable radio transmitting the Gallic intonations of Monsieur Daladier. The choice between the Chancellor of the Third Reich and the Prime Minister of the Third French Republic is a toss-up. Were they to exchange places and address, Hitler, in French, the fifty thousand horizon-blue soldiers gathered on the other side of the Rhine, Daladier, in German, the one hundred and twenty thousand brown-shirted Nazis jammed in the narrow streets of this toy-like medieval town—no one, they themselves least of all, would notice the difference.



"Fear not, comrades. . . . We have our Army of tried and true men, the finest body of soldiers in the world. We do not want war but if the hour of battle strikes, Germany will be ready."

"We are not afraid, citizens! Not only are we strong because of our righteousness but likewise because of our glorious Army. France is not looking for trouble but should trouble be forced on France she will be able to defend herself and punish the villains."

It is a good thing that the two orators never fail to insert "Germany" and "France" in their speeches. Otherwise, what with the vociferous shouts of "Heil, Hitler" in the street below and the pranks of my portable radio—I would wind up by rendering unto Hitler that which is Daladier's.

"German mothers must be urged to bear more and better children so that this nation may regain its place in the sun and defeat its enemies."

"French mothers might well be proud of their sons. If necessary, they will again defend their country and the whole of humanity in the same self-sacrificing manner as in 1914-1918."

I close the window and tune in on Vienna. I am not disappointed. There they come, the melodious sounds of musical Austrian speech. Chancellor Dollfuss is speaking. Judging by his voice, he might be taller than Jim Farley. For a chap of four feet eleven he is quite a baritone.

Dollfuss is addressing the Austrian Heimwehr, every one of its 45,000 soldiers. The announcer explains that it being the Sabbath and "prachtvoll" weather to boot, some five hundred thousand civilians are listening to the Chancellor, viewing his Army and admiring both.

What is Herr Dollfuss saying?

"Might is stronger than Right . . . Our glorious Army . . . Never again will this great nation submit itself to the rule of weaklings . . . Democracy is dead . . . Dead everywhere . . . We need peace, a century of uninterrupted peace, I admit it but I want you to know at the same time that every agency in my power will be used to curb any move on the part of Germany to annex Austria to Hitler's Empire . . . I say 'every agency' . . . I mean it . . . It is better and far more honorable to die fighting than . . . etc., etc."

The shouts of "Heil, Hitler" have finally succeeded in breaking through the window. As much as I would like to ascertain whether Dollfuss is going to congratulate the Austrian mothers on the achievements of their sons, I must give up.

So I return to my post of observation on the window-sill and watch—for the following three hours—the goose-step march of the Nazis.

All in all, it turned out to be a perfect European Sabbath. Even if I missed Mussolini's address to the Italian sailors; even if my radio refused to transmit the Hungarian Prime Minister's answer to the Rumanian "provocation." Before going to bed, I think for a while of a strange country which I once knew where they used to spend their Sundays listening to the pastors, reading thick papers and exchanging visits but I doubt my memory. After three months in Europe it seems almost impossible that any nation could resist the urge to shake its fists at neighbors on Sunday morning.

II

Said the ex-Crown Prince of Germany when I last saw him in Berlin, a few months before his country quit the League of Nations and dynamited the Dream of Peace:

"A disarmament treaty? Do you Americans still believe in that sort of thing? Why, my dear fellow, don't you realize that no great nation ever did or could march to the measure of a treaty? What is a treaty at its very best? A vaguely worded document signed by a few well meaning elderly gentlemen who can neither foresee nor control the future course of their respective countries . . . a scrap of paper which loses its last vestige of power the moment a nation's ire is aroused, the moment a nation is swept by a wave of destructive emotionalism. . . . You are asking me whether the Third Reich will be able to pass the test of the League of Nations while I myself am wondering whether the League of Nations will be able to live through the storm of the German revival. . . . My question is an answer to yours!"

Said a famous Russian playwright, years before anyone discovered the existence of Adolph Hitler:

"If there is a gun hanging on the wall in Act One, it must shoot before the final curtain. Otherwise, why have that gun at all?"

Between the two of them, the ex-Crown Prince and the playwright have solved that ominous puzzle which causes sleepless nights to Europe's Prime Ministers and sends the idle international capital scurrying for safety from Paris to London, from London to Amsterdam, from Amsterdam to New York: the Second World War will break out at the moment when this or that powerful nation's ire is sufficiently

aroused to make it forget the treaties and grab the gun hanging on its wall.

The main question answered, not much remains to be found out by an investigator traveling in search of facts: to determine the nature of the things capable of precipitating a new flood of "destructive emotionalism," to inspect the existing "dams" and to measure the size of the gun hanging on the wall of Europe. There is nothing overwhelming in this task except that our investigator should be prepared to cover a lot of territory: three shifts are working in each and every munition factory between the Bay of Biscay and the Ural Mountains, and even the unsung city of Skoda in Czecho-Slovakia cannot be excluded from a conscientious itinerary. It so happens that all of the Du Pont factories in Delaware and all of the Remington-Arms factories in Bridgeport could be tucked into a single corner of the Czecho-Slovakian Munition Factories at Skoda. In the words of flamboyant Dr. Benes, Prime Minister of the Czecho-Slovakian Republic: "Anyone wishing to revise our boundaries would have to send a well-equipped army to do it."

III

THE CASTLE OF DOORN is our first stop. Not that the ex-Kaiser continues to dictate the destinies of the world but it always pays to consult a specialist.

"Why do you annoy me, sir?"

"There's a lot of talk in America, Your Majesty. . . ."

"Americans always talk. Talk and bluff. Bluff and talk. Nothing surprising about that!"

"But wouldn't you like. . . ."

"Decidedly not. Never grant interviews. Least of all to American journalists."

"Do you believe that there is going to be another war in Europe?"

A silence. Then in a muffled voice, with the Imperial back turned on the unwelcome guest:

"I will return to rule Germany only in a wooden box!"

"Does this answer signify Your Majesty's belief. . . ."

The rest of the investigator's sentence is drowned out by the roar of a powerful motor-car: His Majesty is off on his daily drive.

"Do not insist," advises a member of his household.

"Couldn't he answer at least one question?"

"I am afraid he won't. And besides, don't you know enough to realize that if the French refused to accept their defeat in 1871, there is no reason whatsoever why the Germans should accept the verdict of 1918?"

—That was that. Driving back to Amsterdam I read an editorial in a local paper. It was entitled "Marching Feet" and it pointed out in no uncertain terms that the Dutch cannot expect to see their neutrality respected in case of another World War. The shouts of the parading Nazis were heard across the border the night before, and there was something in that shrill "Heil, Hitler" which made the usually peaceful editorial writer think of heavy guns, bombing planes and poisonous gases.

"But what has Holland to do with all of it?" I asked a gentleman occupying an important post in Queen Wilhelmina's government. "Why should anyone invade your country?"

"For the same reason that Belgium was invaded in 1914."

"But Belgium was and is a short cut to Paris."

"And Holland was and is a short cut to Belgium. The new line of border-fortifications constructed by the Belgians in the last five years makes it impossible to invade that country save through Holland."

"You talk as if we were on the very eve of a war."

"One never knows. It is a good policy not to rely too much upon the common sense of maniacs."

"You mean Hitler?"

"And the others. We are witnessing at present the ascendancy of the military cliques, the self-same military cliques that made the catastrophe of 1914 inevitable and unavoidable. France is arming because she is afraid of Germany. Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania, and Yugo-Slavia are following France's lead. And in all of them, because of fear and over-anxiety, the actual power has passed into the hands of Generals, of professional war-makers. Newspapers talk of Ramsay MacDonald, Daladier, Arthur Henderson, your ambassador-at-large Norman H. Davis and other sensible and peace-loving men but no newspaper dares to say what we all know: that while MacDonald, Daladier, Henderson and Davis are talking around an oblong table in Geneva, iron-headed Generals are studying maps in Paris, Berlin, Brussels and Warsaw and are working themselves and their countries into a state of mind precluding the possibility of a peaceful settlement."

"There can be no war in Europe," I said meekly, "not at least so long as the generation that fought at Verdun is still alive."

"Stuff and nonsense!" replied the sad-faced Dutchman. "Think of the millions of unemployed and starving. What have they got to lose? Think of the millions of young men born since 1914. What do they know about Verdun? With the exception of the British Dominions and the United States, every participant of the First World War will answer the call of the Second."

"And the money?"

"Don't worry about that. We Europeans might not be able to raise enough money to build schools and highways but when it comes to war . . ." He smiled cynically and took a sheet of paper out of his desk. "Look at these figures. Within the last three years, years of unprecedented depression and unbalanced budgets, France has loaned a sum of over one hundred million dollars to the members of the so-called Little Entente—Yugo-Slavia, Rumania, and Poland. For what purpose? For civic improvements? No, my dear sir, to finance the construction of munition and airplane factories. Do you need any further proof of the ascendancy of Generals? Does it convey anything to you that France, a country which cannot balance its budget and is staggering under the burden of ever increasing taxes, finds it possible to spend one hundred million dollars to finance the cause of destruction!"

IV

I REMEMBERED my gloomy Amsterdam prophet a week later when entering the office of Herr Goebbels, Hitler's Minister of Propaganda. I noticed a huge multi-colored poster on the wall: a crowd of French soldiers shooting at the prostrate form of a German civilian.

"Looks like a relic of 1914," I said tentatively.

"1914?" he glanced at me sharply. "You are very much mistaken. Better call it the battle-cry of 1933. France must be punished! The world must learn that Germany has finally awakened. France will be the first to learn it."

He jumped up, rushed toward the poster and spat at it resoundingly.

"France must be punished," he repeated.

I walked out in a daze. I could scarcely believe my ears. To think that a member of the government and the most influential man in Germany next to Hitler and Goering would talk in such a fashion in the presence of a foreign journalist. . . . "Must be frightfully overworked," I decided and went to see Captain Goering and Major Wronsky. There were no incendiary posters in their offices and much less gesticulation but what they told me was even more depressing.

Captain Goering (Prime Minister of Prussia and Hitler's right hand man) minced no words in describing the military power of the Third Reich. The Treaty of Versailles? "Oh, yes, indeed," he said, "we are obeying it to the letter." He emphasized that word "letter" somewhat sarcastically. "We are permitted by the venerable treaty," he continued, "to have 100,000 men in our regular Army and I challenge anyone to prove that we have 100,001 men in our regular Army. Of course, ours is a system of short term enlistments, permitting us to replace those 100,000 men almost in toto every three years."

"In other words, Captain, in the fifteen years that have passed since 1918, you have had a chance to train 500,000 men?"

"Use your own imagination," said Goering. "I repeat, we are obeying the Versailles Treaty to the letter."

"And how about the uniformed Nazis, the Steel Helmet war veterans and the other so-called 'political societies'?"

"What's wrong with them, sir? There is nothing in the Treaty of Versailles forbidding patriotic Germans to join a society of their choice."

"But their membership is quite impressive," I insisted.

"The exact figures are known to everybody," replied Goering amiably. "There are 745,000 uniformed Nazis and there are 866,000 war veterans who held cards of membership in the 'Steel Helmet' before the dissolution of that particular society."

"Which makes a total of 1,611,000 thoroughly trained soldiers."

"Members of political societies," corrected Goering. "I insist on distinguishing between the Army (Reichswehr) and 'societies'. When I tell you that there are some 1,800 'shooting societies' and 250 'fencing societies' in Germany, you will realize how important it is to remember that we are obeying the Versailles Treaty to the letter and that there are only 100,000 men in our Army."

"And the village guards?" I asked. "Is it true that there are 200,000 village guards in Germany, every one of them a former soldier, every one of them a marksman?"

"There are quite a few villages in Germany," said Goering.

"One question more, Captain. That last

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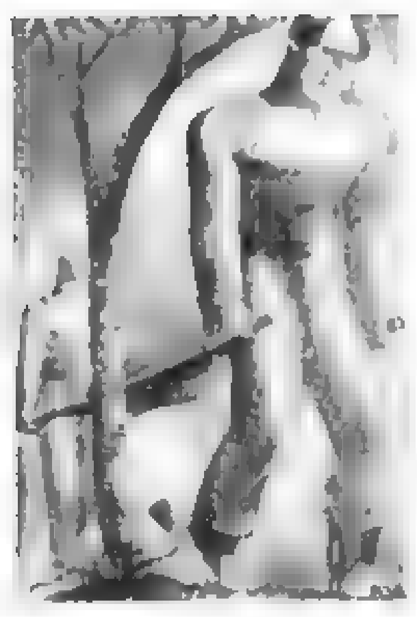
The Forest of Light

If a wife goes hunting with her estranged husband, need a fatality be deemed a murder?

by UPTON TERRELL



"I'VE come," said Gately, "to ask you to stop this crucifying of an innocent woman. Certainly you can't honestly believe she wilfully murdered her husband."

District Attorney Amos Holburn leaned back in his chair and stretched long legs beneath his desk. He studied Gately's face a moment, then turned his thin lips in a half smile. "You've known me a long time, Grant," he said slowly, "and I don't think you can say I ever charged a person with a crime if I didn't think that person was guilty . . . even if I am prosecuting attorney."

Attorney Gately admitted nothing. "Look here, it was obvious in court this morning that you have nothing but circumstantial evidence, and you can't convict on that. Just because a man is a rotter whom any decent woman would be justified in killing, it doesn't mean that because he is killed, a woman deliberately killed him. We'll grant that in the years they were married, Hammond Younge probably gave his wife grounds for shooting him. But that doesn't mean that Margaret Younge intentionally shot him, as you are trying to make out."

Holburn calmly folded his hands, as if to show that Gately's argument had not stirred him. "There are some other things to be considered," he told his opponent. "Younge was very wealthy. She was fifteen years his junior."

"What of it?" Gately grunted disdainfully. "Margaret Younge is still a beautiful woman. She has all the money she needs . . . in her own name. Her family aren't as rich as he was, but they are wealthy people. Mr. and Mrs. Younge were friends, she never started divorce proceedings against him, even though they lived apart."

"Friends in spite of their notorious quarrels."

Gately shrugged his shoulders. "Younge was a sport. She was brought up to a different life. Her reputation is still okeh . . . always has been. And what husband and wife don't have trouble now and then? You haven't any evidence, Holburn; not a leg to stand on."

"I have two under my desk." Holburn smiled dryly. "Tell me this," he went on seriously. "Why should she come up here with him on a hunting trip? Don't you think that's an odd thing for a woman to do who hasn't been living with her husband?"

"But there was nothing unusual in that. I've shown you that they were still good friends. That was all brought out in court this morning."

"She had another good friend, too," said Holburn significantly. "Marshall Baxter. Don't forget him."

"Nothing but a young society playboy. A friend of Hammond Younge's before he ever knew her."

"True enough. But she'd been seen a lot with him at social events . . . hunts, polo matches."

"Bosh!" Gately registered disgust. "You can't find anything irregular in that."

"Nevertheless, it's a fact I can't overlook," said Holburn. "It would have simplified Margaret Younge's program long ago if her husband had been out of the way."

Gately threw up his hands. "Merely a presumption of your own manufacturing." He leaned forward, intent. "Why not consider just the plain facts of the case? They'd just made camp. The guides had gone back to the portage to bring up some duffle left there. He'd seen a deer and suggested they go after it. They took rifles and walked into the woods. It was nearing five o'clock, almost dark in that thick forest. When they got out a ways, they separated. She hadn't gone far alone when she heard something coming toward her. Now . . . it was almost dark. She saw something moving in the trees. It looked like a deer. She was a cool head. She took deliberate aim. You can't ignore the fact that she was a good hunter, for you know she'd been hunting with her husband several times, and before that her father had taken her after big game. She was calm, and she was certain a deer was in the trees about thirty yards away. She let him have it. Then she heard Hammond Younge groan. When she got to him, he was dead." He spread wide his hands as a gesture of conclusion. "Why, Amos, accidental shootings like that happen every year. Some of the best hunters have made mistakes and killed men."

Holburn straightened in his chair. "No use, Grant," he said quietly. "I think she killed her husband to get him out of the way."

Gately's eyes blazed. "And I say you're only prosecuting her to make a name for yourself! A rich man is killed by his charming wife. It's a good newspaper story, and it would be a feather in your . . ."

"That's enough!" Holburn commanded fiercely. "Do your acting in court tomorrow. It's wasted here."

Gately turned abruptly and went out, closing the door loudly behind him, and Holburn sat very still for several minutes. Then he took a cigar from a humidor on his desk, bit off the end, and the little half smile played on his lips again.

THE portly Gately became at once attentive to Margaret Younge as she was brought into the courtroom. He held her chair for her, and whispered in her ear apparently comforting words, for she lifted her handsome face to him and smiled. The smile vanished when the jury entered.

Holburn addressed the judge. "I'd like to continue my cross-examination of the defendant."

Gately cleared his throat and assumed a dignified posture. "Does my distinguished opponent intend to prolong this crucifying indefinitely?" he asked with sarcasm.

Judge Prendergast reprimanded him. "Let the defendant take the stand," he growled.

Gately assisted Margaret Younge to the high witness chair. She sat, hardly relaxed, particularly striking in a smart blue sports dress. Her eyes wandered over the people banked in rows before her.

"Mrs. Younge," Holburn began, and stopped as he moved to stand directly in front of her, ". . . the time of your husband's death has been set at four-forty in the afternoon. Could it not have been earlier or later?"

She answered in a cold voice, without resonance. "It could not have been earlier."

"Could it have been later?"

"It might have been a few minutes later."

"How much?" he insisted.

She told him emphatically, "I don't know."

"As much as half an hour?" he persisted.

She said quickly, "Oh, no."

Gately stood up. "Your honor, I fail to see why this matter of minutes is so im-

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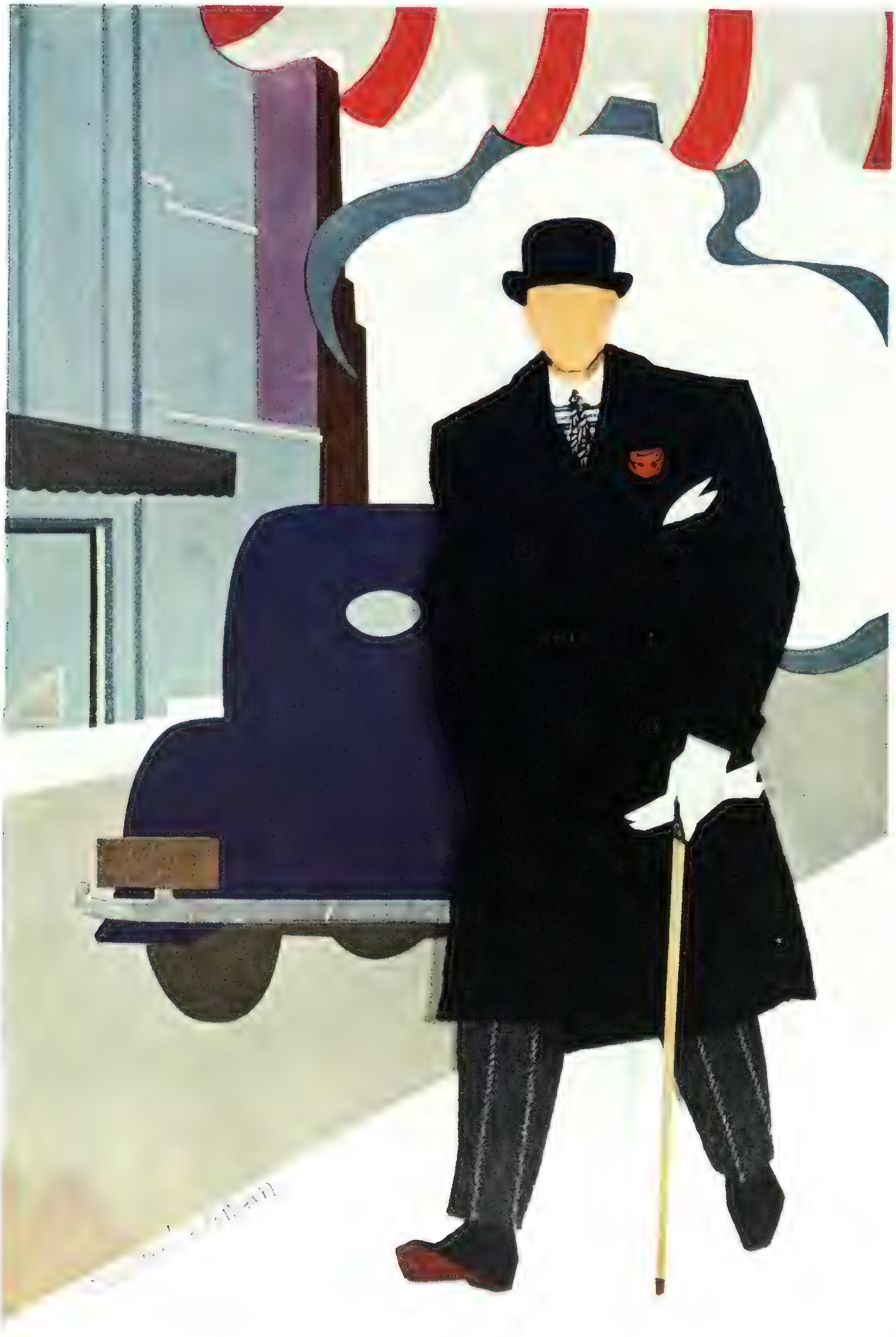
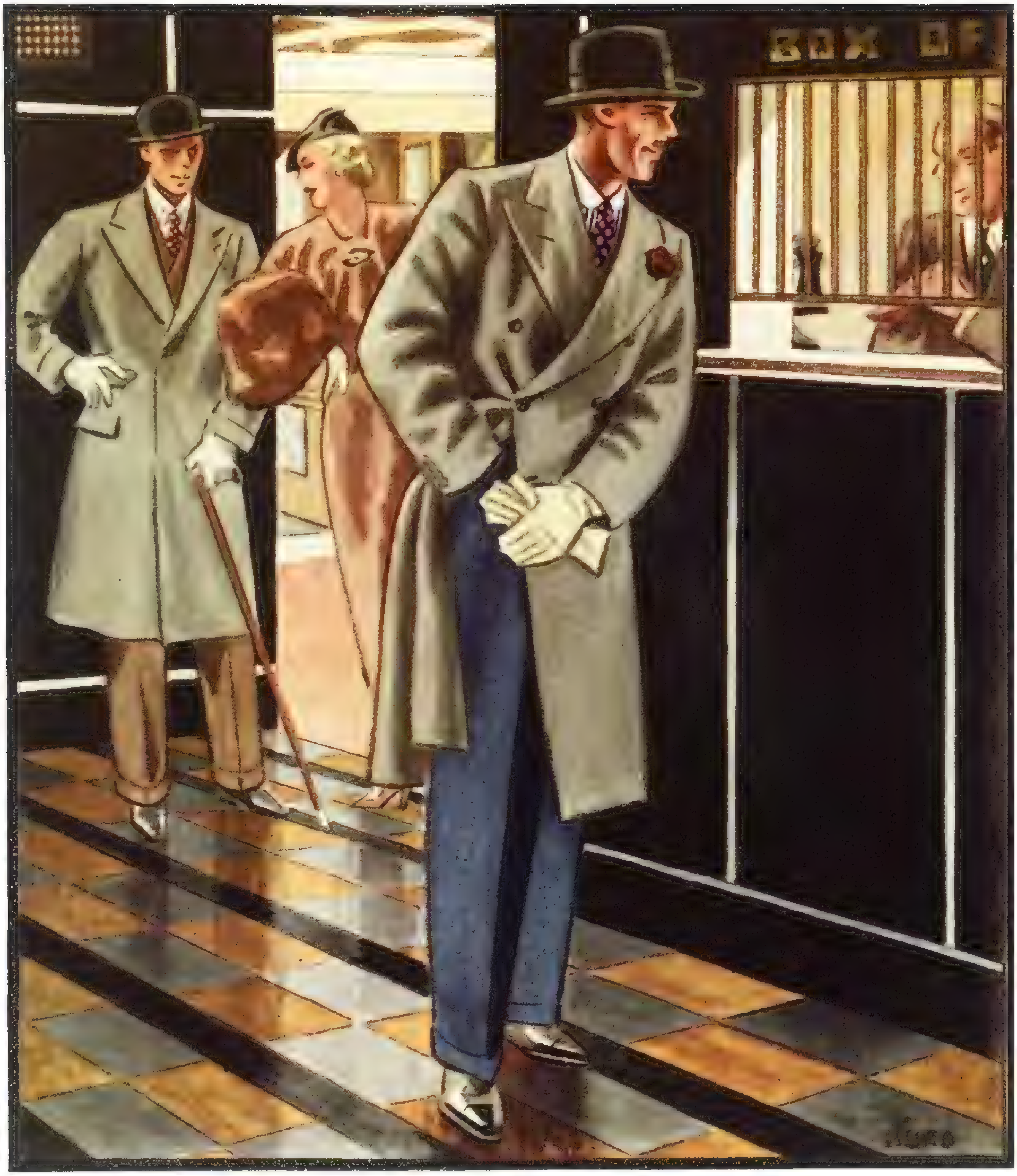


DESIGNED BY ERMAN

DIRECT COLOR PROCESS BY ROSENOW

THE FABRIC PICTURE FOR TOWN WEAR



THE BLACK HOMBURG —THE HERO SWIPES THE VILLAIN'S HAT

In the gallery of stock types, the black hat has always indicated one of three characters—the clergyman, the politician, or the villain in the play. The latter connotation will have to be repealed now, however, as the black Homburg hat has settled down as an established fashion in this country, on the heads of the smartest young men-about-town and juniors of Wall Street, after having enjoyed a run of about a year in London before gaining acceptance on this side. With it, as demonstrated by the figure in the foreground, you wear about the same kind of outfit that would normally go with this hat model in any other color. The coat, for example, is a gray double breasted Shetland—a cloth that is highly prized by the knowing for its softness and fine draping quality. This topcoat is noteworthy for its comparative shortness and for its tendency to flare. The suit is of a fine blue-gray worsted, and with it go black straight tipped shoes and a blue and white striped soft shirt worn with a round starched collar. The tie is a black foulard—another fashion by Wall Street out of London—with purple polka dots. Also of traceable English origin is the custom, now being taken up rapidly in this country, of wearing a deep red carnation with business clothes as well as when dressed for the evening. In keeping with this outfit's general tendency to swank is the use, as a final fitting note, of yellow chamois gloves. Another good outfit, by the way, is that combination shown in the background—a fly front covert topcoat with ticket pocket at the waist line, worn with a lightweight bowler hat. This can be worn with rough tweedy suitings. This mixing up of town and country fashions is currently sanctioned.

The Day Begins at Five

A story containing a valuable formula for those who think a man is only as old as he feels

by JOHN WILEY

Miss Jansen was again at the water cooler. From the corner of his eye, Joe Williams watched her delicately lift the flimsy paper cup to her curving red mouth and sip as daintily as a sparrow. "She can't be that thirsty," he thought irritably. Should he, as office manager, suggest that these repeated trips were unbusinesslike, inefficient and a waste of company time? No. Miss Jansen would merely raise her arched eyebrows in mute and dignified surprise. It was hopeless.

There was a tinkle of laughter. Ted Davidson from the credit department, likewise parched with thirst, had joined Miss Jansen at this friendly oasis. He could see their youthful heads bent over the cooler. Their hands were nearly touching as they manipulated, not too deftly, the enameled button.

There was a pause. Miss Jansen with one slender hand poised on a silken hip raised her arched eybrows in Garbo-like inquiry. "Really," the words carried through the glass partition where Joe Williams sat staring rigidly at the paper in his hand. "Are you sure?"

"Yeah." Ted's boyish voice was troubled. "I've tried everybody."

"Really," Miss Jansen repeated. "What are you going to do about it?" And the airy lightness with which she stressed the word "you" subtly indicated that she personally was quite detached from any share in this problem.

"I don't know." The voices sank and the next audible words were due to a trill of genuine surprise on the part of Miss Jansen. "Him . . . well," and her voice became more dubious, "just as you like. Personally, I don't mind him."

There were a few more words. Miss Jansen flashed her brilliant, curving smile and with a tinkle of bracelets was drifting back to her typewriter. "And the next time, I will speak to her," was Joe Williams' unuttered resolution.

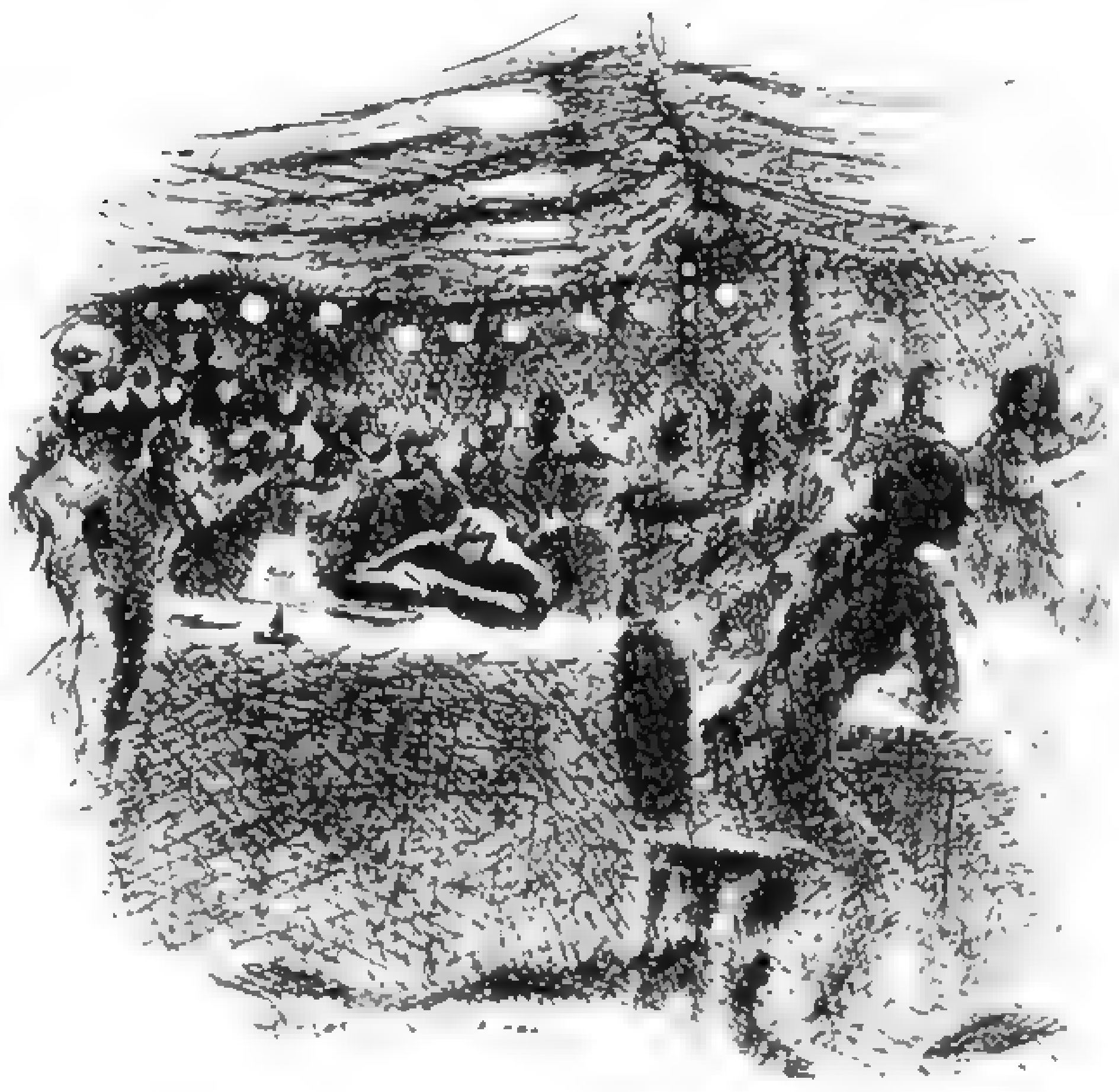
"Mr. Williams, if you aren't busy, I should like to speak to you a minute." Ted Davidson was standing in the doorway.

"Why . . . why no, Ted. Come in." Surprise made his voice sound gruff.

Ted hesitated. Embarrassment caused his normally pink face to deepen in color. To restore an air of casualness to the encounter, he started to fumble for his pack of cigarettes.

"Now what's happened?" thought the perplexed office manager as he watched these uneasy symptoms. "What is it, Ted?" he asked patiently.

"You see, it's this way, sir." There was a perceptible clearing of the throat. "I'm throwing a little party at my apartment.



Sort of a little get together . . . just people from the office, you know. I thought maybe you'd like to join us."

"When?" Joe Williams wished his voice didn't sound so crisp.

"Tonight, sir. About six."

"No. I'm sorry. I can't." Automatically the reply was on his lips. He was expected home on the five twenty-nine. He roused himself. "But thanks just the same."

"It's all right, sir. Just thought I'd ask." Ted gave the barest sketch of a comradely smile and fled.

Joe Williams sat gazing thoughtfully at his office calendar. It was nice of the kid to ask him to his party. It was years since anything of the kind had happened. There was a warm glow about the heart at thought of his being wanted. He wasn't so old yet that he couldn't be one of them.

The five twenty-nine. After all he could take a later train. The fact that the thought had not occurred to him before showed how deeply he had been carving the well-traveled groove between office and suburban home.

He reached for the telephone. Let's see. What day was it? Thursday. No. The Carsons were coming in for bridge. It was a standing engagement for every Thursday night. Could Janey, his wife, possibly get someone to fill in for him just this once? The thought was fantastic. In a community like Elmwood composed of not quite so young married couples a single, unattached male was such a rarity as to be almost unheard of. He sank back in his chair.

"How about it? Is he coming?" The anxiously unguarded question floated through the thin partition.

"No! Of course not." Ted Davidson's hearty, young voice was full and clear. "The old crab."

So that was it. The old crab. So that was what they thought of him. The conversation by the water cooler was now only too clear. He was asked not because they liked him but because there was nobody else. Because Miss Jansen "personally, didn't mind." He was the old man. A bugbear.

He was aroused by the quickened pulse of life outside his door. There was laughter. The tread of scurrying feet. It was five o'clock and outside lay freedom, a slanting sun and the glamor of a summer night. Wearily he reached for his hat.

In the crowded elevator, Miss Jansen was trilling an account of a verbal victory over someone named Gus. The narrative was impeded but by no means checked by the simultaneous strokes of a lipstick and the juggling of a small mirror. Miss Miller and Miss Unterdog were shrieking in rapturous agreement. There was an instant silence as Joe Williams entered the car. As though pulled by wires all eyes switched in his direction.

Miss Jensen folded up her compact. "You are leaving early, Mr. Williams," she remarked politely.

"Yes, a trifle. I thought I'd get home and give the lawn a good sprinkling." He didn't know why he added that last statement. Nothing could have sounded stodgier or more middle-aged. However, both Miss Miller and Miss Unterdog were as gravely attentive as though his words were to be carved on stone for the benefit of all posterity.

"It has been dry lately," Miss Jansen agreed as he drew back to let them pass. With fleeting smiles of farewell, the three of them scuttled through the lobby on their ridiculous high heels. Miss Jansen had resumed her narrative and Miss Miller and Miss Unterdog were shrieking with pleasure as they passed out into the open air.

The Avenue seemed drenched in gold in the mellow summer air. Voices and eager, hurrying feet. Youth with golden hours to toss away in a world that was their playground. Joe Williams standing in a corner, unnoticed and unwanted. Joe Williams vainly looking for something he could not find.

"Here is a letter for you, Mr. Williams," said Miss Jansen the next morning. He glanced up at her. She was as trim and clear-eyed as always. If the party last night had been a late one she showed no signs of it.

"Thank you, Miss Jansen," he turned and ripped open the letter. He was puzzled. It was a personal letter and written from a hotel in Detroit. "Dear Dog Face," it began. "What on earth"—and then he remembered. He had once been affectionately known as Jo-jo, the dog faced boy, but it had been years ago. He continued to read but so rapidly that the words hardly made sense.

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Dogs Are Tailor Made

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animals adapted to illegitimate practices. For years the Poodle was used to smuggle lace into Belgium, the stuff being wrapped around the dog's body before he was sent on his mission. So clever were they that they quickly learned that any type of uniform spelled trouble, and you couldn't get a smuggler's Poodle to remain within a hundred feet of any man dressed in official garb.

But this is a diversion from the theme: an adaptation, not a breed manufactured for a purpose. Which brings us back to the fundamental that each breed has its individual function—or, at least, once had a specific field in earlier days—and is cut to fit that pattern. To most dog owners there are Scotties and Collies and Wire-hairs just as there are Americans and Austrians and Swedes. But the fact is the dogs didn't happen quite so casually. You buy a dog today because you want a pet that will be companionable and amusing, is small enough to be practicable, is safe for the child and can earn his keep as a watchdog. Yet of all the breeds we know, there is only one that was actually tailored to fit that domestic pattern: the Boston Terrier. Suppose, for sake of argument, you take home a Scotty or a Cocker Spaniel: you have, on the one hand, a dog bred years ago because badgers and bidgers and the like o' that used to raise Cain with his lordship's game birds; or, on the other, one that came about because certain English huntsmen craved a small dog that could go into a thick covert and flush woodcock.

For many centuries sport rather than work has given us our greatest number of breed variations, the requirements of a certain type of hunting and even the varying tastes of different people for the same sport all leaving their mark on the particular animal. Go back, for instance, to 3000 B. C. or earlier and you'll find the Egyptians using the Greyhound for hunting and coursing before the pyramids were built. The Greyhound is still with us, hardly changed: yet here and there you will find variations on the type, some slight, some radical, for one purpose or another. The Saluki or gazelle hound of Arabia, the deerhound of Scotland, the Borzoi or Russian Wolfhound, all meet different hunting requirements on the same general lines. In contrast you have the Irish Wolfhound, that giant of dogdom, bred for exactly the same sport as the Borzoi but with a different idea in mind. The Irish hound is quite able to take care of any wolf "personally" should the hunters be stricken with some brand of buck fever—the Russian hound, in contrast, is almost slender enough to be bitten in two by a wolf and was never intended to engage in single-jawed combat with the quarry.

Considering different kinds of hunting opens up a wide field of variations in dogs. Substitute fox for deer and you see the Deerhound lose much of his leg length and coat and become a Foxhound—substitute rabbits for fox, pursued on foot instead of on horse, and you find the Foxhound coming still closer to the ground and gaited to man's pace, in the form of the Beagle.

The disposition and habits of the game, naturally, reflect themselves in the temperament, stature and coat of the dog. Rats, badgers and such varmints, defending themselves with ferocity rather than the wiles of the fox, call for the terrier, bred with a courage that carries him right into the quarry's hole and, in some cases, with a thick coat to withstand water. From this beginning, however, terriers branch off in all directions as far as pattern goes: there are the Wire-hairs, Border, Kerry Blue, Manchester, Airedale, Welsh, Irish, and the Bedlington terriers in the long-legged group; the Scottish, Sealyham, Dandie Dinmont, West Highland White, and Cairn in the short-legged class. The contrast between a Bedlington and a Dandie Dinmont, for instance, is almost too much for credence when it is considered that both extremes are still terriers.

These, of course, are sporting terriers of the British Isles. The family extends considerably beyond that field, including such variations as the toy Skye terrier, Schnauzer and our own Boston. This last, indeed, is a splendid example of a modern dog manufactured from a blue-print: a strictly American-made product designed to fill many varied requirements. His foster-parents set out to produce a good pet. That meant a small dog for the house; a smooth coat requiring no care; a lively, animated demeanor; intelligence; watch-dog qualities, and a few other items. Some forty years ago these breeders, as the American Bull Terrier Club, of Boston, applied for membership in the American Kennel Club. When they were admitted it was as the Boston Terrier Club, and the new dog was given the changed name.

Reverting to hunting, however, we see its many ramifications clearly stamped on the modern dog although probably only a small proportion of these pets (in the city, at least) are ever utilized for their intended purpose. The five leading breeds today would probably include the Scotty, the Wire-hair, the Setter, the Cocker Spaniel and the Boston, and four of those five are strictly hunting dogs. Of these, the Setter and the Spaniel represent quite a different type from the Terrier: the former two are essentially for birds, the latter for animals. As a matter of fact, the Setter was originally a Spaniel who can probably credit his existence to the seemingly remote fact that fire-arms were invented by man. The original bird dog's function, in the days when birds were netted or trapped, was to ferret out the game, give tongue and chase them into activity, and that is the Spaniel's specialty. That, incidentally, is why he is short-legged.

With the advent of the gun, on the other hand, it became more important with certain types of game such as partridge and grouse to avoid flushing the bird immediately. Like the Spaniel, the Setter scents the game: but then, instead of scaring the bird up, he "sets" it, crouching in rigid silence as a signal to the gunner. When the latter comes up and gives the command, the Setter then goes in and raises the bird. With slight variations, the Pointer does the same thing. But it is interesting to note that while both Setters and Pointers are generally accomplished retrievers in this country, Englishmen don't train these dogs to fetch the kill but use a third dog, a curly-haired retriever, for this sole purpose. Our strictly American-made retriever is the Chesapeake Bay, designed and built for the special water-work involved in duck hunting.

Another dog materially affected by the advance of the Machine Age was the Dalmatian—called the "plum pudding dog" in England and, with equal appropriateness in our cities, the "fire house dog." The surge of the automobile almost wiped out this favorite of the coaching era. But now, with a spreading revival of interest in saddle horses, we see the Dalmatian coming back in increasing numbers every year.

It might be added here that even if the Dalmatian had become extinct, that is no reason why he couldn't be revived again should the occasion demand. Dog tailors are clever enough to do almost anything on order. And the fact is that after the wolf disappeared from Ireland, the Irish Wolfhound also gradually died out. After a number of years of virtual extinction it was decided to bring him back, and by the simple process of crossing Great Danes with Deerhounds, and using what little Wolfhound blood still remained, this thoroughly lovable Goliath was restored.

The point from which we are straying, however, is that with the outstanding exception of the Boston, the popular dog of today was originally fashioned along lines quite foreign to the demands of the average buyer. This, of course, doesn't apply in the South where bird dogs and fox hounds still hold the lead; but it does prevail throughout the middle west where the Doberman Pinscher and the Chow are most popular, and in large cities everywhere where the small dog is supreme. Size, naturally, is an important item to the apartment-house dweller, and it doesn't concern him that that feature sprang from the fact that his Cocker Spaniel was designed for work in heavy underbrush. That favorite of the cartoonist, the Dachshund (known, incidentally, long before Germany appeared on the map!) was given his architectural proportions for badger hunting underground. Yet the adaptability of those lines was facetiously expressed by some contemporary wit who explained his preference for this breed on the grounds that it was the only dog who could comfortably fit under modernistic furniture!

Of course, it isn't always true that these original requirements are retained by breeding standards. Certainly the show dog bred today by Airedale fanciers would never be accepted by those hard-boiled Aire Valley miners any more than their tough dogs would be given a second glance by a modern judge. We needn't engage in the endless debate on when a "refinement" is a refinement, but it is safe to say that very often these so-called improvements for benching purposes injure the dog rather than help him. The Bulldog was virtually ruined by crazy breeders who cultivated the broken nose to a point where the poor animal couldn't breathe; the short legs of the Scotty got to be an obsession with another fancier, with the result that after a while we saw Scotties coming to the bench whose chests practically scraped the ground. That brand of stupidity was finally checked and the dog's legs are now as long (or as short) as they should be considering his function: the ability to "turn on a dime" and to follow a varmint into his hole.

Another great breeding atrocity was committed against the Collie not so many years ago when the craze for a narrow skull got under way. The working Collie of the pasture was a fairly broad-headed fellow, but the aesthetes of the dog world decided to

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The Old Rev'und

Story about an ex-clergyman who was not what he seemed to be—not even to himself

by JOHN D. SWAIN

He had been a clergyman of one of those numerous and obscure sects that grow up, linger for a time, and disappear. Its very name had been forgotten.

But not for many years had he officiated as a clergyman. In fact, for a longer time than he could remember, his sole activity had concerned itself with getting drunk. Not happily, riotously drunk, but it might have been said of him with truth that he was never really sober, nor was he actually intoxicated. He lived in a sort of queer stupor, a waking dream that blended so naturally into his nocturnal visions that he himself did not really know where the one left off, and the other began.

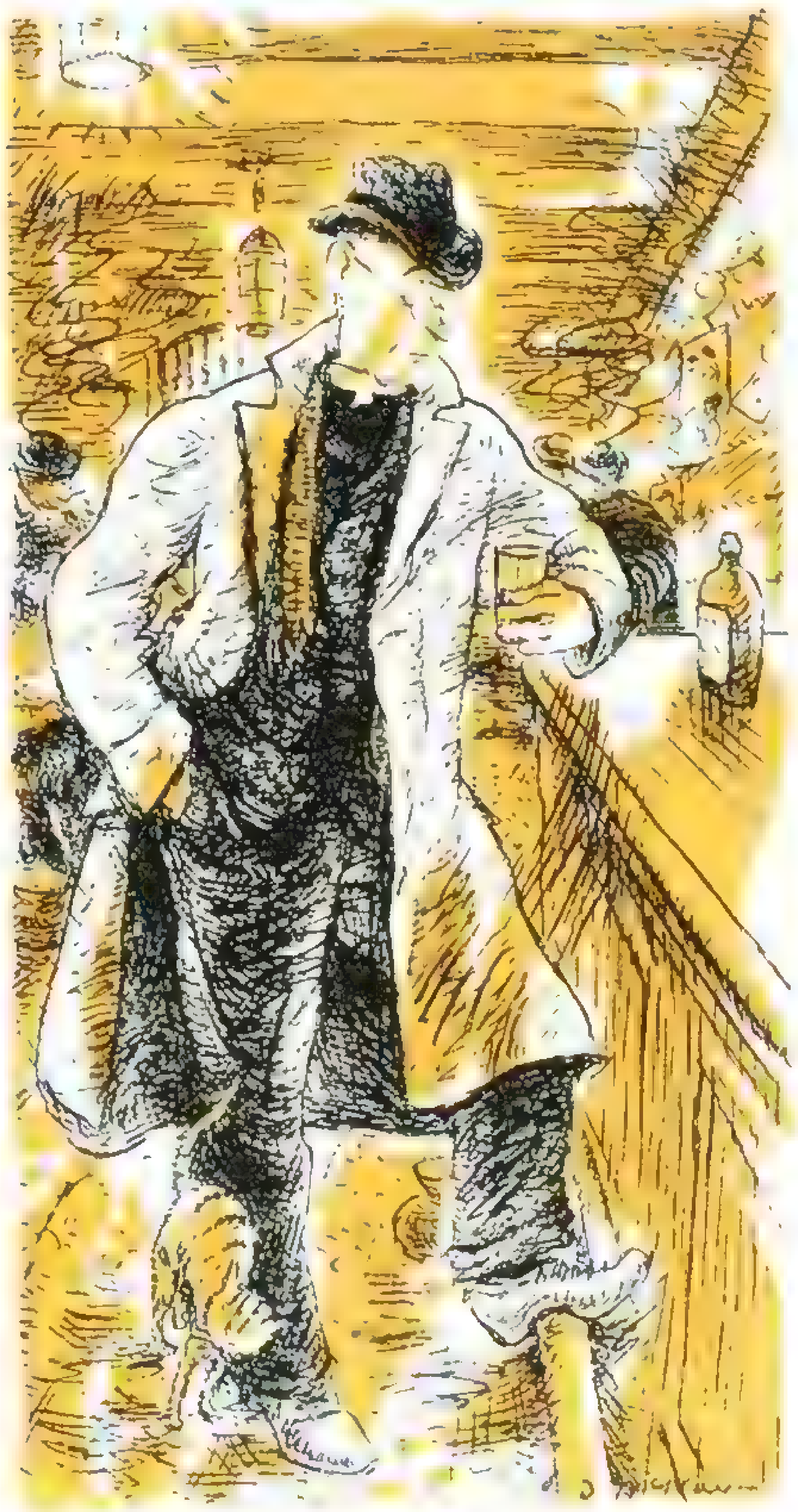
For years he had fought against the craving, inherited perhaps from generations of mountain folk. The battles were always losing ones; and in time he ceased the struggle. He was what might be termed a solitary drinker; and yet there was this difference. He practically never had a bottle in the cheap little room where he lodged. Without wishing to mix socially with other drinkers, he yet longed for a sort of vague companionship. He always drank at Clary's saloon, three blocks down the street from his lodging house door. Here he had his appointed hours, and place. He always went to the far end of the bar, and stood there until he had drunk his fill. He spoke to none, none spoke to him; but the voices of the others came to his ears, their words disregarded. He was like a ghost; present, but unobserved. In this way he warmed his cold hands at the fires of life.

The bartenders, Clary himself, regarded him with the curious attitude of bartenders everywhere; a sort of contempt because he overdrank of their wares, mingled with a grudging respect because he never got tipsy or quarrelsome, or tried to borrow money. The habitués of the place knew that he was —or had been—a clergyman of sorts; this served to satisfy their self-esteem, since if even a clergyman could and did enjoy his liquor, surely they might, as laymen, do the same; they usually touched their hats with more or less dirty forefingers, and thereafter let him alone.

The saloon cat, and no saloon ever lacked at least one, used to rub up against his thin legs; and formerly he had often leaned down to stroke her mangy fur. But lately, he had ceased this social gesture. It gave him a queer, dizzy feeling to bend over.

He had inherited a small income; sufficient for his needs. He seldom ate a real meal; a frugal handful of Clary's free lunch, and a mug of hot coffee at a near-by restaurant, kept his appetite sated. His room, though small and mean, contented him. His laundry, a few cents a week. The rest bought him what liquor he craved. He had no financial problems.

On a certain evening, at about ten o'clock, he sat in his lodgings. An evening paper was folded on his bureau. From long habit, he bought a newspaper every day; but only rarely did he read in it. In two hours, Clary's place would close; he must gather the energy to go there before it did so. Lately, the effort of going downstairs, and up the street for three blocks, had seemed so incredible that he often put it off until almost too late. He was trying to make the effort tonight, when a knock sounded at his door. It was Lizzie, the housemaid; and she announced that a young Negress wanted to speak to him. She said that the matter was important.



Not the faintest curiosity stirred in his breast at such an unusual event. He took his hat—it was in his mind that after he had seen what the colored girl wanted he would go to Clary's.

The Negress—a pretty girl, in her racial way—had been weeping. To the old man, she said: "It's one of the girls to the Haymarket! She's dyin', and there ain't much time."

The old man nodded. "But you really ought to call somebody else," he said. "You see, I haven't officiated as a clergyman for many years."

"We done try fo' rev'unds already," the girl explained. "One of 'em was away somewheres, and the other three jes' refused to come when the madam 'splained where the call was from."

"In that case I will go with you. But I warn you that there are a great many people who would refuse my services."

"Well, we-all ain't so fussy, down to the Haymarket, rev'und!"

The old man knew about the Haymarket. Nobody could live on his street and not know about it. It was a gaunt old house, whose windows were shuttered day and night, and whose front door had a stout chain. There were always fifteen or more young girls living there; but nobody ever saw them going in or out the front way. When they had business outside, they used a back door that let onto an alley; and they were given to looking straight ahead, and returning as soon as possible. In fact, unless strictly necessary, the madam did not encourage her girls in going out at all.

They came presently to the old house, and mounted its worn granite steps; whereupon, as if they had been watched for, a chain within gently fell, and the black door opened noiselessly as if geared in velvet. The door closed behind them; and a wave of warm, blended perfumes filled their nostrils. It was a curious odor; soft, bland, not actually unpleasant, but disturbing. The gentle odor of soft corruption! The young Negress led the old man up the thick carpeted stairs. "All the men has been got out o' the house," she said. "All but two of 'em who was petrified, and the madam couldn't wake 'em up noways."

Upstairs, the sound of weeping would have guided him, even had he been alone. He entered a large, square chamber, and was greeted in an almost stately manner by an erect, middle-aged woman, whose hair was so marcelled that it seemed as if her head was carved in stone. And standing about a bed, were three or four rather pretty girls, wearing beautiful and colorful silk pajamas and Mandarin smocks, and with rouged faces streaked with tears. On the bed lay what looked to the old man like a little child, with large blue eyes filled with apprehension and a curious stare of surprise. To her he went; her name, so the young Negress had told him, was Lou.

"Lou," he said gently, "your Father wants to see you!"

A wail of terror came from the girl. "But I don't want my father to know where I am!

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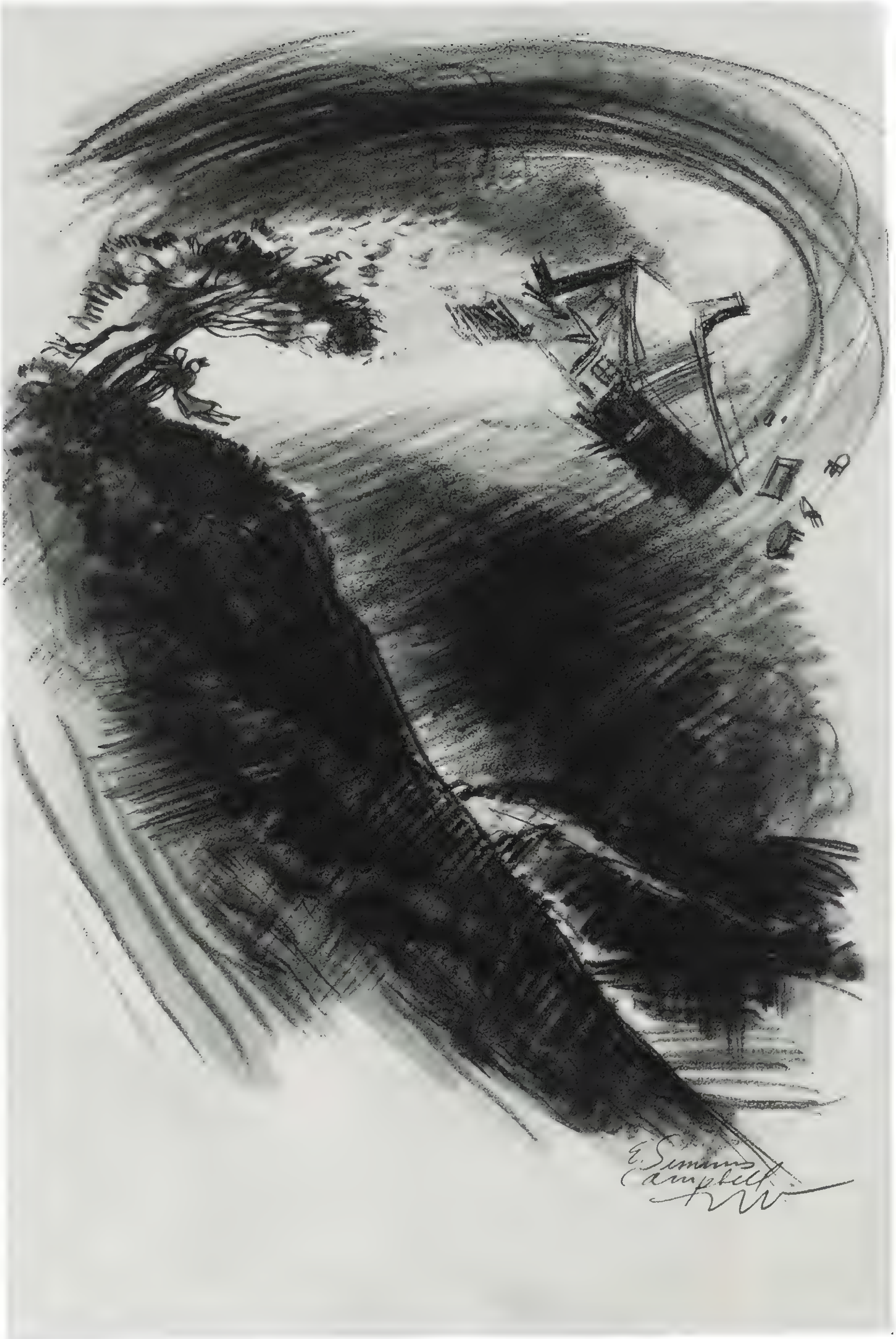


"O-O-Oh look, darling—it's going down by the lake, where we always wanted it"

From Attic to Best Cellar

How an old farmhouse was made over into a magazine article at a total cost of only $7.88

by RAYMOND KNIGHT

Editor's Note:—*Mr. Knight, who revealed himself as a Russian Grand Duke, and a son of a Tsarovitch in the February issue, now discloses that he is also none other than "Mrs. Fanny Fotherington Fish," famous authority on rare old farms, rare old pewter and rare old stuff in general. One of the outstanding books of last season was the one containing his plea for a return to the old-fashioned wooden-pin frame house, entitled "Rivet, Stay Away From My Door."*

"My house—mine—mine—mine—mine!" I said it over and over again until I was slightly dizzy. I had always wanted to own an old Connecticut farm house . . . the blood of New England yeomen ran in my veins—(owing to a transfusion in 1926)—and now the call of the soil had come to me clear and loud over the hills of Connecticut. "Come ye back to Mandalay," it said, and only that morning I had hastily thrown a toothbrush and half a pair of pajamas into my roommate's suitcase and set out on the long trek. "Up to your old treks?" my friends had called after me, but I had ignored them and plunged headlong into the Bronx—or maybe it was *two* Bronx—or three. Anyway they were very refreshing....

And now . . . there it stood before me, framed in a clump of old cottonwood trees—or maple perhaps. True, the front porch sagged, the chimneys leaned and the window panes were gone, but it was mine—mine! I hugged myself from sheer joy—which is something of a feat in itself.

Then, bracing myself for the great adventure I slowly approached my new Home. I was trembling. I could hardly lift one foot after the other. At first I thought it was emotion. Then I realized it was because the mud was up to my ankles.

With my eyes shining, and the seat of my blue serge trousers likewise, I walked up to the front door and with a little whispered prayer to Lares and Penates* I reached for the dear little old knocker. It immediately came off in my hand. How symbolical I thought . . . The little old house is "giving itself" to me. I entered the room. Ah, the cute old-fashioned doorway, scarcely five and a half feet tall. How well I remember it . . . I still have a small scar on the top of my head where it gave me something to remember it by.

I shut the door behind me as well as I could with no hinges, and standing in the center of the living room, I took a deep breath of sheer pleasure. After I had removed the dust from my throat, I looked about my new home in a daze. . . . Mine—mine—mine—mi—I guess I mentioned that before.

It had everything one could wish for in a Connecticut farmhouse . . . old-fashioned wide floor boards (with lovely old-fashioned wide cracks between them) . . . a dear little old fireplace . . . old mantelpiece . . . wide beams . . . and a dear old-fashioned mortgage.

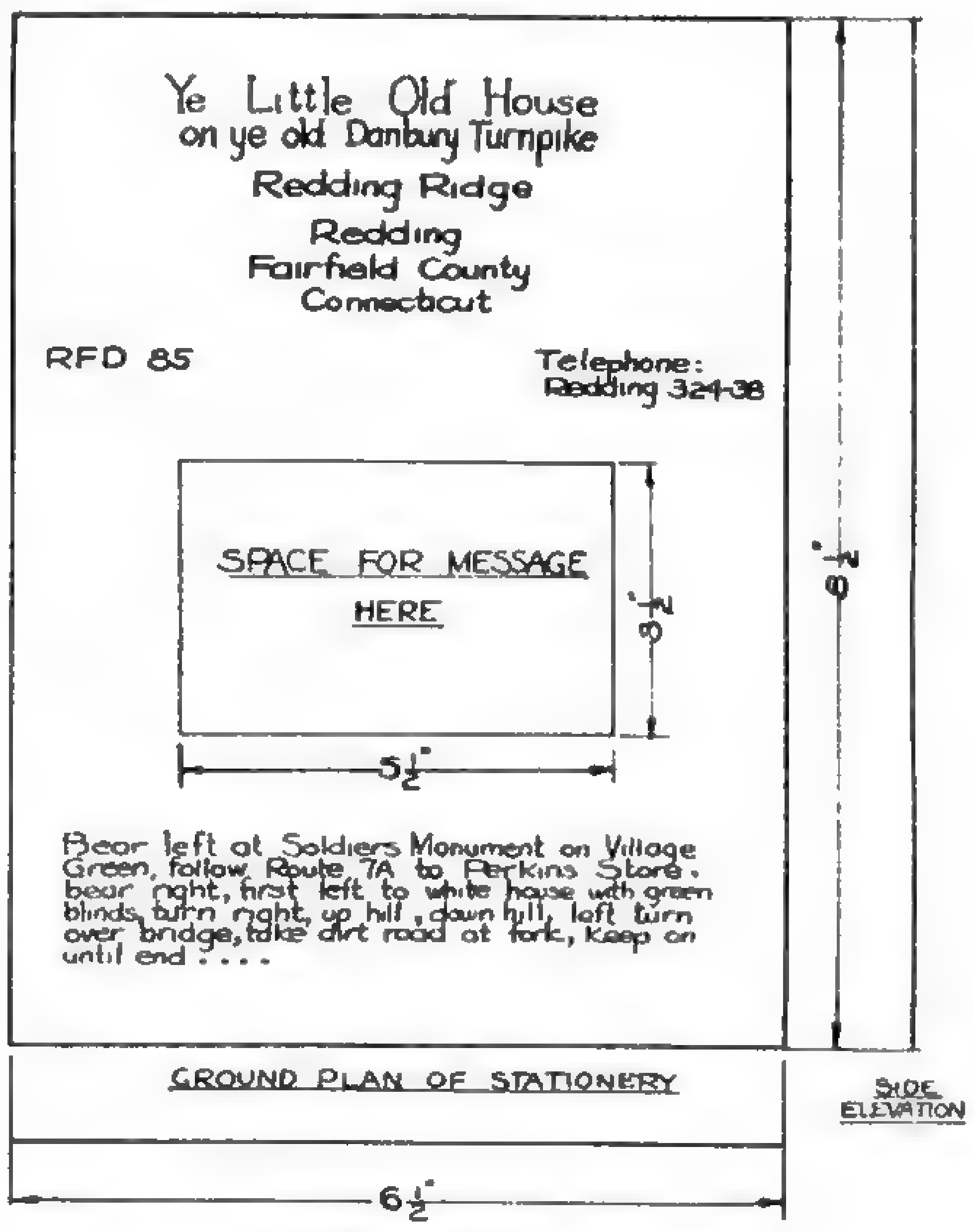
The agent had showed me two houses, one in front on the road, and one in back. Both had their advantages—the back house was much more comfortable, while the front house had more trees. The front house was nearer to things, while the back house was much quainter. I debated and debated and finally I tossed a coin. Tails! The back house it was! I have never regretted my choice.

As I say . . . I stood there in the center of the living room of my newly acquired house in a sort of daze. The doctor later said it was probably caused by a piece of plaster falling from the ceiling. But I knew in that moment I loved the little old house and . . . it loved me.

Then came the fun of "making it over" as we call making a house over in Connecticut. There were all sorts of things to do—The roof had to be jacked up and four new walls put in beneath it—the cellar had slipped out from beneath the house and was at least ten feet "off center." Practically all the windows had to be moved. I remember there was one window over a door which could be reached only by a little ladder which hung on a nearby nail. This was, of course, the old "Bullseye" window used by the early settlers. It was so called because attacking Indians would watch the regular windows and meanwhile the Colonists would shoot at them from this window over the door. The Indians, never expecting to be shot from such a source, became easy targets—or "Bullseyes." I took this window out because the Indians have since become educated and know about them. (Tell *me* that the Cleveland Administration knew what it was doing when it gave the Red Man books!)

Then there were dozens of other things to be done. The well had to be located. (I did this myself, discovering it under some old boards . . . a neighbor pulled me out.) The front porch needed new posts and a floor . . . fireplaces had to be uncovered . . . so did money for the first payment . . . all the windows needed glass . . . a new framework had to be secured . . . and shingles were necessary for the roof.

But let me begin at the beginning. The first step was to find a name for the house and have some stationery printed. Here indeed was a problem! I wrote name after name on sheets of paper—"Old Manse River"—"There's-No-Place-Like-Homestead" "Desire" (it was under the elms)—"Well, Well, Well" (there were three on the place)—etc., etc. But none of them seemed to fit. I sighed. "Ah, ye little old house," I murmured, "what shall I call you?" And then it came to me in a flash. Why not just simply—"Ye Little Olde House." Didn't that tell the story? Rushing to the telephone I called up the printer and the next day the stationery was delivered and we started work.


Ye Little Old House
on ye old Danbury Turnpike
Redding Ridge
Redding
Fairfield County
Connecticut
RFD 85
Telephone: Redding 324-38
SPACE FOR MESSAGE HERE
3½"
8½"
5½"
Bear left at Soldiers Monument on Village Green, follow Route 7A to Perkins Store, bear right, first left to white house with green blinds, turn right, up hill, down hill, left turn over bridge, take dirt road at fork, keep on until end . . . .
GROUND PLAN OF STATIONERY
SIDE ELEVATION
6½"

END ELEVATION
of
STATIONERY DESIGNED BY THE AUTHOR

The next few months were very happy ones.

The second step in making over an old Connecticut farmhouse, after the stationery has been ordered, is to lay in a supply of chintz. This may be procured at any well-stocked department store which caters to people who are making over Connecticut farmhouses. Simply go to the dry goods department. You will find two doors—one marked "Ladies" and one marked "Chintz." Use the one marked "Chintz."

Chintz can make or break an old farmhouse. The layman will wonder at first but I repeat it—"Chintz can make or break an old farmhouse."* It is used to cover old ladder-back chairs, old Dutch ovens, old flower pots, old fireplaces, old highboys and old ladies and gentlemen. A gay flowered chintz with bright, happy flowers is by far the best. It will keep your relatives away from the house better than anything else.

After I had covered the house completely from top to bottom with this gay, colored chintz, I turned my attention to the kitchen.

Lares, or "Larry's" is, or was, a little place in the West 50's in New York which is, or was, "home" to many Connecticut commuters. The word "Penates" comes from a small edible tuber. Even today the cry "Hot Roasted Penates" can be heard at baseball games as a player "steals home" showing that America is still a nation of home lovers.

*Editor's Note:—*The author repeated this several times more but space did not allow for it.*

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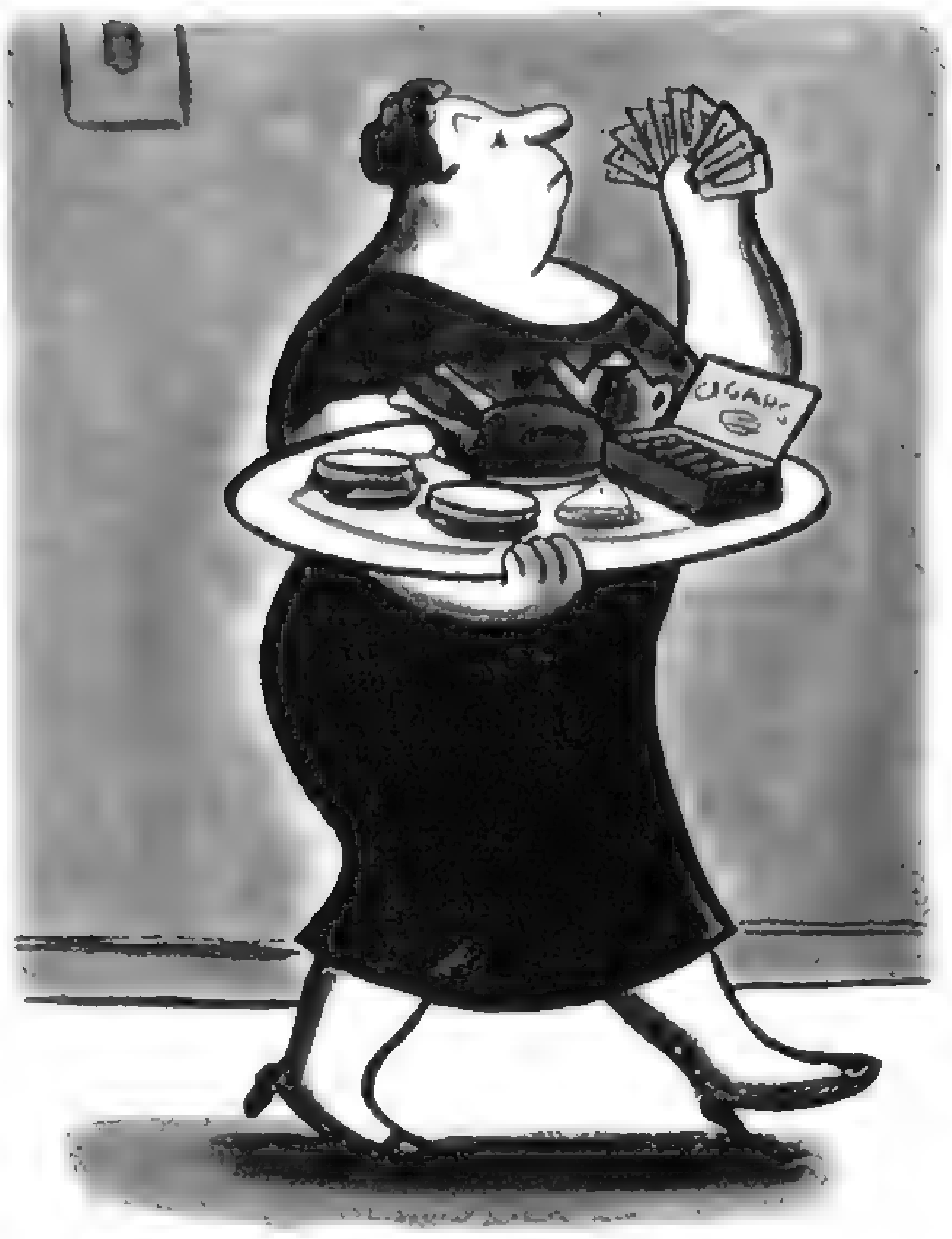
The Passing of Pinochle

Humor, along the old Potash line, and some useful information, too, about pinochle's decline and fall

by MONTAGUE GLASS



"No one but a sculptor and his mother would deny that sculpture is a lost art," says Max Beerbohm, and of course this dictum must be taken with a grain of salt and a few remonstrances from Gutzon Borglum and Jo Davidson, but when it comes to pinochle, you can take it from me without a grain of salt that the good old game of auction pinochle, played with either three or four players and from one to six kibbitzers, is fast being replaced in the homes of the garment manufacturers by contract. You will notice that I spell *kibbitzer* with two b's. A play was produced, with much success and only one b, called *The Kibitzer*, whereupon people went around pronouncing the first *i* as in *bicycle* or *Ike*. Now, as anyone who has ever played the game of pinochle knows, the first *i* is short as in the work *kick*, which has given rise to a theory that *kibitzer* is a word of German origin derived from *Kiebitz*, a bird of the plover family.

There may be some truth in this, because one shoots plovers, and one wants to shoot *kibbitzers*, who are the onlookers at a game of pinochle, and who at the conclusion of each hand, always tell one of the principals in the game that he played it rottenly. "You should have come trump right at the start," says the *kibbitzer*, if the player has delayed leading trump. On the other hand, if the player has led his trumps at the start, the *kibbitzer* always says: "What do you want to lead trump for? Let *them* lead trump, and you win it by a million!" That's what I mean by suggesting that perhaps the word *kibbitzer* is derived from the German *Kiebitz*, a sort of plover, which is so often shot and killed in the open season for plovers. There is unfortunately no open season for *kibbitzers*, and some people claim that it was the *kibbitzers* which caused the decline of auction pinochle among the garment manufacturers.

Be that as it may, however, I am informed by the manufacturers of playing cards that the demand for pinochle decks began to fall long before the late bull market did, and while there may be a great many vintage decks, pinochle decks "laid down" in 1926 and 1927, still in circulation, the demand now is for bridge decks, with a card containing the rules for scoring in the game of contract bridge. Pinochle is passing, and what is more, the decline and fall of pinochle is having a most adverse effect on the delicatessen and cigar trade. Let me explain.

In arranging a private pinochle game, the unwritten law called for two pinochle decks, a box of poker chips for scoring, one pound of sliced tongue, a few turkey sandwiches, rye bread, ten cents worth of dill pickles and a box of good ten cent cigars, because auction pinochle with three or four players is what I would call a hungry game. I rule out two handed pinochle, except as a medium for gambling by onlookers—a phase of pinochle which will be taken up later, but don't wait up for it. I may not get to it or I may touch on it only briefly. Two handed pinochle is really not pinochle at all—within the purview of rules laid down by the International Garment Manufacturers of America and kindred organizations in the wholesale clothing and millinery trades. Two handed pinochle is played in lonely New England farmhouses where the current hospitality is dried apples and water, as somebody said somewhere, but auction pinochle whether three or four handed, was a game for cigar smokers and hearty eaters of delicatessen, washed down by tea or coffee.

Only rarely did women play auction pinochle, and therefore the dainty lettuce sandwich, egg sandwich and nut sandwich of contract bridge were never served at the conclusion of the game, and anyway, the refreshments at the finish of a pinochle game constituted a movable feast of which the time was determined by the determination of the loser or losers. That is to say, if it had been decided in advance that the last round should be played at one o'clock sharp, and somebody was a three-dollar loser at that time, just one more round was played again and again until the three-dollar loser became even with the game, when of course, another player became a three-dollar, or even a three-dollar-and-twenty-cent loser. In fact, nothing but the broad daylight of Sunday morning ever ended a Saturday night game, and this too, might have had something to do with the passing of pinochle. Perhaps it might be pertinent to describe the game of auction pinochle, which is played with a deck of forty-eight cards, consisting of a double deck of whist cards, omitting all cards from the deuce to the eight, both included. Thus there are two nines of every suit, and two tens, etc., up to and including the ace, and when the game is played by three players, fifteen cards are dealt to each player and three cards are dealt to the table. These three are known as the *widow*, pronounced *widder* or *vidder*. When the game is played four handed, fifteen cards are dealt to three players, the dealer staying out, and the three cards are dealt to the table. But when the game is four handed, not only does the dealer have to pay if the player who obtains the bid wins the hand, but the dealer is also paid if the player loses.

There are a great many other rules, all of which I shall be glad to show you, in collaboration with such players as Mr. Hy Mayer, the well-known cartoonist, my brother John or any other good player. With beginner's luck at moderate stakes, you ought not to lose more than ten dollars, and think of all the smoked tongue and dill pickles you can eat. But let us go on now to discuss the passing and not the playing of the game of auction pinochle.

From 1890 down to 1928, auction pinochle was played so persistently in the City of New York that it gave rise to a disease called *Pinochle Thumb*, which was causing by leading the two aces and the ten of trump with such violence as to fracture the glass top of the polished mahogany table in the dining rooms of more than ten thousand Bronx families every Saturday night. The object of leading the two aces and ten of trump was to catch your opponent's or opponents' remaining ten of trump, thereby depriving them or either of them, of a high trump and adding ten to your score. Naturally a man can't fracture a glass table top with one blow of his thumb, without also injuring the thumb, and therefore a number of families in the Bronx and East New York, covered their dining room tables with green baize—to protect the glass tops and not the thumbs.

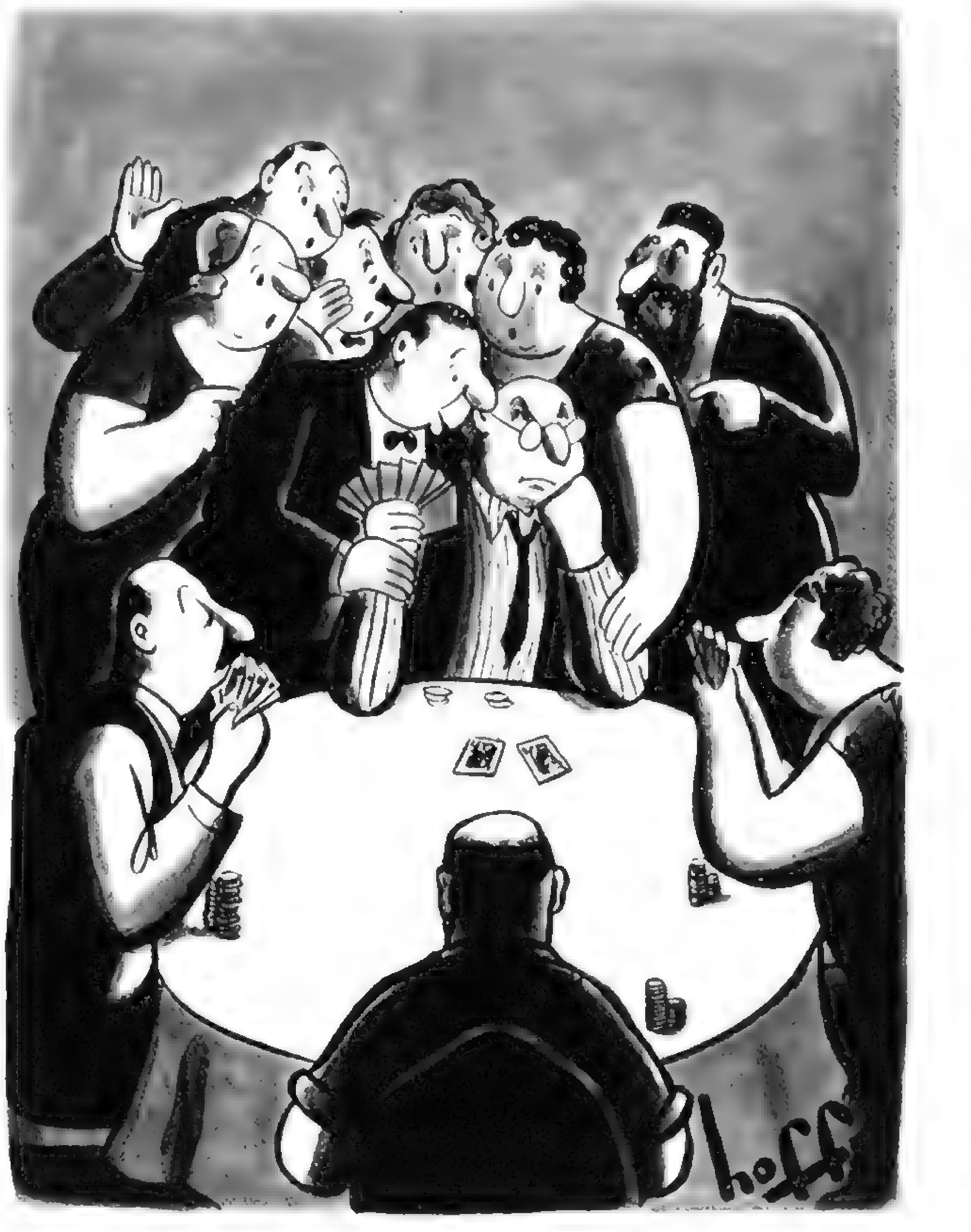
"But why didn't they play auction pinochle on collapsible card tables?" I hear somebody ask. Let me say at once, that when auction pinochle *was* auction pinochle, and its players were nourished by smoked tongue, spiced beef, dill pickles and coffee with plenty of cream, anybody holding four aces in his hand, would have reduced a collapsible card table to kindling before he had led even the third ace. When people led cards at auction pinochle, they *led* them . . . defiantly and not apologetically, as in contract bridge. If you had a good hand in auction pinochle, you spread the welcome news. You led your cards with grunts and exclamations, such as: "An ace!" "*Schon wieder an ace!!*" "Noch einmal ace!!!" "*Und* gimme the rest!!!!" You then began to boast. "And do you suppose I had them cards in my hand when I bid?" you ask, your face glistening with perspiration, well earned. "I picked up two aces in the widder and an extra ten of *Trumpf*!"

In fact, gloating was as much part of the game as commiseration was *not*. If you and your partner "set" or defeated the third player, for it is part of the game that the man who gets the bid, is opposed by the other two players, did you sympathize with the loser? Yes, you *did!* You told him, almost as a matter of pinochle etiquette, that he lost the hand by his own foolishness. "What did you want to open up clubs for?" you asked him, in case he did open up clubs, and if he didn't you said, naturally: "Why didn't you come with your clubs? A baby would have known that the clubs was evenly divided. It would 'uv been a walk-over for you!!" That was the way you treated a loser! It all made for candor—honesty. Men learned to lose with an argument instead of with a smile, and *per contra* they won with elation and no false modesty about it.

Nobody said to a loser: "Well, better luck, next time!" What they said were a few well-selected words to the surrounding kibbitzers, indicating that the loser ought to take a few lessons and that a *Strohschneider* like that would end up in the poor house, which was not so much a prediction as an unfulfilled wish in which all the kibbitzers joined. In private houses, the *kibbitzers* were usually friends and relatives, who felt entitled to share in the refreshments, for some reason called the *Aufwartung*, which was a word shortened or Anglicized as *the A. W.* If someone said: "I was to Max Kingenschmidt's house last night for pinochle," it usually evoked the question: "And how was *The A. W?*" People in those days were not so delicate about criticizing hospitality. In fact, the highest praise given to the refreshments was: "O. N. S." This when decoded, means: *Oser nicht schlecht!* Translated into English it also means: *Not so bad!* Perhaps all these A. W. and O. N. S. codes were the forerunners of the numerous words made out of initials, which are now so extensively used in Europe, such as Amtorg or even as KATPOD which when decoded, means *Konstantinopolitanischerdudelsackpfeiffersgesellschaftsverein.* To give you the English of it, this compound word means *Club of the Constantinople Bagpipers Association.*

In German, one makes a compound word out of running all the component words together, without hyphens, and in auction pinochle games, one makes a meal by mixing up so many different foods from the delicatessen store that some of the most enjoyable pinochle games in town, held for years in the same families every Saturday night, were broken up by gastric ulcers complicated with inflammation of the gall duct. Naturally this lent to auction pinochle a high rate of mortality, and when doctors advised the older auction pinochle players—the ones who really kept the game alive—that if they wanted to continue in the garment business, they'd better diet, it drove these old timers to the asceticism of lettuce, potcheese and walnut sandwiches, and therefore to contract bridge.

In auction pinochle, if a player seems to be in doubt, the other two players as well as the dealer, who is temporarily not playing, exclaim with splendid attack: "*NU? A Karte oder a Stuck Holz!*" That's plain enough, isn't it? A card or a piece of wood! This exclamation is usually supplemented by detached comments such as: "Couldn't you keep your mind on the game? What's the matter with you *anyway?*"



In contract bridge, however, the player who hesitates is spurred to action only by the purest English emphasized by dirty looks. Even technical terms of warfare are used in contract such as the word *vulnerable*. There is no such thing as being vulnerable in auction pinochle. Either your opponent plays the hand like a *Strohschneider* which means a *Tailor of straw*—one ninth of a man of straw, for it takes nine tailors to make a man, or else your opponent plays it like a *Schlemiel* or like a *Doppus*. I defy even General MacArthur to find in any handbook of tactics, the terms *Strohschneider*, *Schlemiel* or *Doppus*.

As for the same words, *Schlemiel* and *Doppus*, they both mean *an extremely clumsy person*. Thus it has been said in explanation that a *Schlemiel* is a feller who picks up what a *Doppus* has dropped; but none of these terms is a fighting word. It calls for argument such as when a man tries to refute the accusation of playing a hand like a *Strohschneider* by saying: "Could I *smell* it that you held the ace, ten, king and two other trumps? What *am* I? . . . A bloodhound?"

This of course evokes the riposte: "But why didn't you play your lone ace of clubs? What did you expect to *do* with it? *Pickle* it?" It must be remembered, in considering the telling effect of this swift repartee, that there are two aces of every suit, and if a player finds himself with only one of those aces in his hand and no other cards of that suit to back it up, he is under the painful necessity of losing it to anybody who plays the other ace first. A situation of this sort causes a sensation in court, and the kibbitzers and other players usually cluck their tongues and wag their heads from side to side. They also look at one another, spreading the right hand in an eloquent gesture, as much as to say: "What can you do with a feeble-minded person like *that?*"

In fact, any auction pinochle player who was caught napping with a lone ace in his hand, durthe heyday of auction pinochle, might just as well have been caught by a credit man, while drinking champagne out of a lady's slipper, as far as his reputation for mercantile prudence was concerned. But no venom existed in the minds of his fellow players. They condemned him loudly; they gloated over him and in fact behaved themselves in the natural fashion which is not expected or wanted of contract players. Let us take for instance a similar situation in a game of contract. Your partner, we will say for example, has stolen the bid from you by disregarding all the world-wisdom of Lenz or Culbertson, and has begun the playing out of a four spade bid, which he or she proceeds to ruin while you, as dummy, sit and watch the debacle.

Can you for one moment interrupt the play by clapping your hand to your head, rolling your eyes tragically and exclaiming "Oo-eeee!!!" Of course not! You sit there while hatred fills your bosom. All you need is an automatic pistol and you could immediately enjoy committing a well-merited murder. By gad, Suh! It is as good as duck shooting, without the ducks or the shooting. Auction pinochle cannot compete with contract in this respect. It bears the same relation to contract as fifteen ball pool does to championship golf. It has no chic, no class, and that is another reason why auction pinochle is passing.

Auction pinochle was also a great time waster. True enough, the time wasted at pinochle might have been utilized only in sleep, for in the days when auction pinochle was played in the coffee house as well as in the home, it was no unusual occurrence for an early riser to open the door of a Second Avenue coffee house, intent on breakfast, only to find the place filled with smoke and pinochle players, every shade lowered and every light burning, while the proprietor, the waiters, the players and the kibbitzers were quite unconscious of the sun shining brightly outside. It was too good to last.

Jem Belcher's Last Fight

Continued from page 49

different answer!" and then you turned your eye upon the towering body of Tom Cribb and saw the coils of muscle beneath his shoulders. Who could withstand a piston launched forward on the pivot of those gigantic muscles? Could a man, already once defeated, who had only one eye to fight with?

For a full half minute they faced each other, both motionless as carved marble. There was such tension that men dug their nails into their palms and brought blood. One thing was certain. Whether Cribb won or Belcher won, no man would forget this day's fight till the last tooth fell out of his shriveled gums.

At last! Belcher had broken the trance, like a snake suddenly striking. Left, right. Cribb stopped the left. Belcher had intended him to. Forth shot the right into Cribb's midriff with a noise like the crack of a whip. The blood retreated from the place where the fist struck and left it pale as ivory. Then the angry blood seeped back again. The angry breath puffed back into his lungs.

"Take that!" went Cribb's fist. But Belcher was too quick for it. The blow glanced off his left harmlessly. Then he closed with Cribb, slipped to the ground, the first round was over.

"He'll come back! He'll come back! He'll come back!" the crowd twittered excitedly. "What do you think?" asked the first skylark. "I'm not so sure! I'm not so sure!" said his companion.

"I'm not so sure!" said he again, in the second round, when Cribb got to close quarters, and, despite the flick of bullet-like blows, encircled his man and threw him heavily. During the third round there was silence, in the sky above and on the green downs below. The whole crowd was silent in the sheer joy of witnessing such perfect craftsmanship. Straight and true like a bow from a bowstring Belcher's fist shot forward. It almost sang, too, as it clove the air.

In the fourth round Belcher seemed to be labouring. His breath came short. His lip trembled a little. You must hold your wind better than that, Jem Belcher, if you're going to snatch the wreath back from Tom Cribb's forehead! He slips to ground again. He knows Cribb is stronger than he is. He must fight strength not with strength, but with brains.

In the fifth round, brains win. Never in all his career, never since he stepped into the ring for his first fight ten long years ago, did Jem Belcher fight so gloriously. Brains fought for him. Courage seconded brains. But what avails it that courage and brains fight for a man, when luck fights against him?

Though Jem Belcher in that fifth round fought more cleverly and gallantly than ever he had fought before, in that fifth round his doom came upon him. He knew it well, though he concealed it so long and so magnificently from the crowd, from his opponent, even from his seconds. Round after round he went on fighting, a tenth round, a twentieth, a thirtieth. He lasted for thirty-one rounds, though the whole world swung and tottered around him, he was in such pain, and the blue sky was black as ink. Then he held forth in surrender the shapeless thing that was his fist. He declared himself beaten. The glory was over. But he had known the glory was over a long time ago, years ago, it seemed: since that desolate moment in the fifth round when luck left him like a great bird that makes off with a roar of wings.

For once again his right fist betrayed him, as it had done in his last fight with Cribb. It was not a hard blow he delivered with it. Both before and after it happened, he struck out with it much more fiercely. He merely hit Cribb's skull at exactly the wrong angle, with exactly the wrong force, at exactly the moment when Cribb's skull came butting in upon his fist. He heard a crack as if the bone were broken in two. He tottered for a moment in a sick spasm. The air became misty about him, and the mist filled with shapes and voices.

He saw two women, and they were one woman only. The first of them was his wife, Sally, as she had been when he first set eyes on her. Her cheeks were pink with a brown flush to them, like the petals of the briar rose. He smelled quite distinctly, though his nostril was stuffed with blood, the fragrance she always had in her hair, in those days. The second of them was his wife also. She stood waiting for him in the threshold of their house. Her lips twisted and writhed with her scorn of him. "Get back!" she hurled at him, louder than all the roaring of the mob assembled on Epsom Downs. "Get back, you one-eyed scarecrow! Who wants you here?"

The scene changed. He was not fighting Tom Cribb any more. This was not Epsom Downs any more. He was fighting Andrew Gamble on Wimbledon Common. Not far off was a gibbet. On the gibbet hung the body of Jerry Abershaw, who had been a sprightly highwayman till a week or two ago. Good old Jerry! Jem Belcher waved his hand at him. Jerry grinned back, showing his large yellow teeth, from which the lip curled away like a scimitar. A wind blew up and set the chains creaking on the gibbet and Jerry dancing a dance. . . .

All his fights, all his victories and his two defeats, came back to him, as Jem Belcher gasped for breath like a drowning man. He was fighting his first fight on the day of St. James's Fair, before the windows of his home in Bristol. His mother was cheering him on. His sister's husband gave him a knee. Were they not the offspring of John Slack, and was not John Slack one of the greatest fighters of the great days of fighting? How old is this boy who delivers right, left, right, left, so cunningly? What? Twelve years old? Bravo, little Jem Belcher! You'll be champion of England some day!

Who is this looming up in the mist? Why, this is "Paddington" Jones. They've chosen "Paddington" Jones to be his opponent for his first appearance in the London ring. He is eighteen years old now, the boy wonder from the West Country. From today he is to be the boy wonder of the capital.

And these? Who are these four louts skulking in the darkness? These are the paid toughs that Andrew Gamble's backers have hired to set on him. They are going to knock the guts out of him. He'll not be fit to lift a finger against Andrew Gamble. Gamble is going to win the match by default.

Is he? No, he is not! "Take that!" cries young Jem. Down goes the first lout, and his teeth clatter like dice about him as he falls. "Take that!" Down goes the second, his nose streaming like the slit throat of a pig. The third falls to his knees, whimpering like a school girl. The fourth bolts into the blackness like a hare. Like a hound Jem Belcher is after him. He seizes him by the nape of his neck, holds him away, and delivers a couple of short sharp kicks into the seat of his pants. The hero brays like a donkey. Jem Belcher drops him and delicately wipes the dust off his fingers. . . . That is on Saturday night. Two days later, Jem Belcher and Andrew Gamble meet. Jem Belcher is in high spirits. He blows a kiss to the dangling corpse of the highwayman. Then he turns his attention to Andrew Gamble. . . .

The fifth round is over, the fifth round of Jem Belcher's last fight, which is against Tom Cribb on Epsom Downs. Now and again the ghosts come back to him as round follows furious round. Now and again in the place of Tom Cribb he sees the hulking body of Joe Berks the butcher—whom he met four times and defeated four times. Now it is Jack Firby—"The Young Ruffian," as they called him.

Yes, it would have been a good thing if he had never stepped into the ring again after his victory over The Young Ruffian. He'd had no luck since then. How often had Sally cursed him for the fool he was!

Once more in the swaying mist he saw the two women that were one woman only—the sweet girl his wife had been and the sour shrew she was now! How afraid he was of her—ten times more afraid than he was of Tom Cribb, however viciously Tom might drive his fist into his eye. But he had not even one eye now! It was almost as blind as the blind one!

The thirtieth round was over. It was the thirty-first round now. For hours, it seemed, they had been urging him to throw up the sponge. He had shown them his teeth like a cornered animal.

A man cannot last forever against the ill will of the gods. Jem Belcher bowed his head. He stretched forth a hand shapeless as a mass of putty. "I'm a beaten man, Tom Cribb!" he whispered.

Jem Belcher had not come back. The roar of the crowd diminished in the distance, like the sea when you turn your back on it. "I thought as much! I thought as much!" mocked the skylark in the blue and frosty heaven. Jem Belcher turned his face towards London. His heart was heavy within him.

It was dark when he reached London that evening. He crept in through a side door, for he did not want his friends to see his shame. He wanted to go straight upstairs and hurl himself upon his bed. He hoped to God she was out. Perhaps she would not come in for several hours.

He crept through the sitting-room on the way to the bedroom stairs. Then a voice lifted itself like a flower out of the darkness.

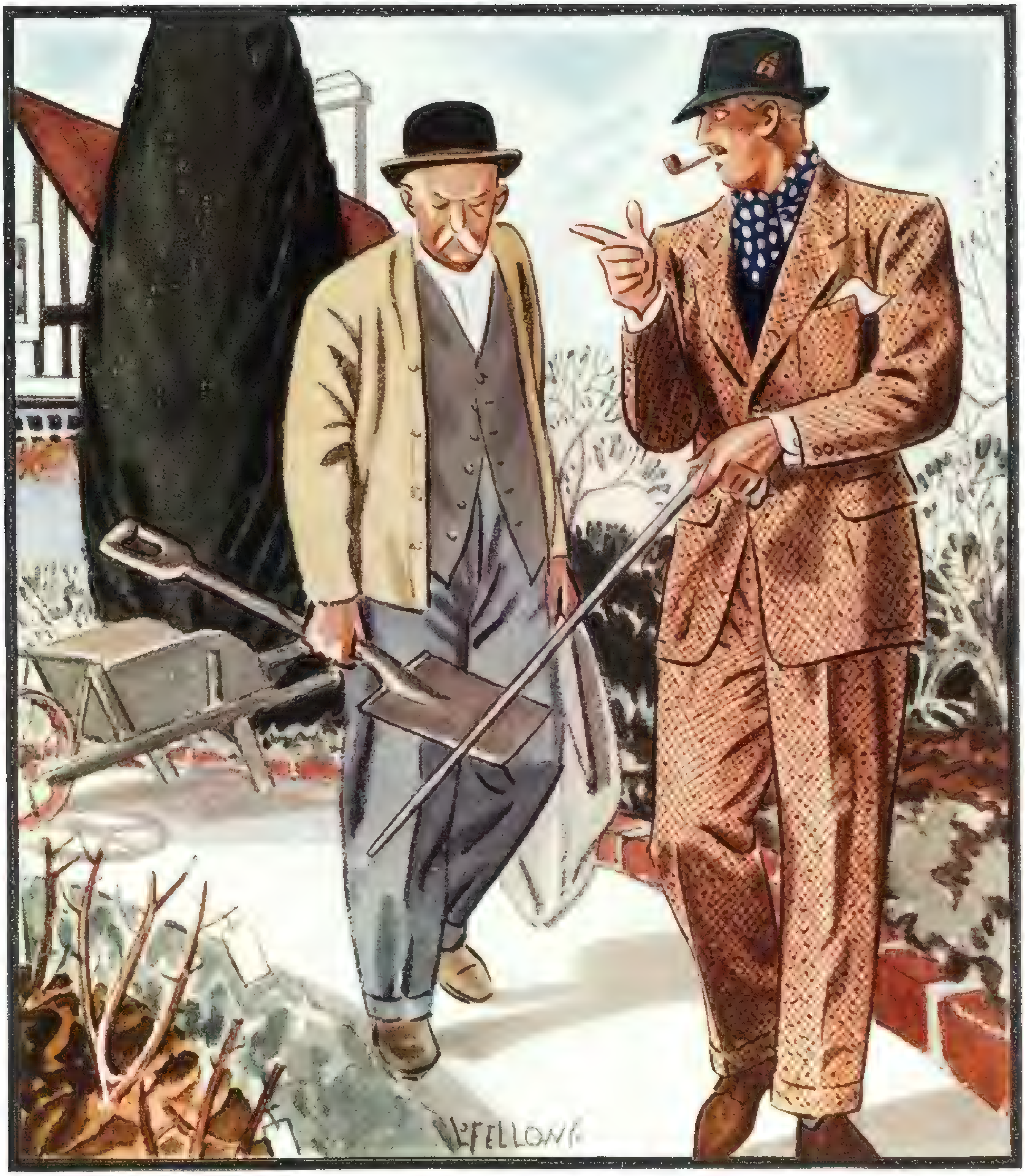
"Jem!" the voice said.

Could it be Sally's voice? Never in all these years had he known her voice so gentle.

"Is that you, Sally?" he asked fearfully.

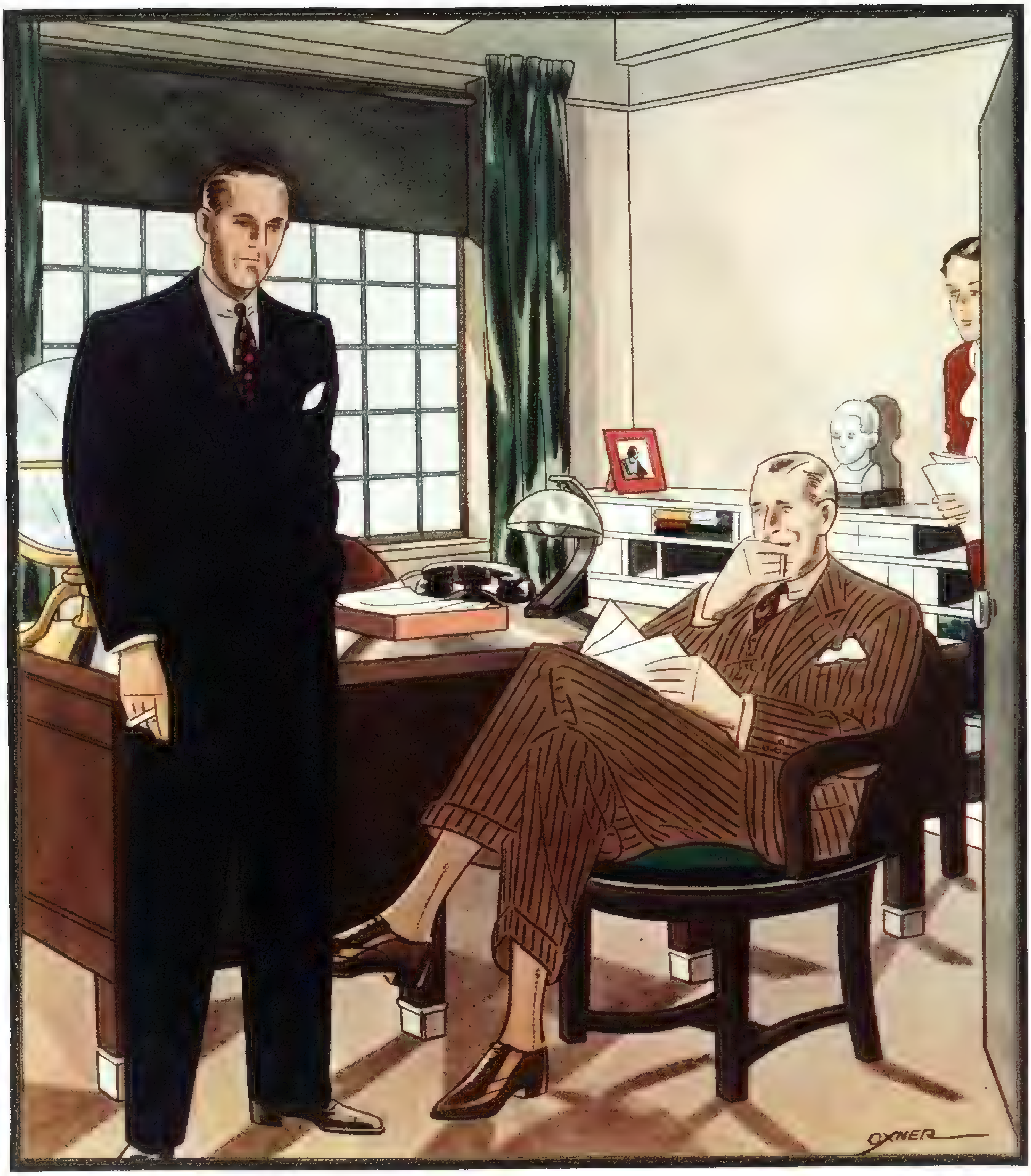
"You poor poor boy!" she said. "Come to me, Jem!"

He came over to her. He made out where she sat, in a big chair under the drawn curtains. She was a faint blue of colour in the darkness. Her hair was a faint blur of scent, the scent of briar roses. Her cool lips sought his swollen lips. "Hush!" she said. "Don't say a word, you poor dear Jem!" She put her arms round him and pillowed his head upon her bosom. "Sleep!" she whispered. He was very tired. He was asleep quite soon.



FOR GENTLEMAN FARMER OR FOR A SUBURBANITE

God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb but not to the gardener, in his first few efforts of the season. Particularly is this to be borne in mind if your gardening is of the spectator (or kibbitzing) variety. A suit of Irish Donegal tweed will be none too heavy. This particular fabric has been out of the fashion picture for the past few years, but without harm to its reputation as one of the best fabrics in the tweed family. Men in rural and active outdoor life have long sworn by it for its happy, and seemingly paradoxical, combination of softness and durability. Note the easy fit of the three button jacket and the large patch pockets. The latter, of course, should be regarded as standard equipment on all suits meant for country and sports wear. Under this, varying in number in accordance with the weather's dictates, are layers of warm garments. Visible, at any rate, is a V-neck short sweater, presumably sleeveless, of dark blue, under which are tucked the ends of a light weight woolen muffler which is worn thrown over at the neck in the ascot manner. Under this, at least on a cool March day, a white flannel shirt is recommended. Both the hat and the shoes are worthy of special notice. Both will be heightened in attractiveness after a bit of seasoning has taken away their spick-and-span look of bandbox newness. The hat is a rough finished felt, of the Tyrolean type that is now being affected by well dressed sportsmen. Most men like an old hat around the garden—but it has to be new sometime. The shoes are brown buckskin, with no toecap and, to be right, should incorporate two features that defy depiction in the sketch. First, they should be unlined; second, they should carry a heavy crepe sole and heel.



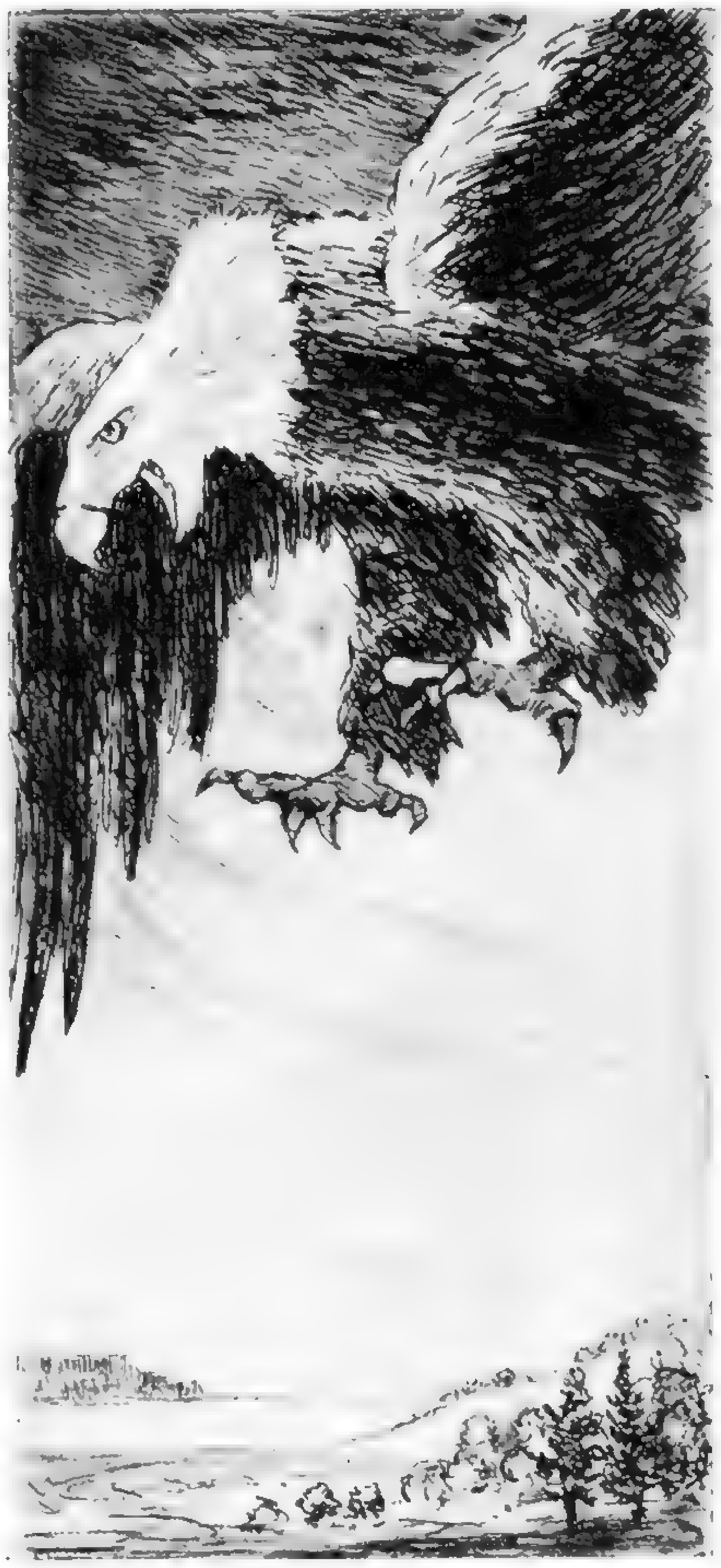
PROOF THAT THERE ARE NO SET RULES IN BUSINESS DRESS

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy"—and from there on it's strictly up to you. Last month we showed the two extremes in business wear, but we couldn't begin, in many a month, to show you the thousand and one permissible variations in between. You can bring into the office fabrics and colorings that were once considered sacred to the confines of the country club, or you can veer in the other direction towards a formality that would pass muster for an afternoon among the diplomats. Here, at any rate, are two outfits that are recommended as being on the sunny side of formality. The double breasted blue suit, of fine unfinished worsted, is rescued from austerity by the gray soft shirt which has a separate soft collar of the same gray broadcloth. The latter should always be worn pinned. The tie is of blue foulard with red polka dots, and the shoes are black calf, straight tipped. The seated figure shows a soft drapey suit of brown cheviot with a green stripe running through it (take our word for it that the stripe is green), made up in a three button notch lapel model with a soft rolled front. The solid colored shirt is a tab collar model, deservedly an established favorite for business wear because it preserves such a pleasant balance between easy informality and trim, almost military, neatness. The tie is a deep maroon Spitalsfield. Light colored hose with dark clocking show to advantage with an outfit like this. The shoes, as a matter of course, are brown, and their model, as a matter of choice, may well be the neat semi-brogue that is sketched here. Both these outfits could be classed as informal, although the one at the right is several degrees more so than the one at the left.

The Lord of the Barrier Beach

The story of a man who wanted very much to capture an eagle, and then wished that he hadn't

by ALEXANDER SPRUNT, Jr.



With his snowy head bent slightly downward, his great wings beating heavily and wide tail spread to check his speed, Leuco, the Bald Eagle, dropped upon his high lookout branch on the old dead pine above the island jungle. As his yellow feet touched the bleached wood, there came a metallic click and two steel jaws leaped upward from a screening mat of moss, and clamped about his right leg.

A startled scream bursting from his throat, the eagle gave a mighty jerk of his imprisoned foot and sprang backward into the air, his wings fanning furiously as he attempted to climb upward. No sooner had he raised the trap six feet from the limb than its weight began to tell upon him and dragged him downward. Fiercely the great bird fought, in mad gyrations he twisted, shook and tore at that grasp upon his leg but his mightiest efforts barely kept him at a standstill in the air. The moment these exertions lessened he immediately sank down, easing away from the pine as the trap rope, in convulsive jerkings, snapped certain slender strings which bound it to the high trunk. Ever outward, but ever downward the fighting eagle went, and despite every effort, he slowly descended until he touched the tops of the palmettoes of the low-growing jungle.

Snatching at a branch, he came to a precarious perch, balancing himself upon the swaying frond and again tearing at the trap with beak and free foot. He lost his equilibrium by these efforts and crashed through the palmetto in a sudden fall, bringing up at the limit of the rope, a hundred feet from the pine, amid a cassina bush. Struggling out of it, Leuco scrambled out into the open, a small clear space among the bushes, rimmed about by tall myrtles.

Panting and dishevelled, the old eagle stood at last on firm footing and stared at the trap with eyes which, though they blazed with anger, held something of a hunted look, a realization of a hitherto unknown sense of mastery about which he knew nothing. He attempted a long steady pull against that iron grip, pulled until a sharp pain in his thigh caused him to desist. Once more his temper overcame him and he attacked the trap in raging fury which accomplished nothing. Sinking backward to the ground at last, spent and exhausted, he had barely drawn breath before the myrtle bushes parted and a man stood before him.

Doggedly the splendid bird struggled to his feet once more and glared at this new danger, his hard yellow eyes meeting those of the delighted man in an indomitable stare. With exclamations of intense pleasure and admiration, Zeb Bayley walked round his royal captive, his heart exultant at the success of his scheme. This scheme had all come about as the result of a recent visit to the Low Country city, some forty miles away.

Zeb made but infrequent trips to town, he much preferred the woods and beaches, but sometimes necessity demanded that he visit civilization. While on such trips he always visited the young but growing zoölogical park of the city and had, during the past few years, watched it grow from a very modest beginning to a thriving colony of birds, animals and snakes. He had had something to do with this growth himself as he had donated to the zoo, a fine raccoon, a pair of 'possums and a big horned owl. On this last visit there, he had found something which had been erected since his former trip; a large flying cage, something which the authorities had long hoped for. Zeb had stood before the maze of rods, netting and steel uprights and was glad. He knew that, with this great enclosure, the park could now take care of large birds with the proper amount of space necessary for their required exercise. The cage itself went much further toward exciting his admiration than did the few occupants of it, these being a couple of dejected looking turkey buzzards and a black vulture, large birds certainly, but entirely too commonplace to enthuse over. And then, as he stood there, the idea struck him.

It came as a vision of a magnificent, white-headed, white-tailed bird, sitting regally upon the topmost perch which traversed the lofty cage. He half closed his eyes and seemed to see the splendid occupant at the moment, infinitely grander and more imposing than the somber-hued vultures perched stolidly on their low stands. Truly such a gift as the bird he imagined would crown the avian collection of the park. His gaze dropped downward and he seemed to see a square white label attached to the netting, which proclaimed to all that within was a fine specimen of—

BALD EAGLE
Haliaetus Leucocephalus, Male
Captured and Presented
by
Zebulon Bayley

He felt a warm glow of pride as he envisioned this simple statement. Here was something worth while indeed, something worth working for and, as the vision faded, a firm determination was born in the man's brain. He resolved upon the spot that the vision should become a fact, that a certain eagle which he had known for years on the barrier beach near his home, should occupy that very cage and that a label there should tell to all just who had made such a magnificent addition to the zoo. From that day on Zeb had thought of little else and at the first opportunity he had climbed the great bird's lookout tree and set his trap with cunning skill.

He had risen early that morning full of hope, and journeyed to the barrier island with high expectations; had made his way through the jungle to the tree and, following the winding rope from the trunk, found his captive safe and sound. The Lord of the barrier beach, as Zeb had long called the old eagle, was taken.

His first burst of enthusiasm over, he immediately set about releasing the trap from the eagle's leg. He removed his coat and stepping slowly forward, suddenly flung it over the bird's head, enveloping it in the folds. After a short sharp struggle, the eagle lay quietly while Zeb gingerly released the trap, taking care of the sharp black talons so near his hands. Then holding both feet firmly, he reached for the sack he had brought with him and drew it over the eagle's head, thrusting in the feet last and jerking the mouth of the bag tight. Then, with it over his shoulder, he strode back to his boat on the back beach, rejoicing.

Continued on page 110

Wrecking the Records

Predicting the future of track records (detour if figures bore you), written with Leslie LeCron

by **DEAN B. CROMWELL**
Track Coach, University of Southern California

FREQUENTLY there comes to our ears mention of "the good old days" when everything had not yet gone to the dogs—this being no reference to recent business conditions. Usually it is impossible to deny remarks about old times or to make definite comparisons because of changed conditions. In football, for instance, many are firmly convinced that Heffelfinger, Eckersall, Jim Thorpe, and other colorful stars of the past were far superior to our present crop of All-American players. Perhaps this is true and perhaps it isn't. There is no way of knowing. However, there is one sport where comparisons may be made, and that is in track and field athletics. When it comes to running, jumping, and tossing weights, we have records which prove the young men of today far superior to those of the past. They admit of no denial, and the conditions under which they were made are not materially changed.

Let us look over a few of the world's records of 1884—just fifty years ago—and compare them with those of today.

1932, with the holding of the Xth Olympiad, saw the greatest orgy of record-breaking ever to occur in a single year, and many other startling marks were set up in 1933. One is bound to wonder where it will all stop and "how come." It is interesting to note the improvements of our day and then to consider what may be the records of the future. In 1984 will our present marks seem as ridiculous as do some of those of fifty years ago? Can it be that athletes of days-to-come will be as much faster than Wykoff and Metcalfe as the latter are faster than J. P. Tennant, first sprinter to run one hundred yards in ten-second time? The utmost limits of athletic endeavor can only be guessed at, but I am going to do a little conjecturing as to the records of the future, admitting it is only surmise, but basing my estimates on knowledge of the sport and a study of past records.

Event	1884 Record	Holder	1934 Record	Holder	Yr.
100 yds.	10.0s.	J. P. Tennant, Eng.	9.4s.	F. Wykoff, U. S.	'30
		and others	*	R. Metcalfe, U. S.	'33
220 yds.	22.6s.	H. S. Brooks, U. S.	*20.4s.	R. Metcalfe, U. S.	'33
440 yds.	48.8s.	L. E. Myers, U. S.	*46.4s.	Ben Eastman, U. S.	'32
880 yds.	1:55.4s.	L. E. Myers, U. S.	*1:50.9s.	Ben Eastman, U. S.	'32
				C. Hornbostel, U. S.	'33
1 mile	4:19.4s.	W. G. George, Eng.	*4:07.6s	J. E. Lovelock, New Zealand	'33
120 yd. hurdles	16.2s.	S. Palmer, Eng.	*14.1s.	Geo. Saling, U. S.	'32
				Geo. Keller, U. S.	'33
Broad jump	23 ft. 1½ in.	J. Lane, Eng.	26 ft. 2⅛ in.	C. Nambu, Japan	'31
High jump	6 ft. 2½ in.	M. J. Brooks, Eng.	*6 ft. 8⅝ in.	W. Marty, U. S.	'33
Shot put	43 ft. 5 in.	F. L. Lanbrecht, U. S.	*53 ft. 1¼ in.	F. Douda, Czechoslovakia	'33
Hammer throw	120 ft.	S. S. Brown, Eng.	189 ft. 6½ in.	P. J. Ryan, U. S.	'13

**Not yet adopted officially by the International Committee.*

AMERICAN fans are most interested in the dashes, particularly in the century. It was in 1890 that J. Owen of the U. S. ran the distance in 9.8 seconds, thereby gaining the honor of being the first man to break even time. Twelve years later Arthur Duffey made it in 9.6 and it was then unanimously agreed that no one could ever surpass this remarkable performance. However, a number of others equaled it and finally after stop-watches graduated to the tenth of a second were introduced Charley Paddock was credited with 9.5. Then in 1930 Frank Wykoff ran two races in 9.4. It would seem that Frank has almost reached the limit in this race but he was caught unofficially in 9.3 by most of the official timers at the national A. A. U. meet of 1931. Now Ralph Metcalfe has been credited with 9.4 during the past season and becomes Wykoff's successor as the "world's fastest human." Furthermore it is said that in 1906 an American professional named R. P. Williams ran in 9 seconds flat (with three watches on him) and in 9.2 seconds several other times. 9.2 is certainly a real possibility and 9 flat may be accomplished officially by 1984.

There are three things of prime importance in sprinting, the start, running speed, and the finish. So far no speedster has ever excelled in all three. Paddock had the last two, Wykoff had start and speed, Metcalfe has speed and finish, and the diminutive Japanese champion, Yoshioka, is able to start very much faster than anyone I have ever seen. Some day a dash-man will combine Yoshioka's start, Wykoff's great speed, and a strong finish such as Paddock's or Tolan's, and when such a man comes along he will be clocked in nine seconds even.

ONE OF the best records of 1884 was Lon Myers' quarter-mile in 48.8 seconds. In 1900 this was reduced a full second by Maxie Long, and in 1916 Ted Meredith took it down to 47.4 where it had remained until two years ago. Then Meredith's record fell and the sports world was electrified when big, blond Ben Eastman, Stanford's great galloper, cut another full second from Meredith's mark. Not content with this Ben clipped off the half-mile in 1:50.9 for a new world record in that race too. Observers in other sections of the country could not believe such times possible and western timers came in for much scorn. Then came little Bill Carr of Pennsylvania to further amaze the critics and to horrify western fans with three wins over Ben in times of 47 flat for the quarter, and 46.9 and then 46.2 for 400 meters, the last a new record for the metric distance. And this past year the dusky Jimmie LuValle, a sophomore at the Univ. of California at Los Angeles, ran 400 meters in 46.9 at the I. C. 4A meeting, while Charles Hornbostel of Indiana tied Eastman's mark for the half-mile, all of which gives evidence that none of these will be safe for long. Furthermore, in the Olympic 800 meter race Tom Hampson of Great Britain beat Eastman's time of 1:50 for that distance by two-tenths of a second, with Wilson of Canada less than a yard behind.

When 1984 rolls around these records will have been lowered perhaps to 45.5 and 1:46 for the quarter and half respectively. The latter may sound absurd but this race is gradually becoming more of a sprint and may go even below the figure mentioned.

IN 1882 the British runner W. G. George, greatest star of the past century and still a hale and hearty track enthusiast at the age of 77, set a new amateur record of 4:19.4 for the mile run, and in 1886 ran a race in 4:12¾ at Lillie Bridge, London, after turning professional. This last is comparatively the best mark made by any runner of the 19th century and was not beaten until 1915 when Norman Tabor of Brown bested it by a fraction of a second. Then in 1923 Paavo Nurmi set up a time of 4:10.4. Again it was said this would never be beaten, but Jules Ladoumegue of France ran in 4:09.2 in 1930 on a slow track and without being extended. Finally 1933 brought a number of truly amazing races, Glenn Cunningham of Kansas running the distance in 4:09.8, while later Jack Lovelock of New Zealand defeated gallant Bill Bonthron of Princeton, both men beating the old record easily. The New Zealander was clocked in 4:07.6.

At the slightly shorter distance of 1500 meters, the surprise Olympic winner, Luigi Beccali of Italy, demonstrated his race at Los Angeles was no flash in the pan by breaking Ladoumegue's former mark and running the distance three times in less than 3:50, his new record being an even 3:49. What a race it would be if Beccali, Lovelock, Bonthron, Cunningham, and Ladoumegue could be sent to their marks together! His consistency would mark the Italian star as the likely winner but such a race would undoubtedly result in a record close to 4:06.

The great Nurmi always claimed he could have run the mile in 4:04 if he had specialized on the distance and it is quite possible, for the old veteran at 35 years of age won the Finnish national title last year in 3:55 for 1500 meters, time which only a handful of the younger generation can boast.

IN ALL these races form is a secondary consideration to speed and endurance, but style is more important when it comes to hurdling. A hurdler formerly skimmed the barriers in a manner very beautiful to watch, soaring like a bird, with legs tucked up under him, but the late A. C. Kraenzlein of Pennsylvania at the end of the last century cast tradition aside and learned to clear the obstacles with his leading leg extended. This revolutionized hurdling style and thereafter the records came tumbling down. Kraenzlein ran the high hurdles in 15.2 in 1898, and others gradually lowered the mark until George Saling, 1932 Olympic champion who met his death last spring in an automobile accident, ran in 14.1 in the 1932 national intercollegiate meet. This time was then equaled by George Keller of Ohio State in the 1933 Big Ten meet. Fourteen seconds flat may be reached almost any day now, and 1984 should find it reduced about another second.

IN THE field events form again is very essential, and with a study of form the records have improved considerably. It is related that Henry VIII of England "in the good old days" was the national champion at "casting the barre," which we now know as hammer-throwing. Hank probably was good, but can you imagine anyone so undiplomatic as to defeat that monarch when he was as handy with an axe as he was with the hammer?

In 1884 the record for this event stood at 120 feet, having been made with an actual sledge-hammer on a wooden handle. Introduction of the present wire handle and round ball simplified matters considerably and then it was discovered that one, two, and finally three turns or pivots of the body gave additional distance to the throw, and a collection of Irish giants named Flannigan, McGrath, and Ryan boosted the record until it reached the present figure, which has stood since 1913. Today it is threatened by another son of the owld sod, Dr. Patrick O'Callaghan, winner in both the 1928 and 1932 Olympics. Pat has an unofficial mark of 193 feet. McGrath once threw 192 feet in a meet, but was denied a record because there was no steel tape at hand with which to make the measurement official. Some Goliath will perhaps send the record up to 210 feet by 1984.

THE 43-foot 5-inch shot-put record of 1884 is hardly good enough to place in the average collegiate dual meet of today, but it was not until 1909 that gigantic Ralph Rose, who stood six feet six and weighed over 300 pounds, tossed the leaden pellet fifty-one feet. Previously shot-putters had depended entirely on strength and agility, but Rose studied his event and learned proper methods which, combined with his great strength, gave him record-breaking distance. He gained a good three feet alone by holding the shot well up on his fingers instead of in the palm of his hand. Rose's record stood until the 1928 Olympics, when three men broke it. Today Zygmunt Heljasz of Poland holds the official record and Franz Douda of Czechoslovakia, Kalle Jarvinen of Finland, Emil Hirschfeld of Germany, Lyman (Stanford) and Brix (formerly of Washington U.) and Jack Torrance (La. State U.) all have marks of approximately 52¼ feet. Several of them have bettered 53 feet unofficially, while Leo Sexton, former Georgetown star and Olympic winner at Los Angeles, has an official measurement of 53 ft. ½ in. pending. Douda also has a mark one inch better than this which will probably become the new official world record. Even this will not survive long and by 1984 improved form should have raised it to 58 feet.

HIGH-JUMPING is a pastime indulged in by all races, and stories have come from Africa of natives who jump over an obstacle eight feet from the ground, though this is no doubt from some springboard takeoff. Fifty years ago a gentleman named Brooks of Great Britain held the record of 6 ft. 2½ in., and no one really solved high-jumping technique until Mike Sweeney, now coaching at Pottstown, Pa., developed a style by which he cleared the bar with his body almost parallel to the ground. In 1895 Sweeney reached 6 ft. 5⅝ in., and his record stood for seventeen years. Then a still different style was developed known as the Western roll, best exemplified by Harold Osborn, who set the present official mark of 6 ft. 8¼ in. in 1924. A change in the specifications of the jumping standards so that the bar may be knocked off either forward or backward has led many to believe Osborn's mark would never be equalled, but it has been broken indoors by George Spitz of N.M.U. and Walter Marty of Fresno State College has a mark of 6 ft. 8⅝ pending approval. I have heard that Spitz has done six ten in practice. Many present-day jumpers clear six and a half feet and another inch or two may be added to the record at any time. Probably by 1984 it will be up to seven feet. Osborn leaped ten inches more than his height and if some tall jumper like Parker Shelby of Oklahoma, standing seven inches over six feet, can do proportionately as well even more than seven feet is possible. Shelby had the spring to do it, with proper form.

RECENTLY the Japanese have shown wonderful ability in jumping and have developed several great stars. Chuhei Nambu now holds the world records in both the broad jump and the hop, step and jump, and great things may be expected of Oriental athletes in the future, for their development is only beginning.

The broad jump record of 23 ft. 1½ in. in 1884 has gone up considerably since then—one might say by leaps and bounds. Twenty-five feet was first reached by the negro jumper E. O. Gourdin, and another negro, Silvio Cator of Haiti, was the first to clear twenty-six feet. Nambu may be able to better his present mark by several inches and I see no reason why it should not go to twenty-eight feet in another fifty years.

THERE are several other events on the usual athletic program, some of them not contested fifty years ago. In javelin-throwing the Finns far excel all other races, as indicated by their winning the first three places at the Los Angeles Olympiad. Matti Jarvinen, the Olympic and world's champion, has come up to 249 feet, the mark in 1908 being only 180 feet. It would seem that 260 feet is well within the bounds of possibility and I suspect the record of 1984 will be well beyond that figure.

The ancient Greek sport of discus-throwing was revived with the modern Olympic Games, though present rules are now different. It would be most interesting to know how those old-timers compare with the moderns, but no records have survived and they used disci of other weights. The record established by Paul Jessup of 169 ft. 8⅞ in. has been approached by a number of throwers recently and should be extended to 175 feet within another year or two. Fifty years more of competition should see at least ten feet added to that distance.

Unlike discus-throwing, the pole vault is a comparatively modern event, with its greatest development coming in the past few years since the introduction of bamboo vaulting poles. The first Olympics in 1896 were won at 10 ft. 9¾ in., a height which would not even place in high school meets of today. At Palo Alto in 1932 Bill Graber of Southern California astounded onlookers by negotiating 14 ft. 4⅜ in. in the national tryouts for the Olympic team, and photographs show him clearing by several inches. This indicates that fifteen feet may be expected in the immediate future and vaulters half a century hence may be soaring to even loftier altitudes. Indeed, landing nets or parachutes must be provided for them if they go much higher.

I HAVE stated that athletes of today are superior to those of yesterday and will be inferior to those of tomorrow. Such a remark needs some qualification. It is doubtful whether there is any great difference in strength, in endurance, or in speed between men of different periods. Athletes of today run on tracks somewhat superior to those of the "good old days," but the main difference and the real reason for better records is in the mental viewpoint, in keener competition, and in advanced methods. Ten years ago champions in the 440-yard dash thought in terms of fifty seconds for the distance. If they made such speed in training they considered it sufficient and then did slightly better in competition. Nowadays athletes who are essentially no better performers aim to

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The Lord of the Barrier Beach

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Arriving at his home on the mainland, he lost no time making ready for the trip to town and, after a hasty lunch, deposited the sack on the floor of his car and set out toward the city. This car of Zeb's was something of a curiosity. Venerable and battered, it possessed a motor to which heavy sand, clinging mud, corduroy roads and concrete highways were all one and the same. It had brought Zeb through countless trips, it had served him well and the man was attached to it in a manner which comes only through long association and stress of mutual tribulation. It would still run and hold together, but how long this would continue was something of a question!

He drove directly to the park and asked to see the Director, feeling prouder than ever when he witnessed the enthusiasm which the latter displayed when seeing the eagle. The Director was profuse in his thanks and asked for an account of the capture, together with Zeb's picture to be used in the local newspaper. Unused to such compliments, Zeb was quite overcome with pleasure and basked in the limelight of publicity before the entire staff of the zoo. He was escorted to the flying cage and saw the liberation of his gift therein. The eagle, dumped suddenly from the sack, stood for a moment close to the bars in a dazed manner, then gave an awkward hop or two and lifting his mighty wings soared upward, only to smash against the high netting and fall backward in confusion. Again and again he charged upward and fell back. Seeing the futility of further assaults upon that seemingly fragile barrier, the old eagle settled himself upon the topmost bar and gazed down at the interested group below with haughty, disdainful stare.

Zeb was reluctant to leave, and only did so at last because of neglected duties at home. Followed by a rain of thanks, he climbed into the ancient car and thundered out through the park gates, uplifted and exulting.

It was a week before he found time to visit the city again and after attending to some matters of business, he proceeded to the park and stopping the car a short distance from the flying cage, he walked down the slight hill toward it with eager steps. Coming to the railing which surrounded the enclosure, he gazed upward expectantly and feasted his eyes on what he saw. High up, on the very topmost perch, sat a magnificent white-headed, white-tailed bird staring out between the bars into the noonday sun. Rigidly motionless, regally silent, sat the noble bird while the man below watched him with shining eyes.

They made a picture there, those two, the lean bronzed man with his keen gray gaze and the snowy-headed eagle high above the stretches of concrete and asphalt, so different from the clean sands and rolling surf of his beloved beach. And then, had one been watching the face of the man, a strange expression would have been seen to steal across it; a sudden change from proud proprietorship to a tinge of doubt, quickly followed by another which could only be interpreted as sympathetic. Zeb took a step nearer and grasping the bars of the cage, stared intently at the motionless eagle. As he looked, another vision came.

The netting overhead became indistinct, it blurred uncertainly, then disappeared. The long wooden perch changed shape, and took form as a dead limb of a giant pine, while the silent form sitting there seemed to lift a pair of mighty wings and spiral upward until it became but a speck in the blue infinity of the sky. Zeb stepped backward a pace or two, shook his head and passed a hand across his eyes while his gaze dropped. Its falling glance was suddenly riveted by a square white board, six feet from the ground on the outside of the cage. There were words painted in black letters on the board and they burned their way into his brain. His lips moved involuntarily as he read them audibly. "Bald Eagle," he murmured slowly, "Haliaetus Leucocephalus, Male. Captured and Presented by Zebulon Bayley."

He stared at them fixedly for a full minute. At last! His vision had come true. He raised his eyes again and looked at the silent bird above. Even as he looked Leuco turned his head and bent a piercing gaze upon the man's upturned face. That look smote the man like a heavy blow. There was something in it which seemed to shout an accusation; to overwhelm him with reproach and carried with it a sense of outraged liberty, hopeless despair and intense yearning. A wave of reaction swept over Zeb like a flooding torrent and he actually trembled under the intensity of his feelings. He, a lover of the wild kindred, a man who knew and understood their lives, had condemned this mighty sovereign of the beaches to a life behind the bars of a cage. Alone, unaided in thought and action, he was guilty and the realization staggered him.

Where was the glory now? Where was the satisfaction, the pride of seeing his name announced as the captor of this splendid bird? He turned toward the sign again and quite suddenly and involuntarily, he shook his fist at it. Then, with never a backward glance, he hurried to the old car, jerked it savagely about and left the park.

During the days that followed, Zeb was haunted by that silent sitter on the high perch. He went about his work half-heartedly, he was not himself, being somewhat amazed in fact at this complete revulsion of his feelings. He felt that he had been a traitor. As time went on, another idea possessed him. As fully determined as he had been to compass the capture of the eagle, so now he became obsessed with procuring his release. The obstacles in the way of the taking of the big bird seemed as nothing now compared with those in the path of its freedom. He had no idea where to start, or what to do. Being of a diffident nature, he shrank from showing his feelings to others; he dared not face the Director with his change of heart. And so he racked his brain for some reasonable solution to the problem, and found none.

One wild plan after another came and went. He even went so far as to seriously consider hiding in the park until after closing hours and breaking the lock on the flying cage, leaving the door open. His hard common sense fortunately came to the rescue and overruled this insane notion. He felt miserable and unhappy and determined to visit the park again to see if close association and a study of the surroundings would suggest any idea.

A heavy rain caught him as he entered the city and the streets were running in water when he reached the park. His brakes were bad, and had given him trouble recently; he found them almost unmanageable in the wetness and regretted that he had put off working on them so long. Arriving at his usual parking place near the cage, he turned the front wheels to the curb and stopped the car. Then he walked slowly down the hill through the light drizzle and stood before the bars.

It seemed that Leuco had not moved a muscle since he had last seen him. There he sat, staring out into the misty rain as silent as ever, a living statue. Zeb came close and leaned against the bars but the eagle did not notice him. Oblivious to the rain, the man stood thinking, thinking as he had never thought before. He had all but made up his mind to see the Director and set the whole matter before him. Perhaps he would understand, perhaps something could be done. At any rate, he knew that there was nothing else to do, he would be breaking laws otherwise and he had a dread of that. And yet it was hard; he thought of the proud way he had told about the capture and he squirmed inwardly; it looked as though he were a quitter.

In an agony of indecision he stared at the eagle, wondering. Well, if there was nothing else, there was no help for it, he must see the Director. He turned and went back to the car, cranked the engine and backed away from the curb, hardly knowing what he was doing. Swinging out into the street, his mind anywhere but on the machine, he became suddenly aware that he was going too fast for the wet pavement. He pressed the brake pedal but the car did not slow up, it kept gaining speed. Collecting his wandering thoughts, Zeb bore down with all his might but to no avail. Something had gone wrong, the soaking brake-bands were useless. He was nearing the corner at the foot of the little hill at a rapid rate when he frantically threw in the reverse lever.

A protesting screech came from the old car; it shook violently, the rear wheels chattering and sliding over the glistening asphalt. The corner loomed just ahead, he jerked the wheel too hard and skidded crazily. Helplessly he shot across the street, slithered over the sidewalk and crashing through the railing, brought up full against the netted gate of the flying cage. The latter went down under the impact like paper. In dazed surprise, Zeb was pitched out instantly, landing on his hands and knees six feet away. With bulging eyes he stared at the first thing he saw; the gate had flown inward and the broken catch had caught on the inside of the wire; it was still shivering and vibrating from the blow. Then he saw something else.

A dark body fell, or rather shot downward from above; a living spearhead drove straight at the gaping entrance and flashed through it barely six feet from the ground. Huge wings fanned outward and caught the air, up zoomed that dusky form, just clearing the trees on the other side of the street while the sun, breaking through the clouds at that instant, gleamed momentarily upon a snow-white head and widespread tail as Leuco mounted toward the sky.

Scarcely crediting the evidence of his eyes, Zeb stared open-mouthed at the whirlwind events of the moment. Barely a minute had passed since the metallic screech of the car had sounded in his ears and now—he turned

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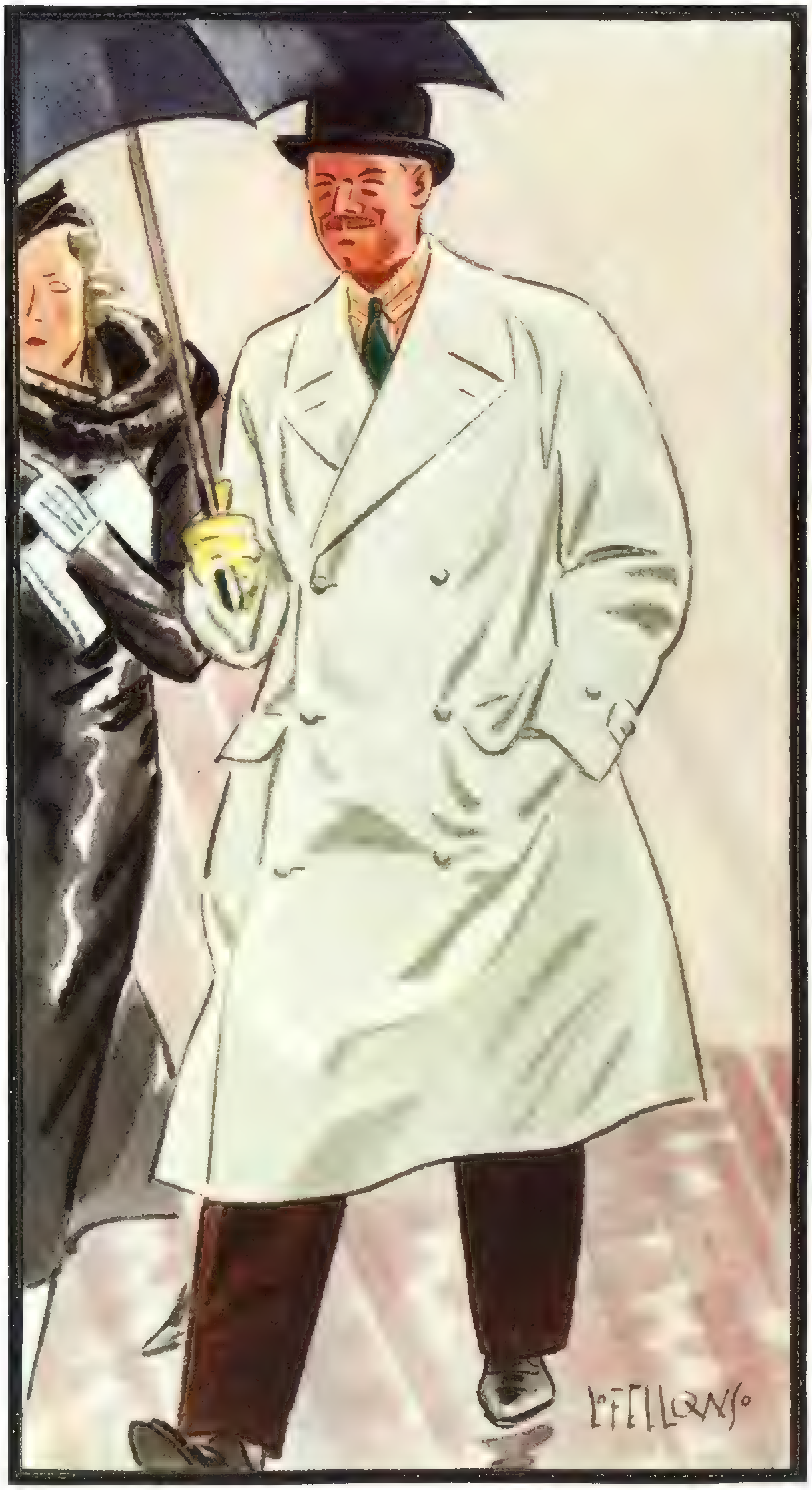
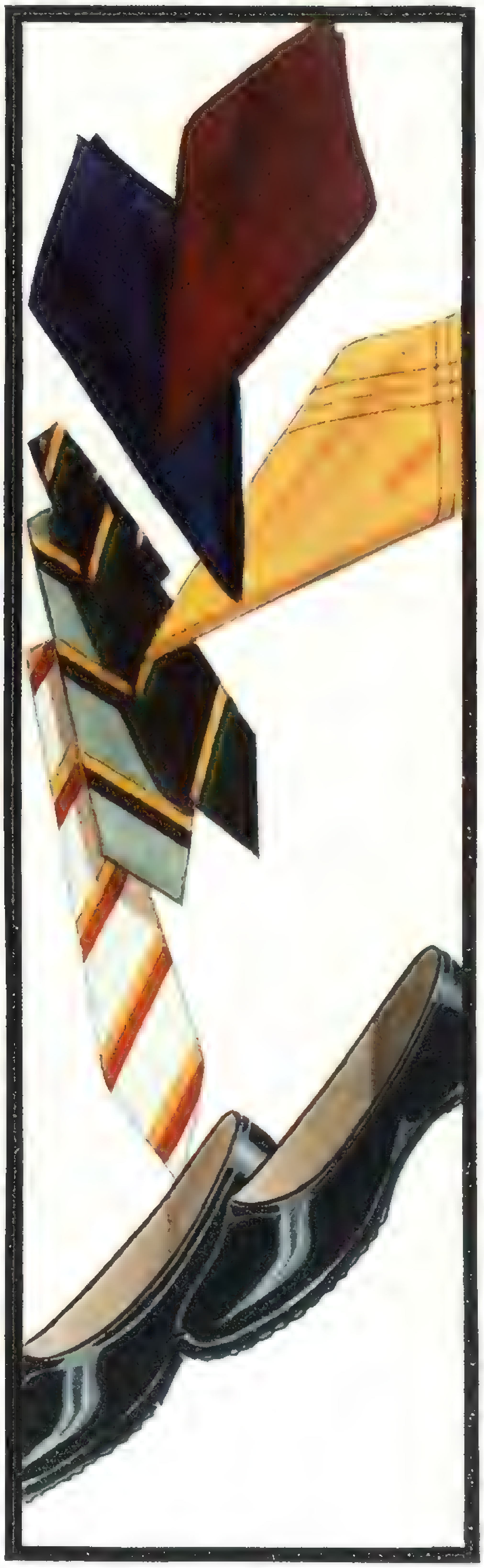
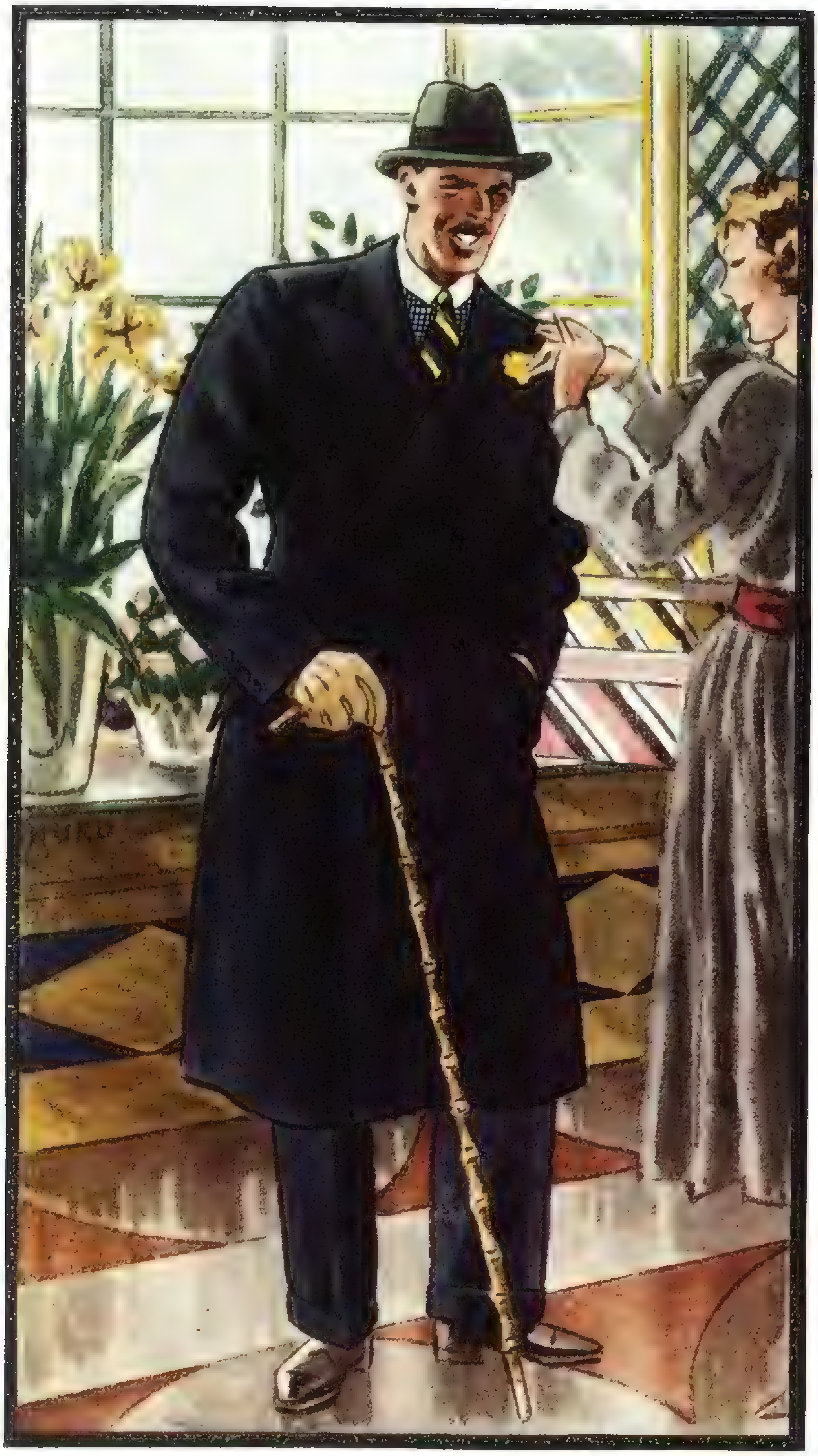
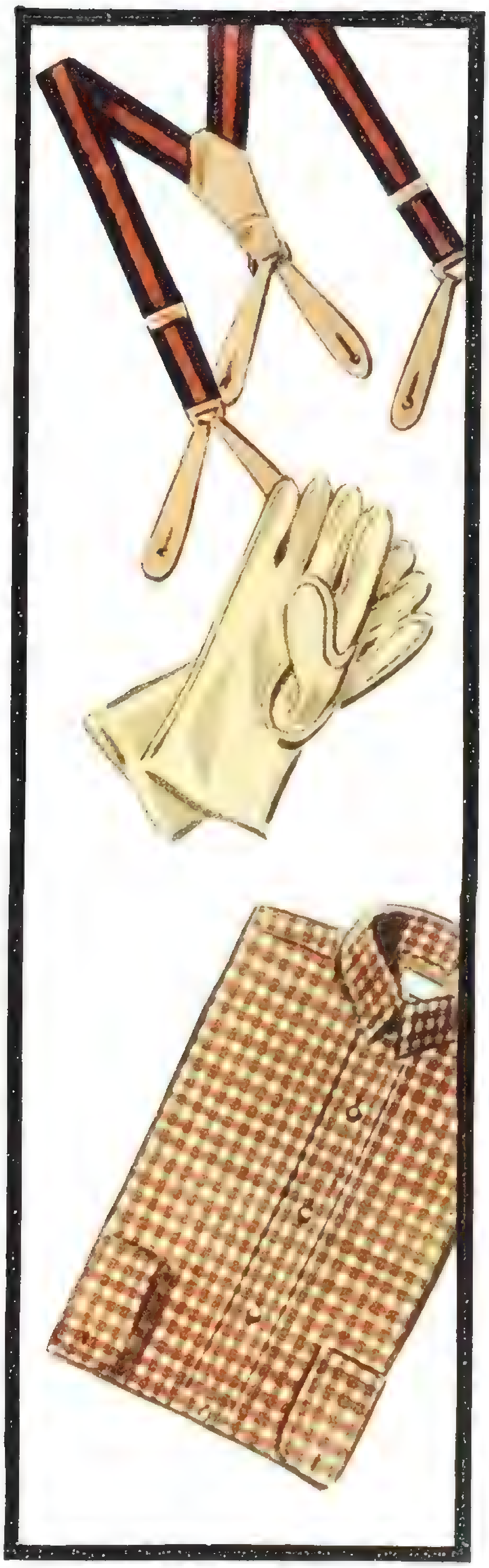




WHITE RAINCOATS HAVE TAKEN THE COUNTRY BY STORM

The term "white raincoat" is really a misnomer, as the smart shade that is indicated by this general designation is an oyster color. Pure white raincoats are still reserved for the on-duty wear of dairymen and traffic cops. The model that is sketched here is the roomy double breasted type with raglan sleeves and a convertible collar which, when buttoned up, is strongly reminiscent of wartime pictures of the Crown Prince. Note, particularly, that the collar should be large enough to afford protection, when turned up, for the back of the neck, on days when "it's blowin' right pert." For wear in really dirty weather, the sleeves are provided with extra tabs which may be buttoned over. There is no special rainy day virtue in the other items worn by the man in the sketch, with the exception of the bowler hat which, quite aside from its obvious effectiveness with the white raincoat, is a common-sense choice on a rainy day because it keeps its shape under all conditions—something that can't be said for the average soft hat. Tab collar shirts are still standard in the wardrobes of the better dressed men, and probably will be for a long time to come, because they combine a trim appearance with a maximum of comfort. As for the accessories sketched in the panel at the right, there's not much sense in making a fashion exhibit of the rubbers, except to mention the fact, perhaps obvious, that well dressed men prefer the pump style—in other words, the kind that don't have tongues. The striped rep ties are very handsome and currently designate their wearer as a man of taste. The handkerchiefs are of solid color foulard. Silk breast pocket handkerchiefs are a very highly favored item at the moment.





A BLUE COAT IS AS GOOD AS THE COMPANY IT KEEPS

A BLUE overcoat is the daily bread on the ever-changing menu of fashion—infinite variations of cut and color may come and go, but the double breasted blue coat will always be in evidence. To set a blue coat smartly apart from its fellows, especial care must be devoted to the selection of fittings that are a little out of the ordinary. That has been accomplished here, and both cause and effect are worthy of study. It was a brave man who first discovered that you could wear green with blue and not only get away with it but find that others would be quick to fall in line with the example. But anyway, that's one new trail that has been blazed and that is proving to be a popular thoroughfare. The hat is of the prevailing Homburg type and its color is caught up again in the striping of the tie. The dark small checked soft shirt is very good as an ingredient in this carefully studied blend of heterogeneous units, but only because it is worn with a laundered collar. It wouldn't be so hot to substitute the collar attached shirt that is shown in the panel at the right—at least it wouldn't with this tie. With a solid colored tie the result would be satisfactory. A blue suit and black blucher shoes complete the outfit, except that attention must be called to the light fawn colored gloves and the whangee cane with leather pipestem handle. The flower in the lapel is not compulsory, of course, but it does a lot for the effect. As for the items in the panel, the braces should be selected in your club, school or regimental (after all, Englishmen aren't the only fellows in the world with regimental affiliations) color combinations. The chamois slip-on gloves go very nicely with any town ensemble.

Dining without Pain

A note on the gracious art of giving a dinner, with or without a wife as hindrance

by STUART HOWE

If you are a married man the chances are that along about this time of year your wife will decide that it would be *such* fun to give a series of small dinners. It won't be fun, and you know it; but perhaps there are obligations to be worked off, business associates to entertain, or friends, newcomers to your community, whom you wish to introduce. In any event, once the familiar glint has entered the wifely eye, you know you are in for it and the thing for you to do is to make things as easy for yourself as possible.

Now I do not pretend to a knowledge of any workable set of rules for handling wives; you'll have to accomplish that part of the manoeuvering for yourself. All I can advise is that you convince her, gently if you can but with a great firmness, that these dinners are to be informal and, insofar as it is possible, amusing. Formal dinners, in any save great households, are an anachronism. Very few people, nowadays, are equipped to give them, and if there is any doubt at all in your mind about the ability of your own household to carry off one of these oppressive functions, you may be sure that you'd best not attempt it. In making this decision your position is very like that of the successful young man who thought to spread himself a bit with a yacht and asked an experienced yachtsman what it would cost. "If you have to know how much it costs, you can't afford it," was the reply.

Having convinced your wife that it is smart to be informal, your next step is to supervise the carrying out of the schedule. The chances are that she may safely be left to provide decent food, but you will have to confer with her over the wines and their serving, and in the selection of the several groups of guests.

Let us suppose that your dinners will average eight covers. Certainly you will not want more than five courses, and four will do as well. Serve a cocktail in the drawing room, and keep it down to one or two unless you are sure that your dinner is not going to be fit for consumption by sober people. A canapé may be served with the cocktail, so that your dinner may start with the soup. A dry sherry goes with this course. With the fish offer a sauterne or barsac; with the roast (it is not necessary or even desirable to have an entree *and* a roast) goes claret or Burgundy *at the temperature of the room*, and if you really must have champagne it is served with the sweet. Unless the gentlemen are to remain at table, coffee is best served in the drawing room, accompanied by brandy or other liqueurs. (Women—with the exception of horsewomen who love it seem to prefer sweet liqueurs to brandy. A bottle each of cointreau, benedictine and creme de menthe (green) will last you a long time.)

At a small dinner the problem of whom to invite is a serious one. You do not, in a group of eight, want four noisy people and four quiet ones. A single talker, provided he is not a pedant or a bore or both, should be sufficient. Do not ask all your clever friends to one dinner and the dull ones to another. Nothing annoys a clever man or woman more than a second one; and even the conversationally dull are not complimented at being grouped with their peers. If you are giving a dinner for a business associate of some importance, let him be important. Unless you can provide another guest of real distinction (and a distinction that is either well known or readily recognizable) it is safest to permit your guest of honor to dominate.

After dinner you can take refuge in bridge, backgammon or games. Of these latter be careful, for many a dinner guest resents being asked to perform feats of memory or erudition on a full stomach. There is always conversation or music upon which to fall back, provided your guests are equipped to perform creditably in either of these arts. The tactful host will be certain of the capacities of his guests or will provide them with more innocent diversion.

Possibly the most important thing to avoid, in giving a dinner, is the appearance of pretentiousness. Do not attempt, or permit your wife to attempt, anything that is beyond the ordinary limitations of your establishment. If your cook is expected to wait on table, keep the dinner simple. Don't let her convince your wife that her (the cook's) sister's daughter who is in the high school is just a grand waitress, for the odds are all against it. If the handy man doubles in brass as a butler, be certain that he is going to get away with it, and remember it's a hundred to one shot that he won't.

It is neither necessary nor proper to send out engraved invitations to a small dinner. For that matter, no written invitation is required, although there's no law against sending a simple note, written in the first person, if your guest is not readily available on the telephone.

If your service is limited, or if it is not, and you wish to entertain a larger group, the buffet supper is your solution. Here again the invitation may be phoned, written, or jotted down on a visiting card.

You can strain your house to the bursting point and yet bring off a buffet supper successfully. Simply move the dining room chairs back against the wall, set out several hot dishes and a cold joint or two on the dining room table and your problem is solved. Even with a single servant you need not feel understaffed. What carving there is to do is best accomplished beforehand in the kitchen, and the most important task of the waitress will be that of removing the empty or partially emptied plates before your guests have a chance either to step on them or sit in them. You won't need to go in heavily for wines. A cocktail may be served beforehand, and a claret cup, set up in a punch bowl on a side table, will do nicely during the meal. Later on, bottles of whisky and brandy, left on another side table with tall glasses and a bowl of cracked ice, will take care of the heartier drinkers.

A hunt breakfast employs the same technique as the buffet supper, although in this country it is habitually served in early or midafternoon, after the hunt is over. Here it is usual to serve scrambled eggs and sausages, with perhaps a hot dish of kidneys and wild rice or some similar concoction to fill out. The scrambled eggs, needless to say, should be cooked in relatively small quantities and served as required, for people who have been out hunting are more than likely to keep turning up at odd hours throughout the afternoon.

Another good way of entertaining in the country is to serve a buffet luncheon before tennis or golf matches, field trials or hunt race meetings, polo matches or horse shows. In this case, however, due to the sporting event in question being scheduled for a specific hour, it is necessary to start your luncheon early and to make certain that your guests turn up on time. In hunting countries it is usual to submit your list of guests to the hunt secretary who sends out a card, bearing the insignia of the hunt. All members of the field, whether known to you or not, must be asked to a hunt breakfast, although you may invite anyone else you choose. The M. F. H. or the hunt secretary ordinarily supplements the more formal invitation with a verbal announcement at the meet before hounds move out.

If foxhounds or beagles happen to be meeting on your property, anywhere near the house, it is a pleasant courtesy to send out a servant with a tray containing glasses of sherry and to offer them to all members of the field. If the morning is a cold one you may invite the field into your house for sherry or coffee or both, letting the grooms or your servants hold the horses. It is not necessary that you be a member of the hunt in order to do this. Still another appreciated gesture is to offer sherry or stronger waters

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A Break for the Fat Gals

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men I have in mind is a little shrimp, less than average height or weight. But the surprising thing is that each of these is also of considerably more than average intelligence. The explanation of this phenomena, of extra-intelligent men with wives larger than themselves, is, presumably, that a man *has* to be something of a philosopher to rise above fear of ridicule. The stupid man might overlook an opportunity to have a more ample wife lest all his friends should think he has been dragged to the altar by superior physical force!

It is only since I began, under the doctor's orders, taking an assortment of women, one after another, to dinner that I ever took fat women seriously. Indeed I must confess that their appearance has often annoyed me. Not long ago, I was at a moving-picture show and sat next to a woman who sloshed all over and occupied both arms of her seat. When she raised one immense forearm from what should have been part of my chair, to arrange her hair, I diabolically slid over into the space she had been occupying—just as a kind of practical joke; not because I needed more space, but to keep her from having it. She entered into the spirit of the prank, looked at me and tittered. I'll wager a thin gal would have glared.

While I am in no sense a propagandist for overfed wives, or supersized women folk—and receive no commissions from any who find desirable husbands—yet I believe here is something for us men to think about. We might wisely quit poking fun at fat women and start in taking them more to heart.

From Attic to Best Cellar

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The old pump I tore out and threw over my left shoulder for good luck. The pump was quaint—yes—But dear reader, quaintness in the kitchen is not—shall we say practical . . . ? We shall—it is not practical. I had the finest porcelain fittings installed in our little kitchen or "cupboard" as it was called in Colonial times. Only too late I discovered there was no way to get water to flow through them, but how *nice* they looked. It was such fun!

After several days work on the kitchen or "pantry" as it was called in frontier days, I rested and gazed at the results. I was tired but happy. Little black spots were before my eyes. "Overwork!" I said to myself, and called the old country doctor. But I was wrong. The doctor discovered what the little black spots were. They were caviar! I had forgotten I had the tin of delicacies which had been sent to me by a friend at the college of Physicians and Sturgeons. I ate the caviar, and so egged myself on to more work.

Next came the dining room. I had moved a few of my heirlooms into it. First there was a gate-leg table—I well remember the day I fell heir to this. Aunt Sophia, always a generous soul, not only gave me the gate-leg table, but she gave me the gate. Then there was an old highboy, which had been in the possession of George Washington for twenty years, a lowboy owned by Lord Howe during the Revolution, and a bat boy who had been with Babe Ruth for five seasons. There was a Sheraton table, a Duncan Phyfe chair, a "Drum" table and an early colonial flag. I placed the Phyfe and Drum and the flag in one corner and ever since then we have called it The Spirit of '76 Room.

Next came the living room. What fun *that* was! The first thing we did was to rip up the modern floor which had been laid over the old-fashioned boards, tear down the plaster which covered the old beams and take off the cover from the fireplace. Imagine my chagrin when I discovered that the old floorboards, the old beams and the fireplace had been removed before being covered up! However, the dear old Dutch oven had not been taken away as we discovered when we pulled off the wall with which a previous tenant had covered it. I found an old crane (not an old crone as reported in the public press at the time), half an old andiron and a confederate dollar back of the boards! I also discovered a man by the name of Twilling who had hidden there ever since the battle of Yorktown and had been unable to get out. We had a very interesting chat together.

After days of arduous labor, the living room had been draped with gayly colored chintz and Godey prints—or is it Prince Godey?—and we were ready for the bedroom. Are you familar with bedrooms, dear reader? Then you will thrill when I tell you how we treated ours.

Most Connecticut farmhouse roofs have the "V" or "VV" gables. Ye Little Olde House, however, had the later or "Clark" Gables and there were two in the bedroom. These were treated simply by removing them and putting in their place two "dormer" windows which had been salvaged from the old Harvard dormertories and which I purchased for a song. As I remember it the song was "Frankie and Johnny."

A few knicknacks completed the setting—a three-poster maple bed, a maple dresser, a maple table, two maple chairs and a can of maple syrup gave it a "cozy" air. When the room was completed, I gazed around it lovingly, then covered everything with gayly decorated chintz and locked the door.

This gave us a completely furnished and renovated living room, dining room, bedroom and kitchen. That makes four rooms—I'm sure there were five . . . Oh yes . . . well, anyway the other room was soon finished and I turned my attention to the grounds.

Remember dear reader, a house is like a precious jewel. Without a setting, it is lost. As I puttered over the garden plans, picking a seed here and sowing a wild oat there, I thought of the words of Samuel Johnson when he visited Boswell's bare country place, Twitchley House, Warwick Downs, Worcestshire, Hartford, Hants, Sussex-on-Thames. "Boswell," said the great man, "what you need is a tree." How true that is, dear reader, how true!

Before we began work outside, I consulted with the local gardener, on the type of garden I needed. "What will you have?" he said. Quick as a flash I replied—"Make mine an old-fashioned." So he did. But alas, he misunderstood me. He made me an old-fashioned *garden!*

It was not long before the garden was in the process of creation—Seeds were purchased, dairy owners interviewed, rakes and hoes were called into play and spades were called spades. Rows upon rows of seeds were planted and fertilized. The Rows by any other name would have smelled as sweet, but they would not have been as productive.

The list of flower seeds we interred would render the average layman speechless . . . To be explicit—it would make him tongue-tied. We put in antirrhinum, gypsophila plants, Eschscholtzia, Ipomoea Quamoclit, Calceolaria and Diosiorea without end. Then of course there were plenty of the common or garden variety of plants such as pimpernel, Sneezewort, Bearded Iris (circus sideshow variety), Gilliflowers, Gollyflowers, Kahl-Rabi, Welsh Rabi, California Poppies, Florida Mommies and Lupines (annual, perennial and Arsène).

Finally, on a sunshiny day in June, the garden was finished, so was the house, and so was I. But it was the fruition of our dreams and fatigue was forgotten. Ye Little Olde House was ready! It welcomed us with wide-open wings. Months of loving labor had transformed it from an empty shell into a full one. And now the Day of Days had come. Our ambitions were about to be realized . . . . . . We were all ready to move in!

So we did . . . . . . we moved in to New York and we've been there ever since.

Editor's Note:—*The following schedule of expenses is attached so that the reader may see just exactly how the author floated his budget.*

Total Expenses of "Ye Little Olde House"

3,522 yards of chintz	$ 148.09
1 cake soap	.05
Theatre tickets (including tax)	8.80
New roof—(no charge—on the house)	0.00
Average Mean temperature	.87
Taxis	46.80
Fee to bell captain	.25
Knots per hour	.17
Deductible on bad loans	4,500.00
Shave and haircut	.75
1 lot of shingles	3.28
1 case of hives	0.00
Electoral votes for Cleveland	.13
Two loads of fertilizer	5.00
1 bottle deodorant	.50
Total Cost	$ 7.88

The Lord of the Barrier Beach

Continued from page 110

his eyes toward the wreck beside him. The front wheels were smashed to splinters, the radiator was twisted and leaking noisily; the frame was wrecked and the top demolished. His car was no more, a companion of years lay broken and battered at his feet.

He raised his eyes to the sky again. Far off, against the darkness of the clouds a darker spot was rapidly becoming smaller. Even at that distance however, Zeb fancied that he saw one tiny gleam of white as the spot turned and headed toward the sea, then suddenly it was gone. The man heaved a deep sigh and turned his eyes to the remains of the car with a ghost of a smile playing about the corners of his mouth.

"Well, old bus," he said distinctly, "I never thought it would be like this, and that he'd get away through loss of you, but . . . ," he threw one last look toward the cloud bank far away . . . "even at this price, it's worth it."

Another Redskin Bites the Dust

Continued from page 38

stores, massacred the storekeepers, overseers, moneylenders, gachupines, sacked and destroyed everything that the exploiters had touched. First Tlaquiltenango was taken and sacked, then Jujutla, then Yuatepec.

Everywhere the government troops were wiped out after desperate resistance, everywhere the politicos and generals ran as fast as they could back to Mexico City.

After he found he was powerless to stop the sacking of Jujutla Torres Burgos, who was a humane man, a reader of books, who dreamed of liberty and peace, resigned his command and left the force. He and his two small sons were surprised, resting under a tree on the roadside, by the government forces and killed.

By the time the rebels were besieging Cuautla Zapata had arrived with a new force, riding over the mountains from Chietla. Already the Indians were calling themselves Zapatistas. They had organized a force that they called the dinamiteros, who made hand grenades out of old tin cans full of scrapiron. Each dinamitero went into action with a cigar in his mouth, and a supply of fuses. They threw the grenades with a fibre sling, and lit the fuses from their cigars, like people setting off fireworks. They blew themselves up as often as not. But they took Cuautla. The city of palaces, as the rich men of Morelos liked to call it, was fired in the course of the battle and a large part of it ruined.

In Cuautla the news came to Zapata of the flight of Diaz and Madero's victory. Madero came to Cuautla to get the arms away from the Indians. He is said to have offered Zapata a large sum of money and a trip abroad if he would disband his army; but Zapata wanted to know when the Indians would get their land back.

Madero embraced Zapata in public and made some fine speeches about justice and liberty and went back to Mexico City like the other men in stiff collars and black suits who had taken the Indians' money and their lives and promised to get them their rights. But nothing was done about the land, nothing was done about the waterrights, nothing was done about schools.

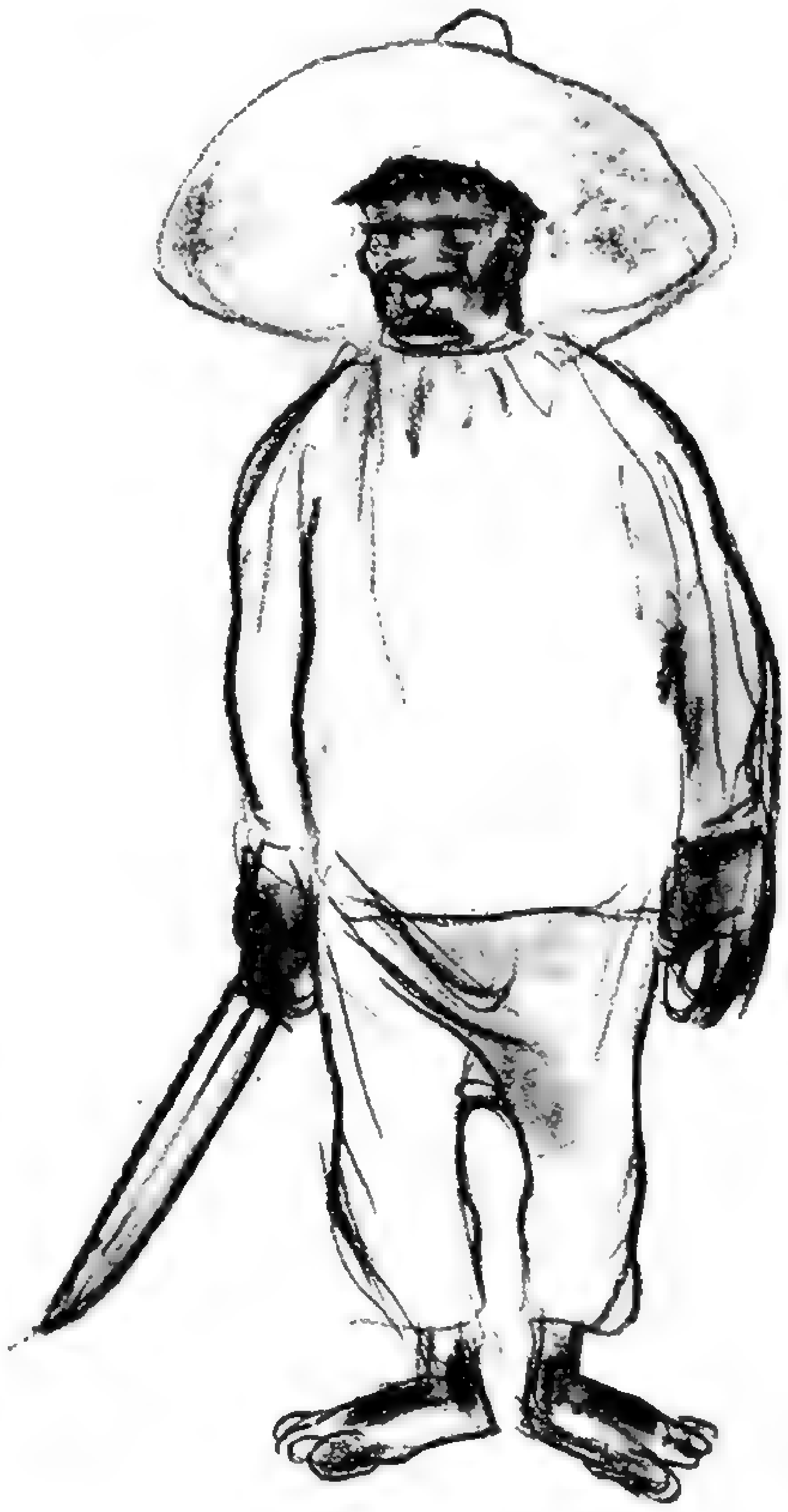
Zapata believed Madero and went back to Ayala to attend to his own business. Many of his men scattered to their homes to raise their crops.

Then one day he was suddenly attacked in Ayala by a force of government troops. He saddled his horse and took to the hills with the schoolteacher of the primary school, Otilio Montaño. The two of them hid in a shepherd's hut up in the Sierra de Ayoscustla for three days with a paper and pens and wrote up the Plan de Ayala in which Zapata proclaimed that he would not lay down his arms until the Indians of Morelos were given their lands, their waterrights and their schools.

He called his men together and laid the papers on a little wooden table in front of the hut. Then the schoolteacher read the plan and Zapata said in his soft drawling Indian speech, "Whoever has got the nerve to sign, come forward and sign it."

Signing gave them a feeling they were linking themselves to the great movements of history; the Indians of his little force waved their hugerimmed coneshaped hats and cheered. Boys ran down to the little villages below in the valley and rang the churchbells. Rockets went up and left their white blobs of cottonwool in the blue glittering sky.

Then Zapata sent down to the little town of Huautla to get the priest, who owned a typewriter, to come up into the sierra with some carbonpaper and copy the document for him. The priest came up and did the copying and was given some bottles of wine for his pains. The copies were sent to all the revolutionary groups in Mexico. With Madero's special permission (he remained a liberal till his death) the plan was printed in the paper in Mexico City, "so that people could see what a madman this fellow Zapata was," Madero said.



From that time on Zapata's headquarters were in the sierra; sometimes he had a large army, sometimes a small guerilla force. His men had to go home from time to time to plant their corn. After the flight of Huerta he helped the Carranzistas capture Mexico City. But neither by force nor by his letters to revolutionary leaders could he get the winners in the civil war to set to work honestly to give the Indians their lands, their waterrights and their schools. So he stayed in the field under arms.

2. THE DEATH OF ZAPATA

I am a rebel from the state of Morelos.
I keep my faith in the promise of San Luis.
I am a rebel. I'll fight against old man Carranza
who in the end is sure to break his word.

Two cartridge belts, my winchester and my horse
are all I've got, and the Virgin of Tepeyac,
to make them respect the plan we signed in Ayala,
though every valiant liberal bite the dust.

The mountain is my bulwark, yes indeed,
and always true Zapatista I must be.
Waiting for the Carranzistas I'll stand firm
with my darling 30-30 in my hand.

If in the long run luck turns against me
and a hostile bullet finds its mark
I'll take my bad luck and die firmly repeating:
Long live the heroes of the south. Long live Zapata.

is a corrido that was common in those days among the soldiers.

In 1918 Zapata, who for a long time had had his capital at Tlaltizapán, was driven up into the high mountains again by the invasion of Morelos by the Carranzista general Pablo Gonzalez, who aimed to destroy the roots of Zapata's army by laying waste the country his men lived on with a savagery extraordinary even in Mexican civil wars. With Pablo Gonzalez the sugar men, the ranchers, the overseers, and the owners of the great haciendas came back. It was their turn. When the troops of Pablo Gonzalez captured a Zapatista they made him dig his own grave. "So you wanted the land," they'd say, "well take it," and then they'd shoot him. This was considered a great joke among the ranchers and sugar exploiters.

The Zapatistas had their jokes too, as when they captured and destroyed a railroad train and shot the escort and took all the clothes off the citydressed passengers.

But Zapata tried to keep his men in order, tried to keep their minds fixed on getting their land, their water and their schools. We are not bandits, he would say, all we demand is our rights. Continually he tried by messengers and letters to unify the revolutionary forces against Carranza and to set up an agrarian commonwealth in Mexico where the Indian in his white cotton suit and his blanket and his sandals would not be at the mercy of the men with black clothes and stiff collars and heavy boots who always managed to rig the forces of law and order against him. He was in correspondence with Villa and Obregón, and the agrarian forces all over the country.

This is how the men in black suits and the ranchers and the sugar men finally answered him.

A certain Colonel Guajardo who had been murdering and burning in the northern part of Morelos let it be known that he was on the outs with Pablo Gonzalez and was ready to change sides and join the agrarians against Carranza, and invited Zapata to come down to Tepaltzingo to take command of his troops. To prove his sincerity Colonel Guajardo shot fifty-nine of his own men who had been accused by the Indian villagers of rapes and pillage in the villages and whose punishment was demanded by Zapata. Even so Zapata was uneasy on account of the warnings of his friends and the bad reputation of Colonel Guajardo, but the opportunity of winning over an important body of troops was too important to be neglected. Before he left his camp in the hills he is said to have told his wife how tired he was of all this warfare. "I suffer a great deal," he said. "Few men have as much pain and trouble as I have. Others get a chance to rest. I'd like to get on my horse right now and ride and ride, and settle down and go to work quietly some place far away."

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The Day Begins at Five

Continued from page 97

"I'm heading for New York and we'll have a good get together. Like old times, eh? By the way, the enclosure is in settlement of our bet. You win hands down. I should have sent it to you years ago. At any rate will see you soon. Yours, Bill."

Good heavens, old Bill, and he had been longing for him only last night. Bill coming to New York. But when? He reread the letter but the only address was the hotel in Detroit. The letter had been delayed by being sent originally to the office Joe had worked in five years ago. Bill was probably in New York now.

And what was this bet he talked about? He couldn't remember any bet. With an excited finger he probed the contents of the envelope and pulled out the enclosure. It was something folded and golden. He stared at it with incredulous eyes. It was a crisp, new fifty dollar bill.

Fifty dollars. He couldn't believe it. And yet there it was fresh and crinkly in his hand. It was a Godsend. Now he could go out with Bill and not spend any of the carefully budgeted household money. This was his to do with as he liked.

But where was Bill? Eager as a child for a Christmas treat he wanted to start at once. He wanted to celebrate this very night. If he couldn't get Bill it must be somebody else. But who?

He glanced up. Miss Jansen was once more at the water cooler appeasing her unquenchable thirst. Miss Jansen who "personally didn't mind him." Why not Miss Jansen? The weight of years had fallen from his shoulders. He was young once more and he wanted youth.

"Oh, Miss Jansen," he called.

Miss Jansen daintily lifted her head. Her attitude was that of an antelope at a pool who hears the distant roar of a lion. She turned and slowly entered his office.

Joe Williams cleared his throat. "Miss Jansen it is possible that I may be working late tonight—"

Miss Jansen stiffened. She was no advocate for any after hours activity that involved typing.

"And I thought in that case you might give me the pleasure of dining with me." This was far too courtly and old-fashioned an approach but it was the best he could manage. The gates of gallantry had grown creaky with disuse.

Miss Jansen relaxed. The unexpected ending of this speech caused her to become grateful with relief. "Thank you. I'd love it. What time?" The red lips curved into a smile.

"About seven. I'll call for you."

"Fine." Miss Jansen's blue eyes beamed approval at such gentlemanly conduct. Mollified, she returned to her work.

Joe Williams squared his shoulders. He picked up the telephone. "Elmwood, 1934 —ring J." Janey wouldn't mind his going out without her. She'd understand. He'd tell her about it later. Nothing underhand. But it was too difficult to explain over the telephone.

"Hello, hello. Hello . . . Janey, dear?"

"Yes. Is that you, Joe?"

"Yes." His voice was bouyant. "How's everything? The ice box all right?" That had been an amusing, trivial incident.

"Working like a charm. Tell me, dear, is anything wrong?"

"No, of course not. I just called up to say that I won't be home to dinner tonight. I have to work late."

"Oh, I'm so sorry."

"And I may spend the night in town rather than take that late train."

"Yes, why don't you?" how faint Janey's voice was but then she never would learn to talk directly into the phone, "it's much more sensible."

"Everything all right at home?"

"Yes, darling, everything. Good-bye, dear."

"Good-bye."

He sat back and rubbed his hands. So that was that. The decks were cleared. The evening stretched ahead of him, glorious, free, untrammeled. The time crept on leaden feet just as it used to do years and years ago. No wonder Miss Jansen was so thirsty. He killed ten minutes by standing at the water cooler himself.

But it was five o'clock finally. He snatched his hat and ran like a boy for the elevator. He was in the street. The avenue was drenched in a haze of golden light. He drank deep of the warm summer air. He was young. He was going places. He was part of the scurrying crowd.

Exultantly, he hailed a cab and gave the address of his college club. He had been paying dues there for the last fifteen years but with the exception of an occasional Saturday lunch and the cashing of small checks he hadn't used the place for over ten. The bar, there was a bar he recalled, was a happily cloistered retreat. He could go there and have a few drinks before calling for Miss Jansen.

At quarter past seven the club doorman hailed a taxi and Joe Williams leaped inside. "I'm late," he cried as he gave Miss Jansen's address. "Step on it will you?"

"Okay, buddy," the driver grinned as he slammed the door. Joe sank back beaming as the cab shot forward. Everybody seemed kindly this night of nights.

Miss Jansen lived in a large red brick apartment house in one of the new East River developments. There was a striped awning over the entrance and a man in livery touched the rim of his uniform cap with a white gloved hand as he opened the door of Joe Williams' cab. "Must be rather a tight squeeze living here on twenty-two fifty a week," was the office manager's inward comment. This thought was dismissed as being ungenerous. After all his role tonight was that of a lady's escort and not the critical attitude of an office superior. On this blithesome evening he should not be concerned as to how Miss Jansen managed to pay her rent.

The promptness with which Miss Jansen descended in the elevator indicated not only that she was completely prepared for his arrival but had been for some little time. Joe Williams stood blinking at her in astonishment. He had never visualized Miss Jansen as cast in the role of office drudge but he could not realize that by merely pressing a button he could summon such a vision in the morning to take dictation. Miss Jansen advanced with a fixed and painted smile. "I thought you said seven o'clock."

"So sorry," his voice was genial. "I was delayed at the club." He liked the sound of that. It was what English men about town said in novels of London high life.

Miss Jansen was apparently unacquainted with this particular school of fiction. Her attitude was of one who had been needlessly kept waiting. An attitude that was heightened by hunger and a slight ill temper.

Still undaunted he hailed a cab. Miss Jansen settled herself in a corner. She gingerly raised her flounced and flowing skirt so that it wouldn't sweep the dirty floor. She placed her white and gold handbag in her lap and with delicate, rose tipped fingers adjusted the large velvet bow of her chic little white velvet cape. "Where are we going?" she asked patiently. The tone chilled him.

Joe Williams glanced about. The gold light was draining from the streets as the sunset ebbed. The night air was beginning to press down upon them like the lowering of a heavy, navy blue blanket. "There's an Italian place I know that used to be lots of fun," he tried to make his voice sound enthusiastic. "I thought we may try that."

"Oh," said Miss Jansen. The tone indicated that comment was unnecessary.

"But it's fun," he continued with a horrible forced eagerness. "There's a garden and trees and red checked tablecloths," his voice trailed off. "I hope it's still open. I haven't been there since just after the war."

"The war?" echoed Miss Jansen, roused from lethargy through sheer surprise.

He tried to laugh. "Not the Civil War, I mean the World War. Although," he added, "I don't suppose you remember much about it."

"I was three years old," was the brief reply. They were both silent.

"Is this the place?" asked Miss Jansen. They were cruising along between shuttered warehouses and frowsy, left-over brownstone rooming houses.

"It should be," replied Joe nervously. "I remember it was somewhere near the Pennsylvania Station."

"Was the station there then?" asked Miss Jansen in a manner that was a shade too bright. He nodded and the last bit of stored enthusiasm trickled away through the pin prick of that subtle stab.

"Here you are." The driver stopped at the address given. It was a rooming house with a gaping door and a dressmaker's sign in the parlor window. Three men in shirt sleeves were airing themselves on the worn steps.

"It doesn't . . . I thought . . . " Joe muttered wretchedly. He felt his hands grow moist. The street was clamorous with children and frankly curious they swarmed about the car.

"Do go see," said Miss Jansen. Her face was a mask.

With a heart like lead, he descended the littered areaway and gave a peal on the cracked bell. One of the coatless men leaned over the railing and eyed him suspiciously. "Wha' dya want, Buddy?"

Joe licked his dry lips: "I was looking for a restaurant that used to be here. Tony Barrelli's."

They shook puzzled heads. "Not here . . . must have moved . . . never heard of it." The untidiest of the three men was more hopeful. "There's a wop joint around the corner, No. 381, maybe that's what you're after."

"Thanks." and Joe turned back to the waiting taxicab, weaving his way through

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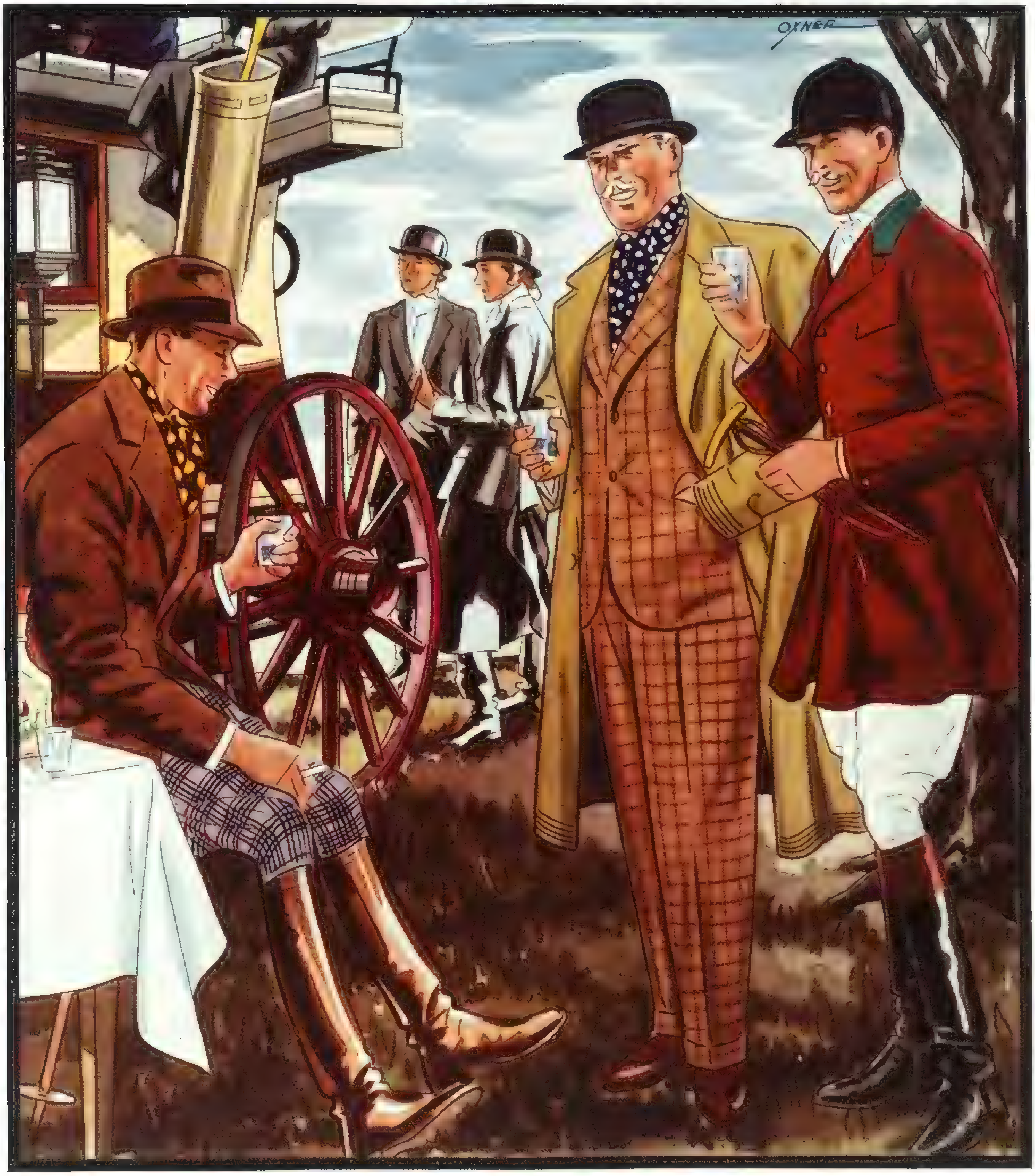
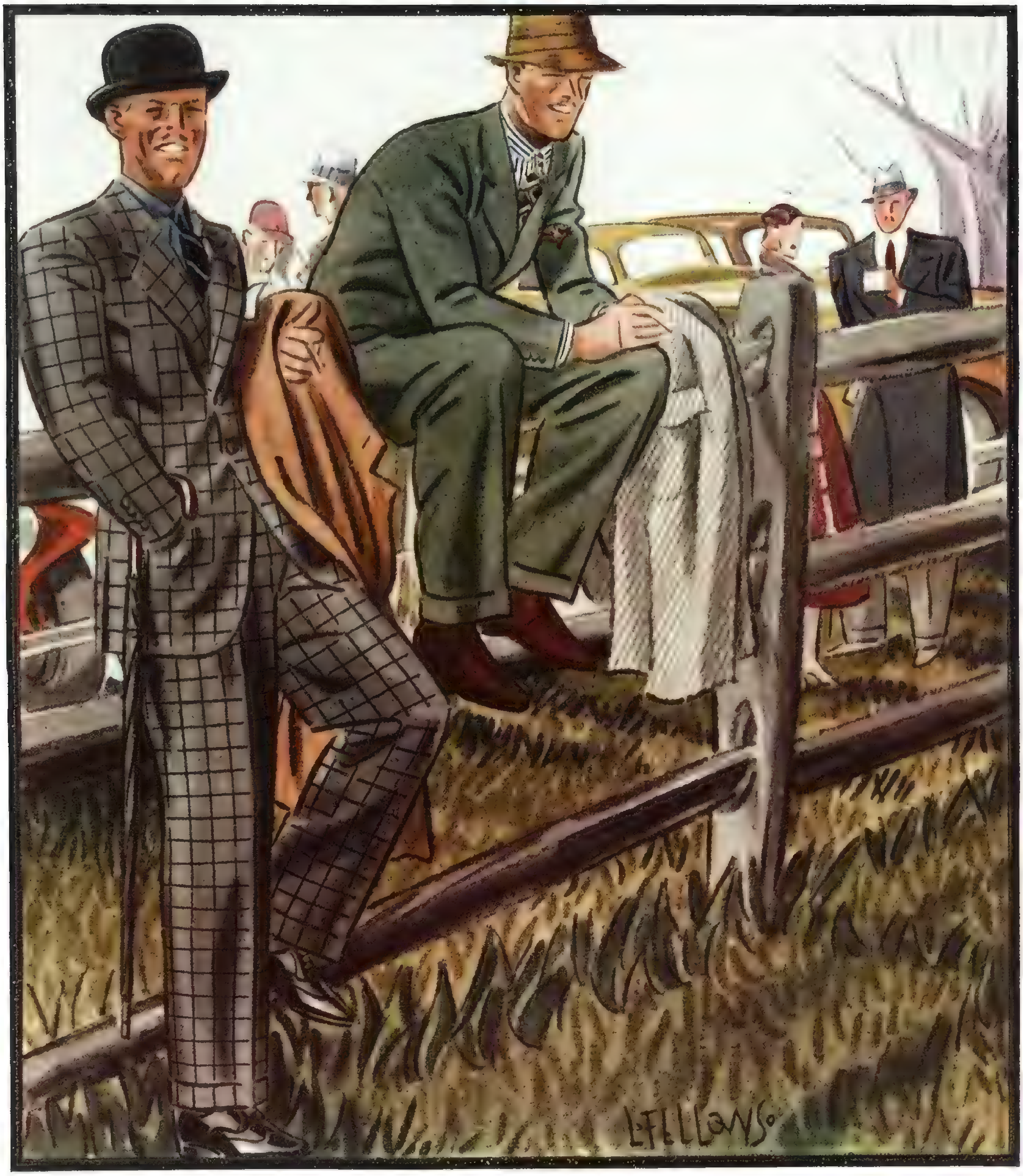


WHERE A FASHION PLATE BECOMES A SPORTING PRINT

In putting these three figures together on this page, the artist has helped himself to a slice of that license which poets used to claim, but the point, of course, is to show three separate outfits, without taking a page apiece to do it. The figure on the extreme left shows an informal country hacking kit consisting of a brown tweed riding sack, a three button notch lapel model, of which most of the important details cannot be distinguished. This jacket has slanting flap pockets, the breast pocket also carrying a flap, and has side vents in place of the usual center vent in the back. The breeches are of light weight tweed in a Glen Urquhart plaid with a colored over plaid. Brown soft legged boots, black or dark brown silk foulard stock, in either case with yellow polka dots, and a brown hat with a black band (the stunt the boys at Yale and Princeton started) complete the outfit. The man in the center of the group wears an outfit that is typical of the prevailing taste of the more elderly Long Island sportsmen for spectator sports wear. It consists of a two button single breasted Shetland suit with a dark overplaid, a single breasted fly front covert cloth topcoat with rows of stitching on the cuffs and at the bottom, a blue polka dot muffler, worn Ascotted, a rough finished Derby, and brown calf shoes of the moccasin type with heavy leather soles and heels. On second thought, since the man at the right is the M. F. H., whose dress is governed by traditional rules, these three outfits could, and would, come together at an informal point to point, so we take back the crack about artistic license. We don't know, and assume that you don't care either, about the details of the costumes worn by the ladies in the background.



SAFELY OUT OF TOWN YOUR COLOR CHOICES CAN RUN VERY WILD

At the best hunt race meetings you will see the boldest colors and patterns. Keep your eyes off the picture for a minute, and see if this doesn't sound godawful: green suit, blue and white striped shirt, plaid tie that is predominantly red, reddish brown shoes and tannish brown hat, and gray topcoat. Put them all together and they spell hash, but put them on a man who has any flair at all for wearing clothes, and they add up to make a strikingly effective outfit that is beyond reproach from a fashion standpoint. The suit is a single breasted easy fitting Harris tweed, the shirt is of heavy cheviot with a rounded soft collar attached, the tie is woolen, of deep maroon with a gray overplaid, the shoes are buckskin ankle high and closely akin to jodhpur shoes in cut. The allover stitched tweed hat is a sportsman's favorite at the moment. The other outfit, a bit more seemly if the schedule should include a return to town for cocktails, is comprised of a rough finish bowler, a three button notched lapel suit of gray cheviot with a pronounced blue overplaid, a solid colored shirt of light weight flannel, a black tie with bold blue stripe, black brogues, and a tan covert topcoat. The umbrella handle, though you can't see it, is leather and has a gold pencil inserted at the crook. The latter is one of those fearfully swank British touches, but it seems to be catching on and is therefore worthy of mention. The dark vertical streak in the southwest corner of the jacket shown on the left is not to be interpreted as an over-emphasized shadow. It represents one of a pair of side vents—much better, in coats intended for out of town wear, than the usual single center vent. Note the four buttons at the cuff.

The Day Begins at Five

Continued from page 116

clustering and gesticulating children. He tried to swagger. Tried to make his voice sound cheerful. "Sorry, that's the wrong place. We'll try around the corner."

"Quite all right," replied Miss Jansen in an expressionless voice. To Joe's dazed eyes she seemed to be growing larger, more white and gold, more expensive as he watched her.

They were once more in motion. The heat had turned the waiting cab into a velour lined oven. Fumblingly he offered Miss Jansen a cigarette. She shook her head. They had stopped once more.

"This what you want?" The driver peered with a blood-shot eye through the front window of the cab. They were in front of a garage.

"No, no," cried Miss Jansen. There was a note of hysteria in her voice. "Drive on."

"That's the number." The driver was implacable.

"I'm afraid it's my fault," cried Joe with abject humility. He fumbled for his wallet. Had he saved that speakeasy card? The one he had gone to with those buyers from the West. Had he? Of course, he wouldn't have!

Crushed and humbled he turned miserably to Miss Jansen. "I'm terribly sorry. I thought we could get in here." If it had only been Janey, she would have been quick to offer sympathy and advice. But there was no comfort here.

"Well," said Miss Jansen, "what now?"

"We could go to a hotel for dinner."

"Have you a flask?"

He made a pathetic motion as if feeling his hip but it was a gesture that fooled no one. "No," he said.

Miss Jansen turned, as if to get out of the cab. He thought for a moment that she was leaving him, that he would be freed from his white and gold incubus, but Miss Jansen was merely sizing him up. "I know a place where we can get in," she announced "but it's very expensive." Her voice was peevishly exultant.

"That's all right." Anything to stop this nightmareish riding about in cabs. If they could only sit down quietly at a table perhaps things would be better.

With Miss Jansen in charge no time was lost. She knew the address. They arrived in less than five minutes. Doors flew open at her touch. They were welcomed joyously and the man at the door spoke to her by name. Joe Williams followed her trustingly like a lost child.

They were in a great gold room filled with music and laughter. On a raised dais a colored orchestra blared and shouted. Behind a red and black enameled bar men in white coats were tossing frosted silver shakers in a frenzy of excitement.

Miss Jansen gave a gasp of relief. Like a silver fish thrown back in its native element she darted across the room and clambered onto one of the high stools. "A Martini," she cried, "and make it strong."

"Jo-jo, of all people." A heavy hand slapped him on the back. A voice boomed through the room like the beating of a brass gong. He turned and saw Bill. Bill, large, sleek and red-faced. Bill, whose money had made this evening possible.

"Think of finding you here." He became conscious of Miss Jansen. "You might introduce me to the little lady."

"Sorry! Miss Jansen this is my old friend Bill Adams. I was just . . . " and he paused amazed at the transformation. Miss Jansen was a flower revived. Her tinkling, silver laughter was once more heard. Starry-eyed she was gazing at Bill Adams.

"How nice. Do, do join us."

"You bet I will. Another round there Gus." Bill's beaming red face was turned to Miss Jansen. "Jo-jo here is quite a boy. You know the last time I saw him we both nearly got fired for shooting crap in the cloak room."

"Oh really," Miss Jansen was almost hysterical with mirth. "Mr. Williams did? Oh, how funny."

Joe listened glumly. The episode was funny of course but not that funny.

The three of them had all had another round. Joe Williams was conscious of a faint dizziness at the base of his skull. "Say, how about eating?" he asked.

Miss Jansen was daintily nibbling an olive. "Eating?" and she laughed merrily. "Oh not for hours. I'm not a bit hungry."

"Atta girl," boomed Bill Adams in hearty approval. "Have another drink?"

An hour later Miss Jansen rose with alacrity at Bill Adams' suggestion of "let's have lil' dance." She stripped off the chic little white velvet cape and laid it, along with the white and gold purse, on the high stool for Joe to guard. "Don't let anybody take my place," she cried roguishly.

"But how about some food?" This had been Joe Williams' one plaint muttered at ten minute intervals during the course of the last hour.

"Sure! Sure!" boomed Bill Adams. "Get a table. We'll join you later."

Joe Williams stared into the mirror at the back of the bar. It reflected a grey-faced man with thinning hair in a rumpled suit. With a shudder he realized it was himself and crawled away in search of a table.

"Hot soup," he muttered to the waiter.

"Yes, sir. Right away," the hurrying waiter tossed back a vague assurance over his shoulder. Twenty minutes later the waiter scurried back with a steaming tureen. Joe Williams raised his spoon and almost screamed with impatience. The soup was so hot he couldn't swallow it.

Miss Jansen and Bill Adams had left the dance floor and drifted back to the bar for another drink. They waved to him joyously. He closed his eyes and pretended not to see them.

He had wanted youth and instead he was forced to witness this hideous parody of cavorting middle-age. If Miss Jansen preferred the stout, red-faced booming Bill Adams so much the better. Tired and dizzy and deafened by noise he leaned his head against the cushioned seat. Yes, it was more bearable this way. Slowly, mercifully, the clamor faded away.

He woke with a start. He had thought for a happy moment that he was home and in bed but he was still in the same hideous place and the waiter was standing in front of him with a piece of paper on a small tray. Joe Williams stared at him blankly.

"Your party has gone, sir. They said they didn't want to disturb you."

Joe Williams blinked. "Quite all right," he struggled to his feet. The room which had been crowded was now two-thirds empty. A clock pointed inexorably to quarter of two.

"Just a minute, sir. The bill." Joe Williams glanced at the columned figures. The total was forty-two dollars and eighty cents. He slipped the waiter the fifty dollar bill. "Thank you, sir. Thank you," but Joe Williams had fled.

He was gone. How he survived the horrors of the milk train he never knew. But he was home and Janey's soft arms were around his neck and her cheek was pressed against his. "My darling, my precious, I'm sorry you had such a dreadful time."

"Oh Janey it was horrible. Everything was changed. I don't know about anything any more."

"There's no reason why you should. And I do hope Bill Adams paid his debt. It's about time."

He gulped. "Debt?"

"Yes. Don't you remember he said that you could never stand married life? He bet fifty dollars that our marriage wouldn't last a year."

"Well, of all the nerve," indignation swelled within him.

"I never did like that Bill Adams. He used to call you Jo-jo and I hated it because . . . because you were so handsome."

"Janey, Janey," his voice choked. To Janey he was still young. He would always be young. Janey remembered all about the war. Janey had been seventeen when he first met her at the officers' dance down at Camp Dix. "Janey. You know I love you." A frail, inadequate tribute.

Janey's arms crept closer. "We'll go into town very soon." She gave a strange, tender little smile that he couldn't quite understand. "I think I can find that restaurant."

Dogs Are Tailor Made

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"improve" him by giving him a Greyhound skull. In a few years they had his head so narrow that there was no room left for brains, and one of the smartest dogs in the world became relatively an imbecile.

This ridiculous fad, too, was eventually checked, and the Collie of today has gone back to a head that is graceful as well as adequate for his naturally keen brain.

Of course, breeding fancies also work the other way, for a dog can be improved without impairing his faculties. The Chows and Pomeranians exhibited thirty-five years ago wouldn't stand a chance in a modern dog show, and there are few that haven't been bettered by selective breeding. Sometimes this is purely a matter of taste: the Bull Terrier used to be all black, brindle or brindle and white—now he is pure white. But in other instances, notably the Airedale already mentioned, the improvements have been real. In contrast we see the Greyhound just about the same today as he was four thousand years ago except for a slight change in the ear and tail. Among the toys, the Pekingese has probably changed little during its many centuries of existence while the pocket-size Chihuahua is still the same animal venerated by the ancient Aztecs.

The toy dogs, of course, represent a group whose pattern has nothing to do with utility. The sacred Pekes or "sleeve dogs," once found only in Chinese palaces, used to be bred in colors to match costumes; others, like the Maltese, the Clydesdale, the King Charles, the Pomeranian and many more of the fluffy silky-coated vari-

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Sugar and Spice and Not So Nice

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see me some time" gurgles the voice of Mae West, suggesting for the first time on any screen that mutual sexual satisfaction will result from the encounter. There are other suggestions in the invitations of the Westian screen-character: men are delivered into the hands of women so that women may serve them, protect them against their enemies, take their crimes upon their own shoulders—whatever Miss West's melodramatic imagination may bring forth. But the essential thing remains the promise: if you will sleep with me we will both enjoy it. Miss West breaks down the Law, not inscribed in the constitution, but more potent than any statute, that women must take no pleasure in sex and must only with reluctance and distaste, gratify the rude desires of men.

You see at once that this smashes the whole movie technique of seductiveness based on the principle that women care nothing for sex and therefore run away from men and have to be cajoled, tricked, and seduced. Miss West gives that show away entirely. Ninety-nine of a hundred movies with a love interest (or, more briefly, ninety-nine of a hundred movies) arrive at a triumphant conclusion when the lovers embrace after hesitations, refusals, and certain artificial barriers have been removed (the war, the depression, the collision of the sun and the planets all figure in the movies only as barriers to true love which does not however indicate anything more than the willingness of a young woman to be alone, in an hotel lobby or a motor car, but never a bed, with a young man). By exposing the awful secret that women may desire men as much, or nearly as much as men desire women, Miss West makes hash of all these pictures. Her pictures begin with Lady Lou or whoever it is as the mistress of a man who rejoices in her and whom she either will or will not throw over in her laudable impulse to give joy to as many of this sad world's men as possible. She makes the advances more directly than any character of Bernard Shaw's; she pursues and when she runs up against the timid type engendered by years of going to see sexless plays and pictures, she "learns them" how good and pleasing sex can be.

WHAT are the movies going to do about it? With their usual lack of intelligence they will probably hunt for large women with amiable breasts, good hips, and a beckoning look. They will persist in thinking that Mae West is voluptuous and imagine that if they bring on the screen another woman in her physical proportions, they will repeat her effects. It will be a pleasure to miss some of their flat and icy beauties, wandering through emotions in which they do not believe, with their noses in the air, as if the thought of going to bed with anyone were an impropriety; but the satisfaction which men have found in Miss West's pictures will not be duplicated unless the same simple attitude of mind will also be duplicated. I mentioned some months ago the pleasure men found in Cagney—an assertion of the male's dislike for the tampering female. The parallel pleasure in Miss West rises from the feeling that no man would need to slap her down.

In Miss West (and Miss Dressler) the movies also return nearer to the heart of the average woman. This is important because women go to the pictures more often than men, and producers have worried whether the Mae West type wouldn't offend women or wouldn't lack the glamor of the more familiar stars. Well, the movies have glamored themselves completely out of the range of the washerwoman's and the housewife's imagination; only a stenographer can still hope to attain the exquisite heights of the Shearers and the Crawfords. It is a relief to women to see a woman, rather like themselves, get a hundred men with a look of the eye and an easily imitated wiggle of the backside. This is humanity, this is realism, this is the truth—for them. There is no glamor in it, perhaps, but there is the possibility of going and doing likewise. So the women like Miss West, hailing her as one of themselves who made good. Miss West may have accomplished a revolution in American manners (nocturnal) no less than in American movies.

Where Do We Go From Jazz?

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"Oh, I'm so glad to hear you say that the great masters were all dance-minded. It has always seemed to me that if you actually dance to any composer's music, you get closer to him than if you just sit and listen —you become a *part* of the music, don't you, as you do in singing?"

"Or playing," I added.

"Yes," she said, "but it is easier to dance than play or sing. I could never sing the *Liebestod*, nor play it, but I can dance to a fox-trot setting of it and enjoy the opera of *Tristan and Isolde* all the more. Really, I can!"

She had caught me smiling at her naïve enthusiasm.

"And do you know, Mr. Whiteman," she continued, "I don't believe all the outraged old-timers say about the crime of mutilating the classics. Let me tell you something: My dear grandmother thought that the 'Song of Love' from *Blossom Time* was too adorable as a waltz-song until she found that it was taken from Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony*—then she was furious at being taken in!"

Because Mr. Blackribbon and Miss Silver Dress and her grandmother represent three major viewpoints—academic, popular and reactionary—on the subject, I should like to add a few words of mine, which I like to think of as progressive.

Playing dance music in a night club, over the radio, or anywhere else, whether that music is Brahms' or Irving Berlin's, is only a part of my present aim in life. Never remembering the time when a bow wasn't in my hand (my father saw to that!), I got to the point of playing in a symphony orchestra under Alfred Hertz, became infatuated with jazz in my early twenties, hit upon the scheme of combining symphonic form with jazz, which led me along the thrilling trail of my "experiments in American music"—a trail which led to the epoch-making *Rhapsody in Blue* ten years ago, a marvelous answer to my belief in the creation of a native music that shall be a genuine art-expression of our colorful complex life and its spirit. Since then others besides George Gershwin have joined up—Ferde Grofé, Deems Taylor, Duke Ellington, Johnny Green, Dana Suesse, William Grant Still, to name the principal composers pioneering with me along this trail.

But I look for plenty more. Like Walt Whitman, "I hear America singing" (and by 'singing' I mean all music, as I think Walt did), and I feel that there is a need to encourage our genius in all the highways and byways of the land, particularly in the small towns and villages, where I feel it is to be found, but where it has little, if any, chance to get started. Hence my recent offer of an annual award to young American composers.

I need them, they need me, on this great adventure of finding ourselves as a nation, musically. Come along, brothers! Maybe our tonal architecture won't be jazz, maybe it won't be symphonic, nor operatic, nor even orchestral, as we now understand the term, but we will find out *what* it is. I am inclined to think that it may be founded on our dance music. Why not, when we have seen how other great nations have built on the dance?

Son of the Sun

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rope of her sled was broken in two. He went down at once and tied it together. He had no hat on, no heavy clothing.

"Aren't you cold?" asked the child.

No, he wasn't cold. His hands were warm —only the icy air, it gave him a stinging pain in his throat, but he wasn't cold! He noticed that a large, venerable birch-tree in front of the house had changed its appearance. Its trunk had burst open. "That's the work of the cold," thought he, trembling in body and soul.

During the night the weather changed. He sat eagerly upright in bed as if he thought that the mild spring was at hand, but he knew that the winter would begin again and last for a long time to come. It was, however, a hope, a beacon that flashed momentarily before his eyes in the dark.

The cold decreased steadily. Water began to drip from the roofs and way off in the air sounded the crashing of ice like the crashing of mighty seas.

The painter walked about with greater and greater hope in his heart. The soughing in the air was as music to his soul. It was the spring beating its golden drum. At last, one night he heard a pattering on his window. He sat up in bed. It was the rain! Great joy seized him. He jumped into his clothes, ran into his studio, lit all the lamps. His longing for summer burst into flames from this faint glow. All his shackled powers were loosened, and he threw himself that very night into his work.

Visions and voices from warmer regions far away flooded upon him and filled him with joy.

The artist worked on till morning, then slept an hour and began again. An unwonted strength buoyed him up and carried him on.

Nothing could stop him.

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

The monthly reminder that Upton Sinclair isn't Sinclair Lewis and James Thurber isn't Edna Ferber

by BURTON RASCOE

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The reading time for this disquisition (ascertained by our staff Professor of Rapidity of Reading) is five minutes flat. Anyway, that's our title and we'll stick to it. Of course, if you are a football player, the president of a university, or a member of a brain trust, you may want to mull over some of the sentences in order to grasp and digest the momentous levity of them. In that case we give you a maximum of fifty-four minutes. If it takes you longer than that, you are a cluck. All set? Hop!*

I DON'T care if Sinclair Lewis turns down the Pulitzer Prize (it was worth only a couple of thousand plunks at a time when Lewis was soggy with royalties he didn't expect from novels which annoyed people so violently that they bought them in great quantities). I don't care if he gets himself smacked first on one cheek and then on the other by Theodore Dreiser. I don't care if he creates a commotion at a dinner of Nobel Prize winners of which he was one of which. I don't care if he arises in a Kansas City pulpit and asks God if He is there and in a mood for homicide, and if so, to take a healthy swipe at him, just to prove He is there, which he (Lewis) doesn't believe.

These antics don't bother me. The lanky, freckle-faced Nobel Prize winner can write; and that is the business he got himself into when he larruped out of Sauk Center, Minn., went to Yale, and later started tending furnaces for his keep in a queer sort of Socialistic boarding house Upton Sinclair was operating (at a deficit) in Englewood, New Jersey. His new novel, *Work of Art* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) is Lewis in his best form. And that is a mighty good form indeed.

If I mistake not, *Work of Art* is about as close to an autobiographical novel as Lewis has ever written. But it is not an autobiographical novel in the current mode at all. You know, the novels about the novel about the sensitive young squirt on the farm or village who thought it was just too sordid to have to bring in the stove wood that Dad had chopped or had to draw the water so Mother could do the washing; and who, with his poetic soul, continued through a dull career, finding life very sordid on every hand.

Lewis' new novel is about a squirt like that, but he doesn't pet him or pat him on the head or share his moonings sympathetically or make him out a hero: he portrays him realistically and with that Lewisian brand of humor which is both true to life and laughable. Where your usual autobiographical young novelist tells you his hero's soul was fixed on dreams and poetry and that in the loneliness of his room he wrote lyrics and sonnets and tries to make you believe these lyrics and sonnets were comparable to Shakespeare's, Lewis gives you copious samples of the gosh-awful stuff.

And while he kids his hero realistically through school and college and Socialism and art for art's sake and Greenwich Village, he portrays his hero's surroundings with as much deft attention to detail as in *Babbitt* and with just as much attention to the other characters in the novel in their idiosyncrasies, idiom, and slants on life as in his other novels. It is a novel wherein the Babbitts have their inning against the Artists and Intellectuals.

Shortly after *Anthony Adverse* began to sweep into its first hundred thousand as the most sensational best seller in several years, bibliophiles and students of Americana began to whisper about that Hervey Allen hadn't written a novel but had put one together with scissors and paste by lifting whole chunks from little known and out-of-print books of memoirs. Mr. Allen was accused, in whispers, of plagiarism on the grand scale. The accusation isn't true, but because Mr. Allen neglected to write a little foreword naming the books on which he made heavy drafts for material, he laid himself wide-open to the sort of criticism he has been getting. He has recently found it necessary to write about ten million words for the Saturday Review of Literature explaining himself.

The book upon which Mr. Allen drew most copiously is *Fifty Years in Both Hemispheres: The Memoirs of a Merchant*, by Vincent Nolte. Nolte is one of the characters in *Anthony Adverse*, and, to my mind the character in it that most nearly comes to life as a credible being. The Nolte book has lately been brought to my attention by a publisher who had secured a copy of it. It is to be published or rather re-published (Watt, $2.50) at about the time this article comes out. One of the things Mr. Allen is to be congratulated upon (beyond his success, his sales, his research, his imagination and his industry) is that of having, even if inadvertently, brought about the re-publication of the Nolte book.

For *Fifty Years in Both Hemispheres* is one of the most fascinating autobiographies I have ever read. It appears that it was first published in German. The copy I saw and that Watt is re-publishing is translated from the German and was published in New York in 1854. It is an epitome of the Napoleonic era in Europe and in the Americas in the form of the narrative of the life of a man who touched it at almost every point. He was banker to Napoleon, met the young Queen Victoria, helped found the banking house of Biddle in Philadelphia, met Seminole Indian chiefs in the swamps near New Orleans, visited Henry Clay in Kentucky, watched Andrew Jackson at the siege of New Orleans, fought a duel and tried to fight another, engaged in mercantile enterprizes in Cuba and Mexico, was shipwrecked, came down the Mississippi on a flatboat, stood by and cheered when Robert Fulton's *Clermont* steamed down the Hudson—the man led a fantastic and incredible life. If his story, as he told it, is only half true, he led one of the most excitingly adventurous lives ever lived by anybody. And the old fellow had a real talent for writing. He was shrewd and concise and malicious in characterization, dramatic in narrative. He was boastful, it is true; but he had a right to boast. Between us, although I found reading *Anthony Adverse* something of a trial, I read the Nolte memoirs with the utmost enjoyment. I hope, now, that another book or set of books upon which Mr. Allen drew for much material and for the prototype of Anthony Adverse will also be revived, if it has been allowed to go out of print. This is *The Memoirs of William Hickey*, published by Knopf in 1921. It is one of my favorite books of reminiscences and, like Nolte's book, an invaluable source book for the period.

It is perhaps necessary to state that although Mr. Allen followed much of the narrative, retold many of the incidents, and in some pages used some of the phrases in the Nolte book (as he did in the case of the Hickey memoirs and other sources) it is untrue that he is at any place I can discover guilty of plagiarism. He was writing an historical novel and he had every right to draw as freely as he wished from source material. In fact there is no other way of writing an historical novel. And writers of picaresque romance, such as Le Sage and Alexandre Dumas, had no hesitancy in using whole pages of other writers verbatim. In *The Death of the Gods* Dmitri Merejkowski used whole pages in translation from Ammianus Marcellinus and from Julian's works.

The most amusing novel among the new year's offerings that I have found is *L'Affaire Jones* (Stokes, $2.50) by Hillel Bernstein. It is a rollicking satire upon the French tendency to get excited every once in a while over some matter which they can make into what they call a *cause célèbre* and thereby enjoy to the fullest extent their favorite pastime of arguing. The entire nation can be divided into two camps on the slightest provocation, whether it be something like the Dreyfus affair, the trial of Landrau, the modern Bluebeard, the mur-

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Interviewing the Great

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approaches he is greeted with a Fascist salute.

While I was making a drawing of Mussolini, he received several callers in this fashion. The hands were always rubbed in the same way, the eyes glowered equally intense and at the corresponding moment the right hand was raised. The effect produced was always the same, but when I had seen the same thing happen three or four times it became amusing rather than impressive and inadvertently I smiled. Mussolini noticed my expression and when another visitor was announced he arose, turned to me, gave me a good American wink and then began his usual tactics once again.

The name Mussolini brings to mind Fascist Rome, a city filled with dusty monuments and black-shirted soldiers. Apropos of those soldiers the ex-Crown Prince of Germany made a most pointed remark.

I saw him in the lobby of a hotel in Rome. His tall lank figure and his strange bird-like head were unmistakable. I went up to him, introduced myself and asked him to pose for a drawing. Although he was traveling incognito, he was accompanied by a Baron who acted as his aide. The pompous German officer shook his head when he heard me ask his former Prince to pose but Friederich thought otherwise and said he would wait until I got my drawing materials.

Behind the hotel is a large garden filled with tables. Almost every one was occupied by Italian soldiers. It was there that the Crown Prince waited for me. He talked as I drew and the conversation turned to the war.

"You went to war," he said, "to make the world safe for democracy. Look about you. Do you think you did a good job?"

It was on the very day that the Germans started the great offensive that General Pershing sat for me in Paris. He was a handsome figure and was well aware of the fact. He sent an orderly for a mirror so as to make sure his hat was on at the proper angle when I made my drawing.

It was at that time that Clemenceau was at the height of his power, but it was not until some years later that I first met him. He made an appointment for me to call at nine o'clock but before I had received his letter I had made another engagement for the same hour. A few minutes before nine I went to his apartment. A little gray man with a gray poilu's cap, followed by two little gray dogs, entered the room. I explained that I had another appointment for nine o'clock before I had received his letter and I asked him to name another time.

The old Tiger growled.

"I have little time left in the world. If you cannot take the time I give you, you cannot have any other. Let others wait. They are younger than I."

As I jot down these random thoughts many memories come crowding into my mind. Once more I see Candidate Hoover munching peanuts as he asks Lawyer Charles Evans Hughes over the telephone to campaign for him.

I see President Coolidge as he sits in the White House taking a bunch of keys from his pocket and unlocking a drawer of his desk. He opens a box of cigars, removes one and then relocks the drawer.

I remember the first time I visited the Roosevelt house in New York and mistook Louis Howe, now the President's principal secretary, for a butler. I shall never forget seeing Mr. Roosevelt return from the Democratic National Convention where he had made a speech nominating Governor Smith, apparently forget the entire proceedings and bury himself in a new copy of an old book which he had just acquired.

People often say to me that my work must be very interesting as I meet so many prominent persons. I have found that men who have achieved fame are very little different from the usual run of ordinary mortals. Some waiters are more diverting than some writers; some laborers more engrossing than some leaders of industry. Men who have the reputation for being brilliant have been boring; others supposedly colorless have been entertaining. Some have gloated over their success; others have attributed it to anything but themselves. They are as varied as their appearances, as different as their pursuits.

George Cohan put the matter tersely. He was posing for me in a little room belonging to a press agent. His hat was pulled down over one eye, a cigarette drooped from one corner of his mouth. He was speaking of a play by Eugene O'Neill.

"What is the good of talking about highbrow stuff?" he said. "People are, for the most part, all alike."

A Living from Tennis?

Continued from page 50

John Doeg and I won the Wimbledon and French championships in doubles.

As this is written, I intend to make the old "college try" for the 1934 national singles title without worrying about retaining the doubles championship. I may get exactly nowhere, may be polished off early in the meet, possibly by some "unknown," but I'm going to shoot the works in preparation, concentration and energy in the 1934 campaign.

Once before I made a similar resolution. That was in 1931 when Ellsworth Vines was performing so sensationally. I managed to beat him in the semi-finals at Southampton—his first major defeat after he skyrocketed into fame. But he got me in the finals of the Men's Singles at Forest Hills. That gave me Number 2 ranking when I had hoped to attain Number 1.

Although, in the matter of years, I am now on the down side of what is supposed to be the peak in sports competition there may be one good national singles campaign left in this old frame.

Should Lady Luck grant my ambition I hope I'll have the judgment to let well enough alone and devote all of my time to business thereafter.

In tennis, as in other sports, it's hard to quit when one is at or near the top. Johnny Doeg, who won the national championship in 1930, by beating Tilden in the semi-finals and Shields in the finals at Forest Hills, was an exception. After winning the title, he knew enough to begin playing tennis as a means of recreation while he was still an ace. Incidentally, he's prospering.

As for turning professional, I can't quite see it. I'm not highhat—I don't censure the boys who've gone pro—but it just isn't down my alley. It would mean giving up too many things which I value.

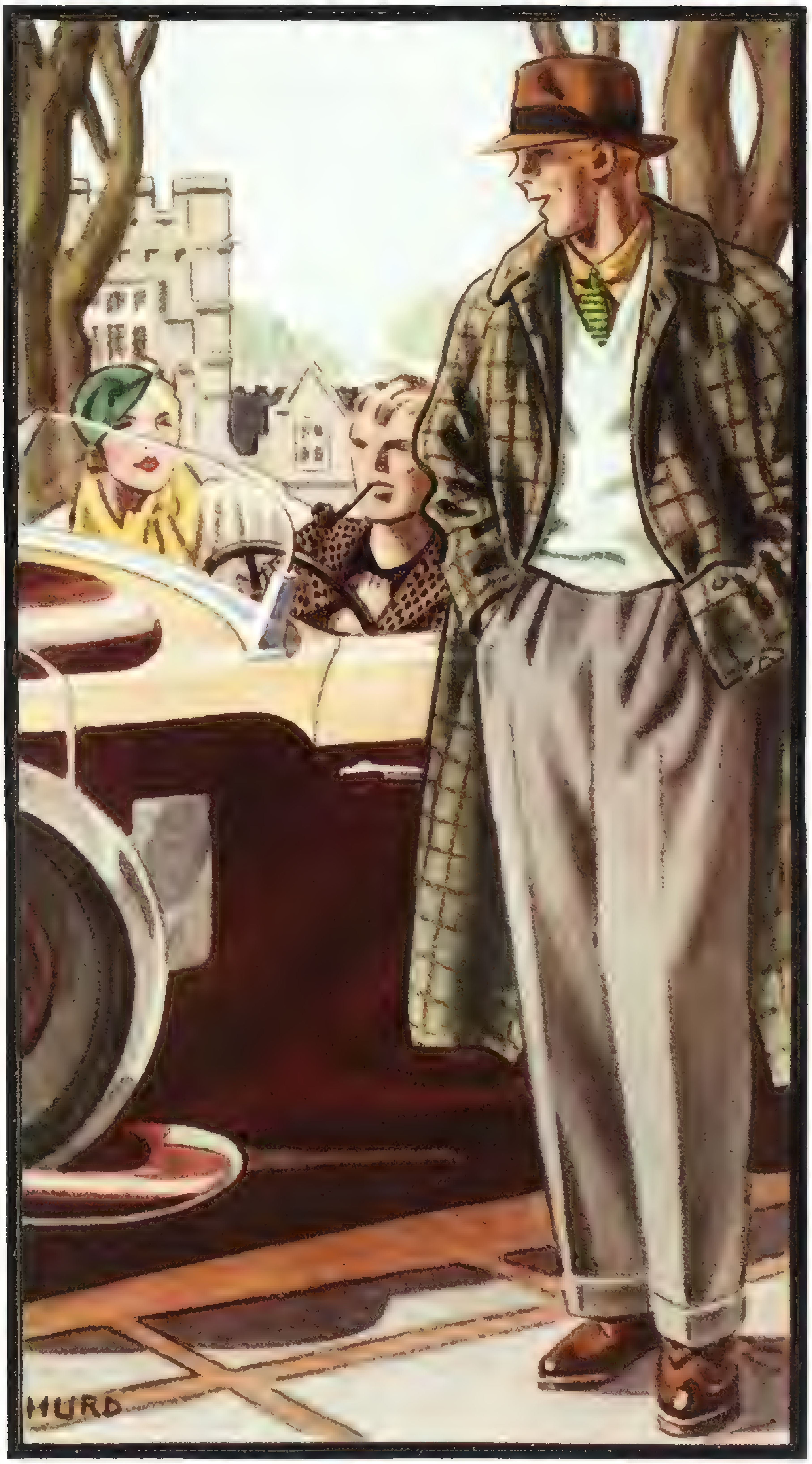
For, despite all of the foregoing talk about money, the game to me remains a sport—one of the fastest, hardest games the world knows. And when the tennis star is out there battling away for that intangible, fleeting thing known as victory, he isn't counting his money. He's too busy—for in major competition tennis is as fast and strenuous as any game on earth. If there is a Doubting Thomas in the audience I'll be glad to take him out on the courts and make a believer out of him. The roar he will hear in his ears will be the pounding of his own heart.

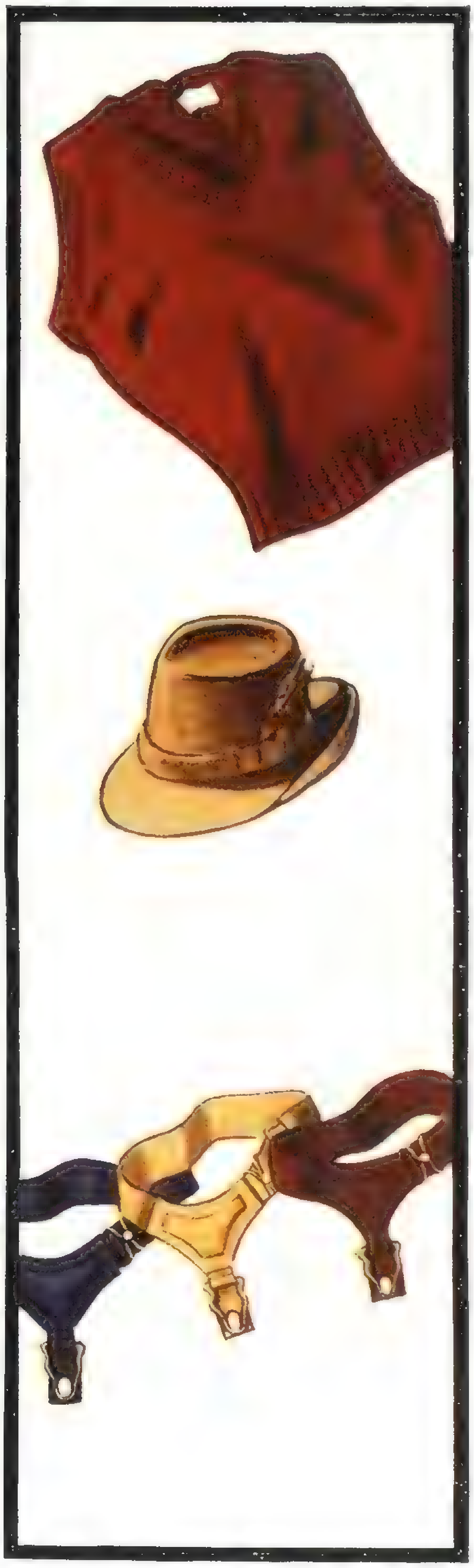
It's a game in which the runt may slay the giant, where what is known in the ring as moxie, in football as heart, and in tennis as courage, may overcome superior size and strength.

For instance, in the men's singles at Forest Hills last summer, tiny Bitsy Grant of Atlanta, Georgia, suh, defeated Ellsworth Vines.

A long time ago I tagged Grant with the nickname "Bitsy," a shortening of "Ittle Bitsy." For, with a wet towel in his hand, he won't tip the scales at more than 120 pounds and he extends upward about five feet, four inches. But in his match with Vines, he covered the court with the speed and agility of a terrier He made brilliant, unbelievable "gets" of drives by Vines to which most other players would have waved goodbye. And in the end, he staggered to the net on legs which had run many miles that day to receive the congratulations of Vines, the victim. It was an epic in courage.

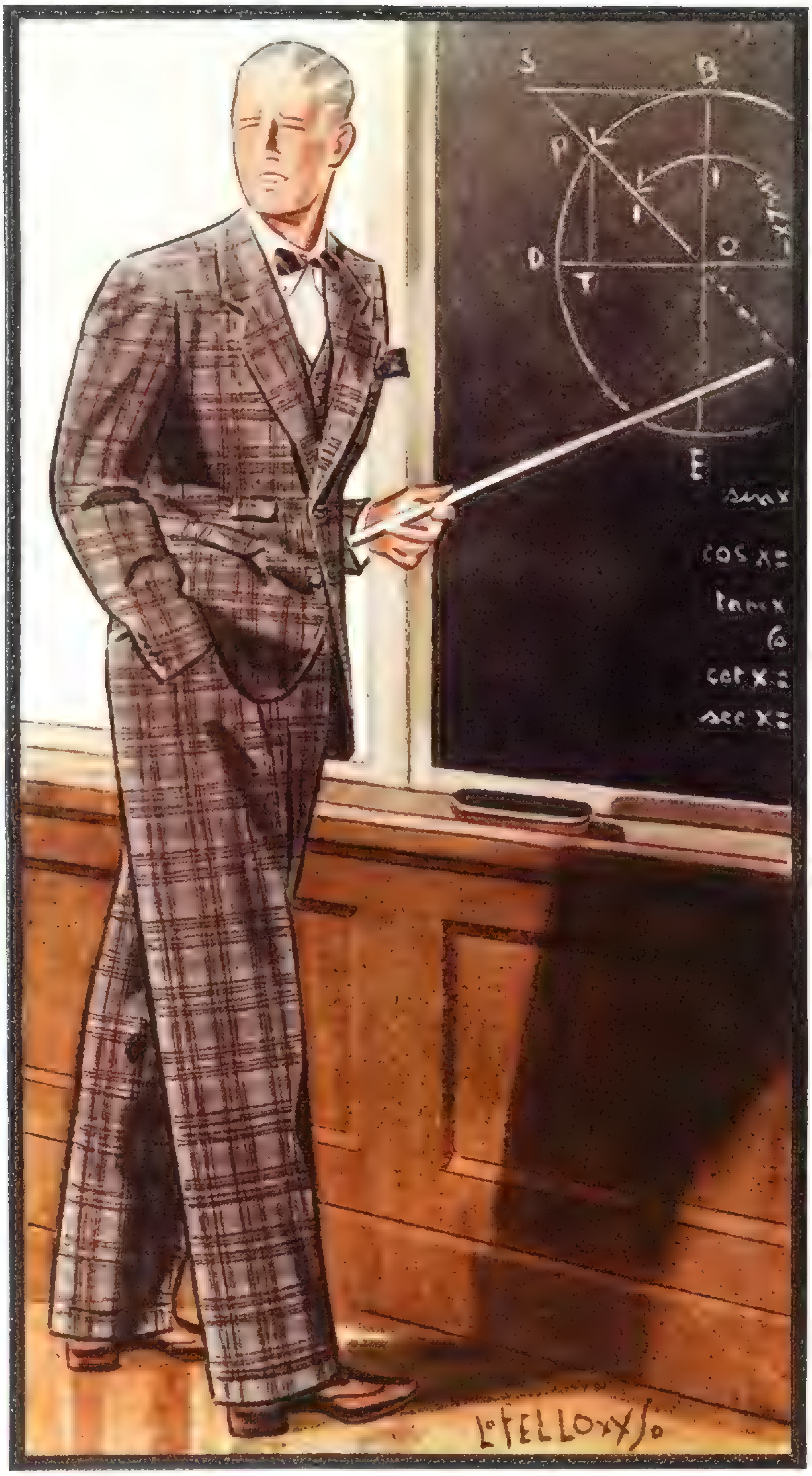
And this is as good a time as any to put it into the record that Vines has his share of courage too. In his match with Perry in the interzone final with the British Cup team Vines literally played his heart out and his legs off. When he collapsed just before the finish a few of the know-it-alls hinted at "grandstanding." The kid had simply played himself out, with a badly sprained ankle for extra measure. What did they want him to do—*die?*

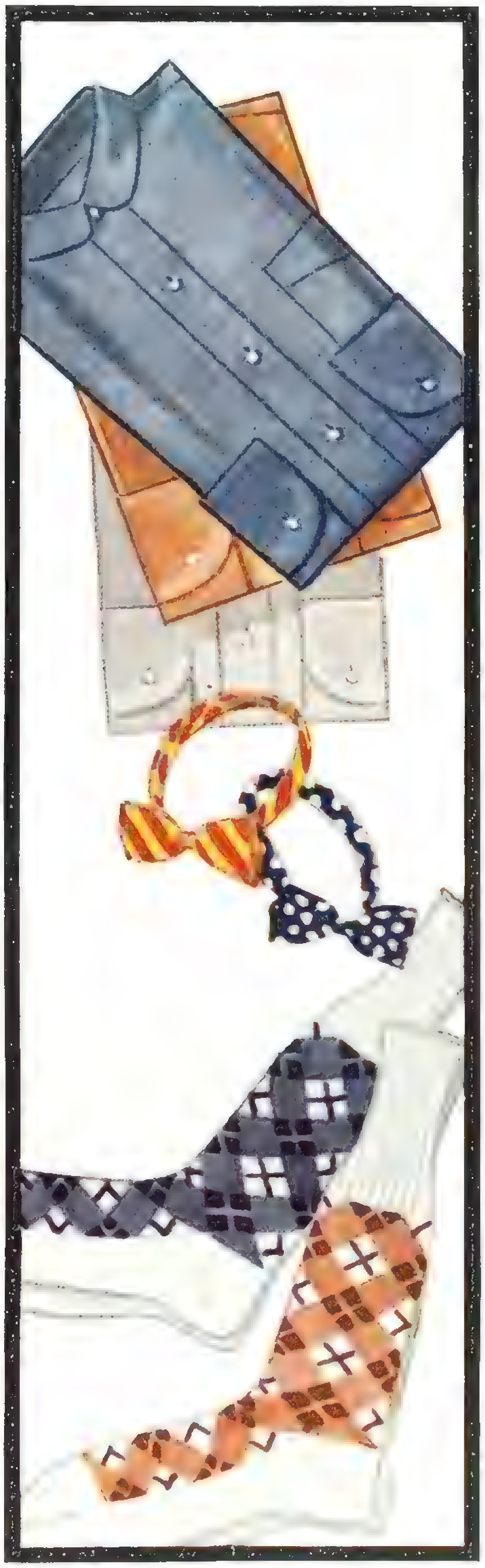




WHAT? GARTERS ON A PAGE OF COLLEGE FASHIONS? YES, SIR

Our scouts have been infesting fraternity houses, dorms and locker rooms for months and now they arise, to a man, and declare that undergraduates *do* wear garters. Perhaps, after all that has been said and written on the subject, that's an item for Ripley. Anyway, we just know they wear 'em—the solid color elastic web kind, sketched here. As for the other things they're wearing, the trend of the moment seems to be toward an elaborately casual English countryside manner. The balmaccan topcoat is a case in point. So, for that matter, is the extent to which they are wearing short sleeveless sweaters. This is a direct follow-up on the lead of young Englishmen, a recent report from London saying that there the bright young men are turning up at smart cocktail parties wearing these short sleeveless sweaters with light weight tweed suits. As for color combinations, since men have definitely thrown off the feminine-fostered taboo against the use of grey and brown in combination, many odd color schemes have won acceptance. The big surprise, of course, is to notice how quickly the black banded brown hat has caught on as a college and prep school fashion, to say nothing of the extent to which it has won acceptance among men of the sportsman type. Brown brogue shoes are getting a big play on the campus from those very undergraduates who, for a long time, stuck to the white buckskin shoe for year around wear. Knitted ties are the dominant note as far as neckwear is concerned, although the batwing bow, as shown on the next page, is gaining ground very fast. The hat in the panel is the Tyrolean type for sports wear, an item that is getting acceptance at the Eastern colleges.





GENTLE REMINDER THAT CLOTHES DO NOT MAKE A MAN

One of our pet peeves has always been the type of fashion copy that endeavored to implant the sweet notion that "dressing the part" would put you over to tumultuous applause, regardless of your natural qualifications. We become slightly ill every time we read about the dandy underwear that will automatically take so many strokes off your golf score. Of course, come to think of it, nobody has tried to sell the undergraduate on a good appearance as a magical aid to success in the classroom—perhaps because that's the last brand of success that he'll worry about, or perhaps because he doesn't need selling on the value of a good appearance anyway. By and large, and with particular reference to the eastern universities, he's as clothes conscious a specimen as the sex can present. Current manifestations of this tendency are found in the popularity of the Glen Urquhart suit in a saxony fabric which resembles flannel in its softness and ease of drape but outdistances it in wearing qualities. This example, in a soft front two button model, carries a bold red overplaid. The white oxford button down collar attached shirt, always a favorite, is getting a heavy play just now because of the big vogue for the bow tie, although another favored shirt of the college man is the round collar attached model, in oxford, Scotch cheviot, chambrays and broadcloths—the collar fastened with a gold safety pin. Wool socks are a year round standby of the undergraduate and, although the colors and patterns will vary from season to season, the weight remains pretty much the same, being on the light side rather than the heavy. The bold Argyle plaids, on white grounds, are especially popular.

Embassy to Moscow

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eight years here I have met a few Russians from the Foreign Office, our doorman, the man who comes to clean the floors, the Commissar for Foreign Affairs, Litvinov, and his wife. And she's English!"

There was a time when Russian civilians went to the embassies. Invitations not only meant a taste of the bourgeois pleasures that vanished after the revolution but, literally a taste and more, of real food. Today no Russian, except among the small number of officials whose duty it is or the entertainers who are hired, would think of accepting such invitations. Yet, parties at the various embassies once featured a choice of the artistic and dramatic world of Moscow and some fragments from the great émigré exodus.

Abruptly, in 1927, Great Britain broke relations with the Soviet Union. The Soviet authorities promptly arrested almost every Russian citizen who had been inside the British legation in the past three years. Lists had been kept. The old women selling fruit and sunflower seeds on the opposite curb and the bootblacks on the corner had, it seemed, had other duties. A few of those who had danced and dined were tried as spies and shot. Others were banished from the city. From that time on, invitations to the Russians were regretfully refused; and the diplomatic circle in Moscow has been forced more or less to turn inward for its amusement and its social life.

For the diplomatic services of some countries, Moscow is a "punishment post," a Russian exile, as it were. Attaches who may have mastered diplomacy but not discretion and who land in scandal headlines in some European country suddenly find themselves transferred to Moscow. For those interested in watching great social changes no place is more fascinating. For those individuals who depend on social activities for amusement no city dulls more rapidly. There are no dowagers, no debutantes. There are the diplomatic parties given by the Soviet government at which Mme. Litvinov, as the wife of the highest official with foreign contacts, is hostess. Artists from the opera and the ballet perform. The best of liquor and the best of food are on the buffet; and from the diplomatic rush toward it, an outsider might suppose that the embassies, like the general population, lived on food cards. If the guests stay late enough and if the vodka holds out, they may find General Budyenni, the cavalry hero of the civil war, willing to dance in Cossack fashion.

The American embassy to Moscow will find a little group of long resident Americans eager to welcome it. An embassy means foodstuffs, especially cigarettes and coffee, that come in without duty. "I'd support recognition any time for the sake of American cigarettes," one correspondent has long said. Moscow, with its food cards, is the only capital in which the foreigners look enviously on the embassies as potential commissary departments. One ambassador complained about the frequency with which one American called: "I never know whether he's coming to talk with me at tea or to talk to me about a pound of tea!" But there is one smaller group of Americans who, like the Russians, will not venture near the embassy, not even for a cup of coffee that does not taste like toasted bear skin—the American Communists resident in Moscow. To approach the atmosphere of bourgeois diplomacy might make their Communism suspect.

For the embassies to Moscow there are always the same faces, as one diplomatic party follows another, the same gossip about the same people, the same arguments about Soviet industrial progress or the lack of it, the same discussions about the chances of war with Japan—the same feeling of quarantine, never broken by fresh contacts between the citizens of the country except for occasional trips through the provinces or by a liaison between some attache and a Russian girl.

Such "friendships" there are and the Soviet Secret Police occasionally find them useful, as is the case in any country. Such affairs sometimes end in Dostoevski manner.

The tinkle of breaking glass, the screams of a woman, broke the quiet of a Moscow boulevard one winter dawn. The neighbors and the police rushed up the dark stairway of an apartment house and broke down the door—of the Japanese military attache. They found within a Russian girl in dramatic disarray, shrieking about the "brute." She might have been trained in the Moscow Art Theatre. Moscow newspapers almost never publish accounts of such incidents yet the following afternoon the *Vechyerka* carried a full account, with some Methodist moralizing. It may have been just a coincidence that the Japanese and the Soviet governments had just finished a dispute about fishing rights in the Pacific and the Russians' love for the Japs was at a new low.

The military attache asked his ambassador to protest to the Soviet Foreign Office about the publicity, but he could not see his way to do it. The attache brooded, and early on the following morning phoned to ask him to come immediately. The ambassador knew the meaning of the call. He and some of his staff took time to dress formally and arrived to find the attache on the living room floor, slowly dying from hara-kiri. The newspapers said nothing about the suicide.

No embassy in any capital is free from espionage and every embassy in Moscow is familiar with the Soviet brand. As a result they prefer, if possible, to use as few Russian servants as possible. The Poles, in whom the Russians constitutionally put little trust and the Japanese, in view of the present Far Eastern situation, are perhaps the most widely spied on. Cigarette sellers and fruit dealers always seem to find business stands profitable near an embassy. Mail and telephones are watched, but such practices are in no wise uniquely Soviet. And nothing is said about it when diplomats and Soviet officials meet. It is part of the game.

But one of the Scandinavian ambassadors once protested, not against what was done but against the poor craftsmanship in the doing. His mail brought him one day a letter from his Foreign Office which contained nothing important but which was, as usual, sealed with wax. He looked closely at this letter which had come out of Scandinavia. The wax seal was carefully stamped—with the seal of the Austrian Foreign Office!

Thus, life goes on for the embassies to Moscow. They are the representatives of the world of capitalism, stationed like outposts in the Soviet land. Like outposts, life in them differs from the bourgeois quiet of Europe. Not accidentally do the members of the foreign colony speak of coming and going from Russia as "going in—" and "coming out—!"

Marching Feet

Continued from page 93

order of the Chancellor according to which each able-bodied male between the ages of 18 and 45 must be drilled twice a week and each school boy between the ages of 12 and 18 six times a week, what is the purpose of that particular order?"

"To keep *mens sana in corpore sano*," replied Goering and the interview was over.

Comparing the figures given to me by the all-powerful Minister with those quoted by the French newspapers, I saw that the French are not very far from the truth and that including the members of "shooting" and "fencing" societies there may be easily 3,600,000 trained soldiers in Germany. The next question was: should the war break out tomorrow, what would those 3,600,000 men fight with? With the 800,000 rifles and 10,000 light cannon which the French General Staff claims they have hidden in out-of-the-way places? With the mysterious "super" machine-guns which the English General Staff swears they are making, day and night in the Krupp factories?

"How ridiculous!" exclaimed Major Wronsky (the acting chief of German Air Forces). "The next war, if any, will be fought in the air. There will be no trench warfare, no Hindenburg Line next time."

"But you are permitted to build only commercial planes?"

"Very true. Every one of our 3,000 planes is a commercial plane."

"Is it possible to convert a commercial plane into a bomber?"

"Nothing is impossible for a good engineer."

"How long would it take you to do it?"

"From five days to two weeks."

"And the lighter-than-air ships? How many of them have you got?"

"Quite a few. Sufficient to meet our needs."

"They should have had Edison and Hammond on the advisory committee in Versailles," I laughed.

"They should have done lots of things," he said gloomily, "but they didn't. Well, never mind. Better luck next time!"

On the way to my hotel I stopped at a book store and bought a widely advertised volume which explains in minutest detail what one hundred gas-generating airplanes could do to a city the size of Paris. "Barring a miracle," says the author, "the entire population of the capital-in-question could be exterminated at the end of the first hour of this chemical air-raid."

V

THEY marched in Dresden and they marched in Munich. Crossing the German-Austrian border I heard the barking of a machine-gun. I stopped my car and looked at the custom guard questioningly.

"Oh, it's nothing," he grinned, "a few boys trying to frighten the Austrian cowards."

When I reached Vienna I was told that "the few boys" were eight thousand Nazis who would have invaded Austria had it not been for the six batteries of mountain guns and two regiments of infantry promptly dispatched by Chancellor Dollfuss.

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The Old Rev'und

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None of them know; they think I'm dead!"

The old man seated himself carefully. He took her hand. "You don't quite understand," he said. And so, he explained. And as he talked, up from old habits, old memories, rose the formulae with which he had consoled the dying long ago. From his lips slipped such sentiments as the occasion seemed to demand. And presently, the restless form stilled; and the small hand grew cold in his old, bony one. And he gently closed the blue eyes, and drew the sheet over the peaceful face; and he rose and bowed. It was over.

The gray-haired woman faced him. The three girls had stolen from the room; he had not noticed their departure. Out in the hall the young Negress wept noisily.

The gray-haired woman spoke. "What is your fee?" she demanded.

The old man looked surprised. "There is no fee!" he said. The madam stiffened. "I can pay for any service I need," she rasped. "And nobody can say I haven't done all that I could for any of my girls!"

The old man bowed again. "I am certain of it," he said. "But I am happy to have held the hand of this little girl while she slipped into the dark waters. No money can repay me!"

The gray-haired woman looked at him keenly. He was—she thought—very fragile. She called sharply to the young Negress, who quickly entered with a tray on which stood a rather large glass containing an amber fluid.

"Drink this!" the woman demanded. "You need it."

It was as if the liquor shouted and screamed at him. Its odor crept to his nostrils through the perfumed room. For an instant, he thought he was dying. But he shook his head. "You will forgive me," he said.

The woman flushed. "You needn't be afraid of it! It is the best French brandy money can buy. It cost me a plenty!"

But he smiled, and shook his head. "I am sure of it! But if you will forgive me . . . ?"

The woman nodded, "I get you, padre! It doesn't go, in your profession. Well, remember this: when you have occasion to blame folks for temptations, remember that when a body like you is free from them, and doesn't want to do things, it is easy enough! But when you want to like Hell, then you've got something to fight! Get me?"

Once more the old man bowed. "There is no man or woman alive, who has never been tempted. And there is none I have ever reproved, or blamed. Good night, madam."

He passed out by the chained door, and down the granite steps. A patrolman swinging by, looked curiously at him. And at the foot of the steps waited two tall men, clad in white. He did not see their faces; but when they moved on with him, one on either side, he felt no surprise. It seemed quite natural that they should be with him. And so they moved down the street towards his lodging house.

Clary's bar was warm and bright. For a second, the old man paused. It was there, at the far end of the bar, that his own place awaited him. But the two tall men in white moved on. They did not touch his arm; they spoke no word. But it was as if they had been powerful magnets, he the lode. He was swept on after them. They waited at the foot of his lodging house steps. It took him a long time to get his key in the lock. He closed the door after him.

Once inside, he paused in surprise. It had been, this old house, a great mansion in its day; but that day was long, long ago. There were silver sconces set in the wall, and along the stairway. But each night, the only light was a single dusty incandescent overhead. Tonight, however, the sconces were alight. The magnificent old mahogany paneling glowed warmly. And up and down, down and up, passed beautiful and gracious ladies, and courtly gentlemen. They looked kindly at the old man as they moved up the winding staircase. He knew none of them; but he knew that these were the sort of people he had always wanted to know, to have as friends. And he knew that they would have accepted his friendship; and that they would not have been ashamed of him.

And as he looked upon them, moving graciously up and down the curved stair well, suddenly it began to revolve like the segment of a circle. Slowly, at first, but faster and faster, until he felt giddy from the flaming wheel that spun before his faded eyes. And as it revolved, it threw off as it were, fragments of sound, and perfume, and sight. The smell of honeysuckle in the mountains where he had been born. The baying of hounds, by moonlight. The gurgle of little brooks as they ran over smooth brown stones to the distant sea. The odor of new baked bread from an old brick oven. The distant ringing of church bells. A clod, striking a board, and a voice: "*dust to dust, ashes to ashes.*" And, incongruously, the soft, wet slither of tall glasses being pushed across Clary's rosewood bar. And then . . . incredibly faint and thin . . . the voice of his mother, calling him.

He closed his eyes, and fell as a tree falls from its roots. It was the sound of his head striking the newel post that roused his landlady, upstairs. She hurried down, and lifted his head. At first, she did not recognize him. There was something new and strange in his face. Something majestic.

Then she knew him; and her shrill voice rang up the dust-streaked stairs.

"*Lizzie!* Lizzie!! It's the old man; the minister. *And he's dead!*"

To the Victors

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Suddenly, there seemed to be an explosion in the hold. All the oars on one side of the vessel were smashed at once, by a collision against another galley which had attempted to ram that bearing Stachys and had missed her stroke. The galley slaves uttered a fearful cry, and rolled upon each other, as if mowed down, with broken legs and crushed chests. Blood spattered the bulkheads, blood dripped on the benches. Fragments of wood had flown like arrows in that human mass. Stachys had lost an eye.

That lasted a long while. Then all was quiet, after a last, tremendous outcry. The chores-slaves came down to remove the dead. They washed the benches, and served food. But Stachys did not eat. He had fever and suffered much. As the sunlight now came through the left ports, he gathered that the galley was progressing South. And she followed this route for six days.

On the morning of the seventh, she stopped. And the thalamites, who knew the entire Mediterranean Sea, as draft animals come to know their routine roads, understood even before Herodion told them, from that odor of harbor water which is never the same in two ports, that they had entered the harbor at Alexandria.

There must have been a multitude on the piers. An immense rumor spread afar; the shrill screams of women, which rose and fell, and the deep voices of men, in which words occasionally could be distinguished, spoken in Greek:

"OKTABIANOS KAISAR!"

The trireme was very near a quay tall as a city wall, and suddenly the galley slaves were aware that against the hull of the ship, on the deck, on the surface of the water, something fell slowly, in a rain calmer than real rain. It was soft, leisurely, fluttering. Herodion, torso emerging into the light through the hatch, cried out:

"Those are roses, roses, roses! It is the people of Alexandria throwing roses!"

And with his foot he shoved a drift of petals upon the galley slaves.

Softly, very softly, the petals swirled down. On the naked, lacerated shoulders, they rested softly. Their colors were mixed with those of the bruises and wounds, their odor with the stench below decks.

And the poor devils, astonished, shouted all together from the depth of their eternal twilight:

"Herodion, Herodion! Why do the people of Alexandria throw roses?"

Then Herodion shouted very loudly:

"Stupid brutes! It's for the victory that WE have won, at Actium!"

They All Meet at Abie's at Eight

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and up a show to cliques of the boys, who must tip the operator five dollars for carfare and trouble. The "and up" prices come principally from prosperous and daring and usually suburban aggregations of Babbitts bent on spicy smokers, or—and these pay the biggest prices—from ennuied parties in the fashionable districts eager for any new thrill.

Yet this school of ART is not a new thrill. From the days when men first made pictures they demoralized them. The ruins of Pompeii with their saucy frescoes prove this. Parisian postcards were slipped about before photography became known, and in the stereopticon era the sex shockers were printed double to magnify the dirt.

As a racket it has flourished since before the prohibition and machine-gun eras multiplied in all rackets. It did a little increasing and multiplying on its own account. Vigilant police, my personal investigation bureau reveals, made their first raid on one of these ART exhibitions as early as 1909, quite early in the history of moving pictures—at a time when the nickelodeon disfigured the corner saloon by its nearby competition.

The pictures were then principally of Parisian manufacture, following which Americans tried to make them after the French, but so much after the French that they'll never catch up.

They were used as an olio or postscript to smoker carousals of belly dancers and lewd comics of both sexes. Later, their man-

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The Candid Camera Man

Praise for Paul Muni and for Ralph Morgan, something about puppets, and a lot about intellect

by MEYER LEVIN

A SLIGHT jack-up in the intellect-appeal of the cinema is detected this month. Several of the new films seem to be addressed to a public with an adult intelligence quotient; others, while remaining on a normal Hollywood level, contain sequences or individual performances that are quite satisfying to the grown-up mind.

One feels that intelligence is no longer being ruled out of the films because it is a great dark menace that you don't know what'll happen when it smacks up against the citizens of Hops Corner, Iowa; it is now being allowed into the picture as long as it plays quietly and doesn't get in the way of the plot.

The objectionable type of smart picture is best exemplified in "Gallant Lady" and "Candlelight." Perhaps one should not be harsh with "Gallant Lady." It does strive—how it strives!—for a method of character-presentation hitherto unexplored in Hollywood, and that method is, alas, "intellectual." But the result, except for some very delightful sequences between Ann Harding and a child, is something one might expect of a high-school boy trying to write like Beverly Nichols, Michael Arlen, Aldous Huxley, Ernest Hemingway, and little lord Faulkner. The story just goes on and on over years and years in which I-can-take-it Ann is separated from her baby, when it is quite obvious that all she has to do to get her baby back from its foster parents is to cab to their house.

"Candlelight" is one of those servant-masquerading-as-prince things, oh so full of epigrams that it makes you yearn for the silent films.

The best of the smart-written pictures is "Fashions of 1934," set in the Paris dress salons, with William Powell playing fast and tricky as an American slicker. Hugh Herbert and Frank McHugh are plenty funny in this one. They belong to what is known as the Warner Bros. stock company, a group of small-part actors on the Warner lot who are gradually developing a remarkable playing harmony. This Hugh Herbert, by the way, is the living personification of a comical Babbitt, and should some day soon have at least two reels to himself.

There is nothing intellectual about "Eight Girls in a Boat" except the foreign private school setting. The piece is an offspring of "Maedchen in Uniform," and has every right to legitimacy. Paramount took advantage of the Girls' School idea to shoot in a flock of beauty contest winners, with much swimming and boating leg-display. There is a touch of musical-movie treatment in this, but not enough to spoil the simple love story of the poor science student and the rich man's daughter, acted with remarkable tenderness by Douglass Montgomery and Dorothy Wilson. How she gets you! No pretty face, here! Beautiful, some moments, homely at others, but always human. Walter Connelly contributes a stunning portrayal of a beetle-faced millionaire father, really soft about his daughter, but helpless in establishing an understanding with her. For sheer emotional line, this film contains a sequence that would be difficult to match in any other art. The scene is between the girl and her athletic school-mistress, who, ignorant of the girl's condition, and believing her to be simply disobedient, tries to break her will. The maidens have just plunged into the lake for their morning swim. At a whistle from the head-mistress, they turn back and climb out. Christa, preoccupied, continues swimming. A second blast brings her back. She is to learn obedience by jumping into the water again, and returning at the whistle-call. With almost no sounds but the ascending scream of the whistle, and the splash of the girl's body in the water, the scene is repeated numerous times; the exhausted, silent girl is made to dive from the four-foot height, the eight, the twelve, again, again, until she faints and falls into the water. Even then, she is commanded to do it again. She refuses, walks slowly away, collapses, and says, "I'm going to have a baby." Only the murder-hunt in "M" equals this sequence for brutal suspense.

Perhaps I thought "All of You" a rather intelligent film because I had seen the stage play, "Chrysalis," from which it was made. Anyone who says that movies invariably cheapen the books or plays from which they are drawn can be proved wrong by this one. Where "Chrysalis" was mawkish, crudely motivated, and disproportioned, "All of You" manages to be acceptable. It's the one about the society gal who learns about real love through getting mixed up with an underworld couple who would rather croak than be separated. Though one squirms at the idea of two such worthy characters being sacrificed merely to bring a little lesson home to the heart of a pampered Park Ave. brat, one has to admit the virtues of the production. Miriam Hopkins, no enthusiasm of mine, plays the part done by Margaret Sullavan on the stage. There's a good bit where her mother calls her for tricking her man.

In sheer entertainment value, "Hi Nellie," the new Paul Muni picture, tops the month. It's the story of the newspaperman who has to write the lovelorn column, familiarized last month by Lee Tracy. But a comparison of the two pictures shows how widely the same idea can vary in result. Muni is very shrewd in electing to play a light role this time; he does it splendidly, and breaks through the tendency to get him typed as a man of sorrows.

I may be the wrong man to comment on "I Am Suzanne," the picture-with-puppets that seems to be breaking many attendance records. A puppet-master myself, I've been screaming for the past five years for a chance to make films with marionettes; here is the first large attempt in the field. The marionette angle is used as a novelty, being woven into a story about a dancer who breaks a leg and is nursed to health by the youthful puppet-master who has fallen in love with her. A subtle, an almost philosophical idea for the movies, is employed by having her jealous of the boy's love for the marionette he has made in her image.

The use of the marionettes is most effective in the dream-sequence, when the girl goes through a sort of Alice-in-Wonderland trial scene. I still believe that marionettes should be left to themselves; they do not mix well with human actors. And this film, it seems to me, doesn't exploit the real possibilities in marionette-handling. It takes the obvious approach: since marionettes can move, they are kept in motion. Instead they should be handled slowly, with varying tempos; and "I Am Suzanne" does not get the effects of changing expression, of liveliness, to be found in sculpturally modelled puppets. The much-touted and justly popular vaudeville marionettes of the Piccoli are used. I think that those of Techner of Vienna, Skupa of Prague, Bufano of New York, would film better. But this is not a marionette department.

One of the incidental brainy bits that creep into the films is Ralph Morgan's portrayal of a revolutionary leader in an otherwise undistinguished film called "Orient Express." The producers have permitted a sympathetic, quiet characterization of a professorial type of revolutionist. It's a warm and real element in an otherwise stock picture.

"Beloved," with John Boles, is also notable for intelligent handling in spots. It's a sort of American "Cavalcade," tracing the life of a musical composer from the Civil War to the present day. Three generations, three wars. The hero keeps on giving kids fiddling lessons, and works all his life at his American symphony. At last a grandson

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The Wound Stripe

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A fourth officer, wearing an open trench coat, stood beyond the rim of the candle rays. Gold oak leaves glistened on his shoulder straps. He wore no cap. His black hair plastered low on his white forehead deepened the shadows blotting his eye-sockets. His eyes glowed as if lit by magnetic sparks.

"Well?" he questioned hoarsely.

The adjutant's spectacled eyes moved deliberately around the red lines he had drawn on the map. He wrinkled his forehead.

"Surrounded, sir."

The major stepped into the brighter candlelight. He stared down at the map.

"What time did the last message come through from Brigade Headquarters?"

The adjutant slipped his red pencil between his teeth. From the dispatch case hanging from his Sam Browne belt he fished out a thin note book, his spectacled eyes searched its pages.

"12:35 Noon, sir."

The major looked at his wrist-watch. The tiny flame in his pupils vanished. Instantly they sparked again.

"By God, if we can hold this hell hole for twelve hours without support, we can hold out until we're relieved—" the hoarse voice dropped "or—"

He did not finish. His thin lips moved counting the red pencil scratches on the map. His face worked convulsively.

"How long since you sent out the last runner?"

"Four hours, sir."

The major mentally measured the distance on the map. Somewhere in the forest that runner lay dead. The third!

"How many casualties?"

The adjutant picked up a pad. He read—"List of casualties, 2nd Battalion, Nth Regiment, 3rd Infantry Brigade. Officers—"

"The total, damn it, give me the total!" The words jerked out.

"Four hundred and twenty-seven, sir."

During a silent moment the major continued to stare at the map.

"Four hundred and twenty-seven," he repeated, "half my men." His chest heaved.

"Yes, sir," the adjutant pronounced methodically, "if we deduct litter bearers, hospital orderlies—"

"I know."

The tragic eyes lifted to the gloom beyond the candlelight. Staring at nothing, those eyes visioned grisly bodies lying in long rows or curled up grotesquely under the shell riven trees, blood stained bandaged figures huddled in underground dressing stations, the glazing eyes of those others waiting to die among the leaves. The twin lights in the blotted eye sockets once more dimmed.

"I'll have to send another runner."

The three men around the table lifted their heads as if moved by a single spring. The same thought touched all three. Another man sent to almost certain death. The weather whipped face worked convulsively, then as if in answer to the unspoken thought

"It's a tough detail. But the only chance to save what's left of the battalion." The major drew a deep breath, let it out sibilating through pursed lips. The candle flames silhouetted the four figures as if they were cut out of cardboard. Like muffled drum beats, the rumble of distant cannon broke the silence of the dugout.

"A volunteer, sir?" The adjutant looked up.

"Yes," the major assented, "a volunteer. Just telephone—"

A sudden flapping of the gas curtain cut the sentence. The four started. They turned quickly, glancing up the earthen steps. They gaped at the muddy figure that slithered down the steps to the dugout floor. . .

"Who in hell are you?"

Second Lieutenant Peck scrambled to his feet. He fitted his helmet over his fair hair, and saluted, blinking at the candles.

"Well?" For an instant hope flared in the shadowed eyes. This absurdly young and frightened officer might be the bearer of good news. Had a relief column started?

"Second Lieutenant Peck, Fourth Platoon 'H' Company, 10th Infantry, One hundred and Eighty-Eighth Division, sir." Peck gulped in an effort to regain his breath.

"What are you doing here?"

"Lost, sir."

The major turned from Lieutenant Peck. His brow ridged into deep lines, then slowly cleared. Exchanging an understanding glance with the adjutant, he instructed—

"Tell the orderly to rustle some chow for the lieutenant."

Chow! Lieutenant Peck worked his tongue inside his mouth. Darn white of the major to think about chow—

"Mr. Peck, have you any idea how you happened to drop into this dugout?"

Peck knew his training camp technique. The first invariable rule forbade any confession of ignorance.

"Why—yes, sir. I reckon I have a good general idea—"

"You can read a map, of course?" The major interrupted, nodding towards the map.

"Yes, sir."

"Point out how you came."

Lieutenant Peck drew a deep breath. He blinked three times, nervously jerked his shoulders, and walked to the table. The map was large scale. On it the whole series of "previously designated positions" occupied by A. E. F. divisions between the Argonne Forest and the Meuse River were marked in blue. Flags spotted the space below those blue lines. One of the flags fluttered above a town marked "Monthois". Peck recognized it as a town he had passed through.

"I started here, sir." He put his finger on it with confidence. Above he noticed a space covered by map symbols, indicating wooded country labeled *Foret Argonne.* He certainly spent plenty of time in the woods. His finger traced a wavering line through the tree symbols.

"I think this is the trail I took."

The major's eyes sparked as they followed the soiled forefinger moving from point to point. That finger followed the very route taken by his battalion.

"Could you find your way back?" he flashed.

"I—er—I think so, sir." Peck faltered. " 'specially if I had a map—"

"Good!" The major turned to the adjutant. "Take a tracing showing the route to Brigade Command Post."

At that moment the orderly crawled through an inner tunnel into the dugout. In one hand he carried a mess tin piled with bacon and hard-tack, in the other a steaming cup of coffee.

Chow! In two gulps Second Lieutenant Peck had drained the cup. A feeling of comfort descended upon him like a mantle. He did not heed the four officers talking rapidly together until the major spoke.

"Finished?"

Swabbing up bacon grease on a hardtack sliver, Lieutenant Peck answered—"Yes, sir, almost."

The question had been addressed to the adjutant. That officer lifted the tracing, comparing it with the map. Satisfied, he answered—"Yes, sir."

"Let's have it." The major glanced at the tracing. "And the message." Folding the two papers separately, he turned to Lieutenant Peck.

"Mr. Peck, it was extremely fortunate for this battalion you found your way here." The major spoke deliberately. "We haven't been able to communicate with the rear for some—eh—considerable time. But since you know the route, it will be easy for you to return to our Brigade Headquarters, as marked on this tracing."

Young Peck took the tracing thrust at him. His heart sank as he heard the smooth voice continue.

"There you will deliver this message to the commanding officer." The major handed him another paper. "Your mission accomplished, you will proceed to rejoin your regiment." He paused, for a second his eyes wavered, then he added—"You understand?"

"Yes-s, sir," stammered Peck nervously.

"That's all." The major fitted on his helmet and started up the dugout steps. He nodded and two of the officers followed him. The candle rays rippled shadows across the gas curtain as it dropped behind them.

Lieutenant Peck felt the adjutant's lenses focused on him with a look that unexpectedly disturbed him.

"Don't see how in hell you got through—" The adjutant again examined the map. Then broke off abruptly. "Say, you better have a drink." He nodded to bottles on a shelf behind Peck's shoulder.

Lieutenant Peck lifted his eyes to the bottles. "Yes, sir," he mumbled, "I reckon a drink will help some."

"Help yourself."

Peck clinked the glass against the bottle neck. He poured out a drink of brandy. He drained the glass in one gulp. He fished out a pack of cigarettes from his pocket, took one, lighting it at a candle flame. He drew deeply on his cigarette.

"I reckon I might as well be moving along."

"Good luck," nodded the adjutant, "and if you ever do make Brigade Headquarters, tell 'em from me they're a lot of damn gold brickers."

"How do you mean 'if'?" Peck quavered, half fearing to hear the answer. He looked down at the map with the red scratches surrounding a jagged blue line. "You think I can make it, don't you?" The question wavered up from young Peck's soul.

The adjutant focused his lenses on the map before him. He tapped his teeth with the end of his red pencil. He shrugged his shoulders.

"Damn if I see how you got here."

Peck stepped closer to the candle-lit map table. He stared at the map. His eyes widened.

"Surrounded!" he breathed.

Continued on page 136

"I NEVER TIRE OF THE FLAVOR OF CAMELS"

MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

- Mrs. James Russell Lowell is essentially modern in her interests. She loves sports, plays tournament tennis and bridge enthusiastically. Her flair for interesting and individual clothes is equaled by her talent for decorating and her Park Avenue home, which she did herself, has great distinction. She spends her summers on Long Island with her two young children or in Europe, and divides her winters between Palm Beach and New York. She invariably smokes Camel cigarettes.

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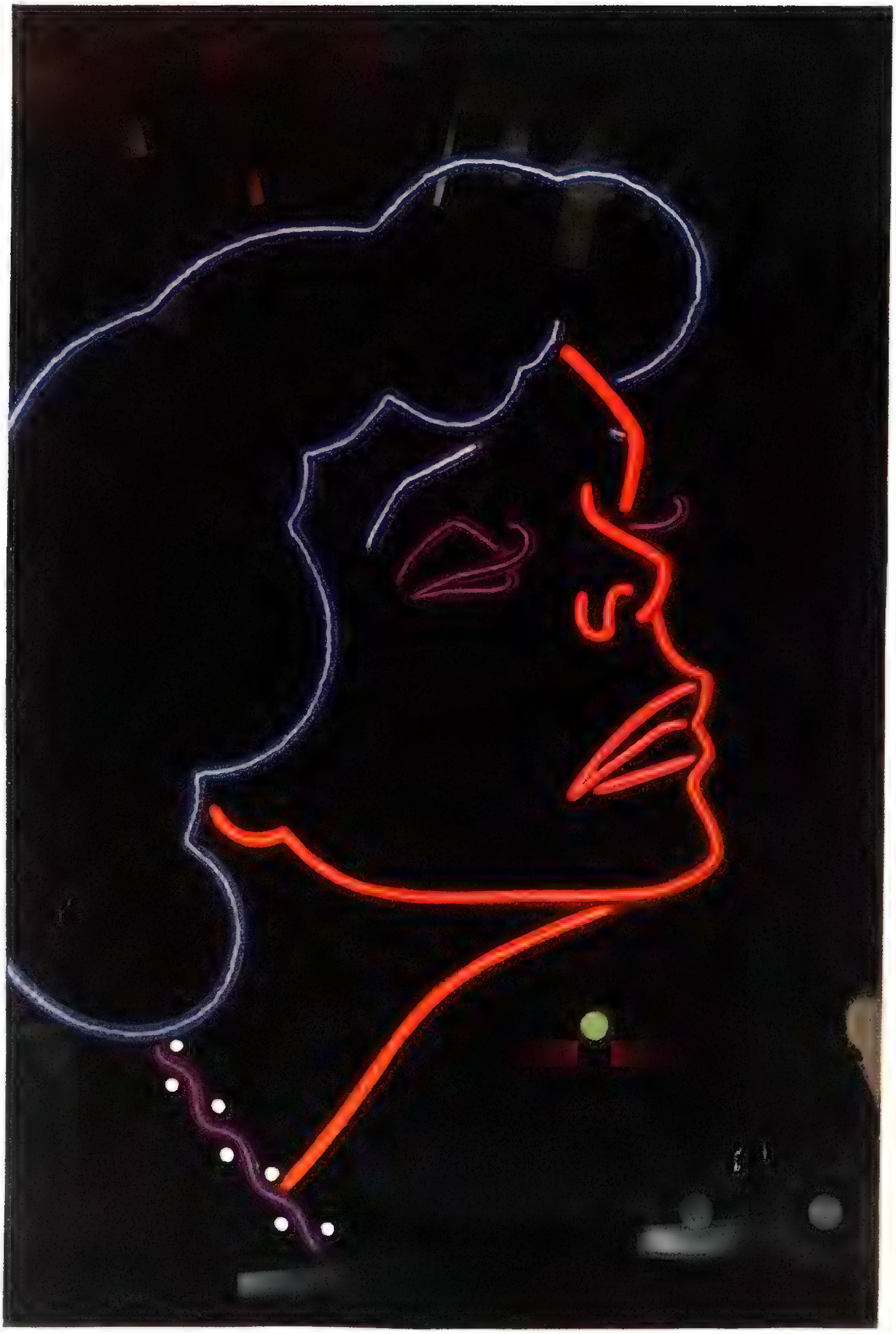

THE LIGHT THAT FLICKERED OVER BROADWAY

Stage-Door Johnny, Esq.

High hoots for Hepburn and a rave for the Russian Ballet, plus the usual if's and but's

by JOHN V. A. WEAVER

GLIMPSE LIST

MUSTS!

"AH, WILDERNESS"—Eugene O'Neill's sentimental funny-picture of calf-love and fatherhood in the moustache-cup era.

"AS THOUSANDS CHEER"—Marilyn Miller, Clifton Webb, Helen Broderick, Ethel Waters in Berlin's standee revue.

"BALLET RUSSE"—Superlative troupe in new and favorite older ballets; taste, beauty, sophistication, class. *Some exquisite girls.

"HER MASTER'S VOICE"—Kummer éclair, tastily filled, dished up by Roland Young, Elizabeth Patterson, Laura Hope Crews.

"MEN IN WHITE"—Inspiring and gripping drama of life and love in a large hospital.

"SAILOR, BEWARE"—Seaman safe in snug harbor after a stormy passage. Good wholesome dirt.

"SHE LOVES ME NOT"—Princeton Galahads, approached for sanctuary by luscious cutie; do just what you'd do—you liar. A long yell.

"THE GREEN BAY TREE"—"Pansies for thoughts." A very thoughtful comedy.

"TOBACCO ROAD"—Love among the hookworms. White trash swept up into a moving chronicle. Henry Hull fine.

AND VERY NICE, TOO

"MARY OF SCOTLAND"—Lyric drama, beautifully written and finely acted in most of the parts.

"THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS"—18th century tryouts in the bedroom circuit, leading to successful matrimonial runs.

"ZIEGFELD FOLLIES"—Not quite Ziegfeld, but Fannie Brice and Willie Howard amusing and Jane Froman warbles and looks beautiful.

WE-ELL—

"BIG HEARTED HERBERT"—J. C. Nugent redeems a middling one.

"THE FIRST APPLE"—Moderately amusing little comedy, pleasantly acted by Conrad Nagel and Irene Purcell.

"THE LAKE"—Colin Clive, Blanche Bates, Frances Starr, Katharine Hepburn.

DON'T SAY YOU WEREN'T WARNED

"MURDER AT THE VANITIES"—You said it, Mr. Carroll.

"JEZEBEL"—Some right po' doin's 'bout a bad gal and honnuh, suh, in de sho' nuff deep Souf'.

"ROBERTA"—"Smoke gets in your eyes"—and sleep got into mine. That grand song and Tamara, a lovely, can't quite remove a debit balance.

"DAYS WITHOUT END"—O'Neill without value.

NATURALLY, the ace recent event was the foisting of Katharine Hepburn upon the theater as a star, and my heart is stuffed with a nostalgic understanding, even if it is totally devoid of sympathy, when I ponder the cataclysm she brought upon herself.

First let me hasten to say that "The Lake" is a mild, Scandinavianish British tragedy, played excellently by all save the top-liner, who is amateurish and unconvincing; reminding me more of a Gibson than an Ibsen girl. Her nice red hair is roached up so that one suspects her of having Bernhardt on her mind; but while Bernhardt was not exactly a great actress, she did know how to use her voice with charm, distinction and variety. Miss Hepburn's strident monotony set me thinking of some fourth-form lad, earnestly practicing his prep-school cheer. However, I cannot attempt to approach Miss Dorothy Parker's criticism; when the bell rang for the beginning of the third act, she said, "Now let's all sit enraptured while Miss Hepburn runs the gamut from A to B."

Amidst the general chorus of disapprobation, certain poppycock has been uttered in the lady's defence, accusing the management of bad showmanship in ballyhooing and billing her into a spot where too much was expected of her, and in casting her against too tough competition. May I submit that the law which requires a young actress to take top billing not only over the play but far above several first-rate stars was repealed some time ago? Prejudiced observers report that Miss Hepburn shrinks from publicity and praise as the wolf shrunk from the three little so-and-so's; and to date there is no record of her having come right out and protested, "No! No! I'm not as good as all *that!*"

As for showmanship—let's do a little supposing. Suppose that Mr. Jed Harris, wishing to make some money, humored—even encouraged—Miss Hepburn's little frailty, and shot the exploitation works, thus luring many customers; suppose he realized her incapacities, and engaged Colin Clive to give warmth and sympathy, Blanche Bates to contribute crisp, sure character-work, and Frances Starr (too soft though she is) to make the infuriating mother at least credible; suppose he thus supplied some money's-worth of playing, instead of a mere gape at the new Garbo—would that be good showmanship or bad?

Blame most of Miss Hepburn's error on sheer Youth. Beginners can no more help believing adulation than they can restrain high spirits, arrogance and wilfulness. Weeping quietly into my long white beard, I recall that when I was of an age equivalent to Miss Hepburn's, my first book of verse created considerable stir—infinitesimal, of course, compared to the lady's réclame, but sufficient to swell my head into proportions nauseating to all beholders. I, too, played the bloody fool; but alas for me, the tumescence did not reach the point where I was seriously claiming rivalry to Keats; hence I was allowed to go along in a state of semi-inflation, without being slapped immediately down to size, and the deflation only arrived when it was too late to do much about my deficiencies. Ah, youth, etc.!

Now Miss Hepburn, at an age when she is still malleable, has been informed enthusiastically that while it is one thing to stand up above surrounding mediocrity, it is quite another to risk comparison with genuine Grade A's. She has the makings of something valuable to the theater—personality, a strange beauty, intellect. If she will heed her lesson, and slave at learning her profession, she should reach the heights to which, heretofore, she has apparently assumed that she can hoist herself by the bootstraps of fortune and determination.

I wouldn't bet on it, myself. In the face of her faux pas, she accepted (rumor alleges) three thousand dollars to make a radio appearance; that's all right so far—it's great work if you can get it. But according to the same rumor, it was against the prayers and entreaties of advisors that she persisted in reciting a scene from "Romeo and Juliet." The loud whirring noise you may have thought was static must have been Shakespeare revolving in his grave. I close my sermon with the reminder that Juliet was very young—fourteen, wasn't it?—but surely this is the first time she's been played as if she were four.

There are no faux pas about the Russian Ballet. Even when the theme is a bit ponderous, as in "Les Presages," claiming to interpret Tchaikowski's Fifth, the skill of the dancing, the choreographic intelligence lift the mind to interest. In a troupe so balanced, working in such harmony, it is difficult to pick outstanding personalities for special praise; suffice it to say that in Massine, Lichine, Woizikovski, Danilova and Riabouchinska there are principals who do not suffer from comparison with the Diaghileff worthies; and that while Baranova, at her reputed sixteen, may not be technically quite a Pavlova or even a Lopokova, I am convinced that she may eventually

Continued on page 133

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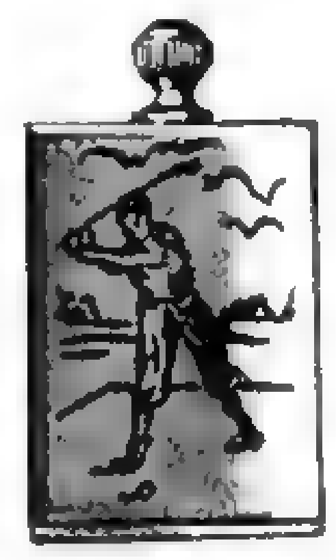

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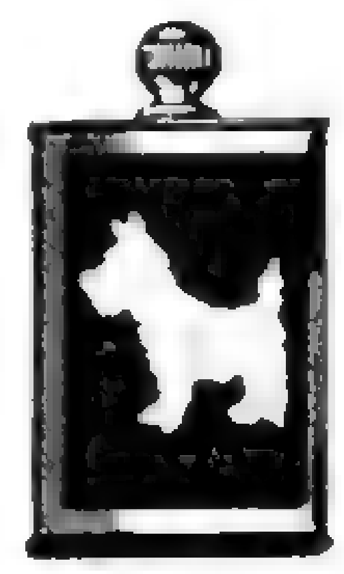

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Ashes to Ashes

Continued from page 67

peared, is unbelievable." He paused, then added suddenly, "I won't ask you to marry me, because—Well,—"

Adrienne's eyes did not move. "I understand," she said.

The Marquis kissed her hand. "Thank you—dearest lady."

And if they had not been perfectly poised and sophisticated people, I am sure they would have allowed a tear to show, they were both so grateful.

This synthesis continued for several years. In the passing of time, the Marquis acquired the distinguishing grey temples that complement a handsome man of middle-age, and Adrienne became even more attractive than at their first meeting.

They continued to go to parties, but always allowed themselves evenings alone together, wherein they would completely enjoy the communion of each other's company. Their relationship became a living legend of Parisian society.

Lately, however, the Marquis had noticed, not without some apprehension, that Adrienne had developed moments of extreme nervousness. The resultant effect was not in itself particularly disturbing, except that it was so vastly different from her usual behavior. He refrained from any comment, however, and after a few months dismissed the thing from his mind entirely. After all, he thought, the times when she was her old self were far more numerous and, consequently, more important, so that any frailty that might possibly develop during the years should be overlooked.

But, as time went on (as it will), Adrienne's quieter moments became rarer, and a strange tenseness pervaded their relations. Among other things, she would start at the slightest unusual noise. She would be intolerant of the minor blunders of the servants. Even with the Marquis himself she would be quick. But the memory of so many lovely moments in the past, and the consciousness of his own deep appreciation, held his tongue, and retarded any reproaching in which he might have indulged himself.

One afternoon she returned to the house unusually late. She was obviously distraught. Her eyes had a curious expression in them. They seemed to have lost their color. Her face, underneath the powder, had a strange pallor that he had never before noticed. He was in his study when she came in. Like one hunted she looked quickly around the room, locked the door behind her, and came over to him.

"I'm desperate, Lucien," she cried.

The Marquis was taken so unawares by the mystery and suddenness of her actions that he could think of nothing more helpful to answer than "Sit down, my dear, *please*."

When she had done this, he collected himself to the extent of asking her if he might get her anything to drink.

"No," she answered abruptly. "Lucien, I must talk to you. I'm in a terrible condition and something must be done. I need something immediately. I've been all over the city today and couldn't find any, *and I must have some!*"

The Marquis was worried. He laid a sympathetic hand on her head. "I don't know what you mean," he said. He attempted to keep his voice calm and his intonations regular.

Adrienne jumped up from her chair. "Oh, don't be an ass, Lucien," she screamed. "I tell you I must have some! I'm not going to stand here all day. Isn't it enough to see me groveling before you? To flaunt what we both had in common and kept to ourselves with such ridiculous dignity? For God's sake, Lucien, I can't go on unless you help me immediately!"

The Marquis rushed over and put his arm around Adrienne to prevent her from falling. She quickly recovered herself and shook away from his hold. The Marquis grabbed her forcibly by the shoulders and squared her to him.

"My dearest," he pleaded, "if I only knew what you meant, I would go to the ends of the earth to get it for you. Believe me, I don't know."

"*Don't tell me that!* Don't stand there and torture me!" The cords in her neck stood out like iron cables, and her voice shrieked in desperation. "Don't try to tell me you don't know. I've been taking the same thing you have—"

"But, I don't—"

"Lucien, in the name of Heaven, don't you see I am in agony? I know you know, and I know you take it. I know, because I've stolen it from you when I had run out of it myself. Stolen just enough to tide myself over for a few hours, until I could get some for myself."

The Marquis passed a hand quickly over his forehead, as if to clear the mist that had suddenly clouded his brain, and then he said, "I think I know now what you are talking about. But you couldn't have stolen it from me. I had none. I don't—well, I don't use it. One of the servants probably. I'll call them. I'll help you, my sweet, if I possibly can."

As he made a move to leave, Adrienne pulled him around by the arm.

"It was not one of the servants'. It was *yours*, and it was in that little silver box, right there—that little box over the fireplace!"

The Marquis stopped. Suddenly everything started to spin. The room turned, and a numbness went through his entire body. The whole horror of the situation stood out in colossal relief. Sheer terror filled his mind and the blood stopped pumping through his veins. Every detail of the sinister and iniquitous joke passed before his eyes in review—his wife's face as she looked at him on her death bed—the plan of the silver boxes—her last request—the ghastly strain of listening to hours of stupid services—the cold formality with which they cremated her—the buying of the little box in which he was to put her—

Like a small child he let a half-laugh, half-sob escape him, and then something simply gave away and he fell over onto the floor in a quivering heap.

It was almost a year before the Marquis recovered himself. In the last few years his friends have been overjoyed at his general improvement. Although it is not definitely known, they say that every morning he has sent to Mlle. Adrienne Olivier one white rose. Not, however, because of any tender memory of their long liaison, but because she represents, to him, his wife's tomb.

It is quite a horrible story, and fascinating too—isn't it?

Technique for Politicians

Continued from page 26

the Hermit. It is this fact which has made the apparatus of propaganda a monopoly of the State or of immensely rich corporations; and the latter are always likely, except at transitional moments, to be in alliance with the State, either as its masters or as its servants.

There is yet another kind of technique, as yet only in its infancy, but likely to acquire immense importance in the future—I mean physiological technique. By suitable regulation of the glands, or by administering glandular extracts, it may become possible to make some men physically strong but mentally docile, while others will have power of initiative and command. A dominant minority might, in this way, establish a division of the population into an autocratic and a slave caste, perhaps along the lines of a difference of color. The scientific possibilities in this direction are as yet only very partially explored, but given a suitable political situation it is likely that the necessary discoveries would be quickly made.

From all these considerations, military, economic, psychological and physiological, I draw the conclusion that within the next hundred years there will be one world government, expert, tyrannical, and unshakable.

Stage-Door Johnny, Esq.

Continued from page 131

rival them. In addition to her abilities, she is one of the three or four prettiest girls I have ever seen. Incidentally, in the matter of pulchritude, not Ziegfeld nor the superglorifier C. B. Cochran himself ever assembled so radiant a collection as this. Zest, gusto, precision, wit, taste in decor, splendid personnel—this Monte Carlo Ballet Russe presents everything requisite for delight. Don't miss it. Especially try to see "La Concurrence," a comic novelty; "Le Beau Danube," flowing and dainty to Johann Strauss music; "Beach," a crazy satire of bathing-spots; and the familiar "Prince Igor" and "Petrouchka."

It doesn't matter that what is billed "The Ziegfeld Follies" bears little resemblance to those staples of the past; this offering is well worth going to for its own sake, being a superior Winter Garden show. Murray Anderson staged it; Jane Froman from the radio sings several good songs in a rich voice, and is as good-looking as she sounds; a droll pair of dancers, Vilma and Buddy Ebsen, are excellent; Fanny Brice is convulsing in a burlesque fan-dance; Willie Howard, the Yiddish Mickey Mouse, makes his material really amusing, taking some of the tarnish from his gags by anxious, disarming leers; and there is a choral rendition of "Who's Afraid of the—" with a Hallelujah refrain, which wowed me. Among Mr. Howard's wheezes is the suggestion that the Wall Street brokers are ill from angina Pecora. When, in a parade, he discovers banker Wiggin, surrounded by seven detective, he exclaims, "Ah, the Covered Wiggin!"

"The First Apple" brings Conrad Nagel back from pictures, and he does very well. It is a welcome surprise to find Mr. Nagel shedding his movie super-purity and being willing to act a fly author-about-town who was definitely naughty with a charming

Continued on page 145

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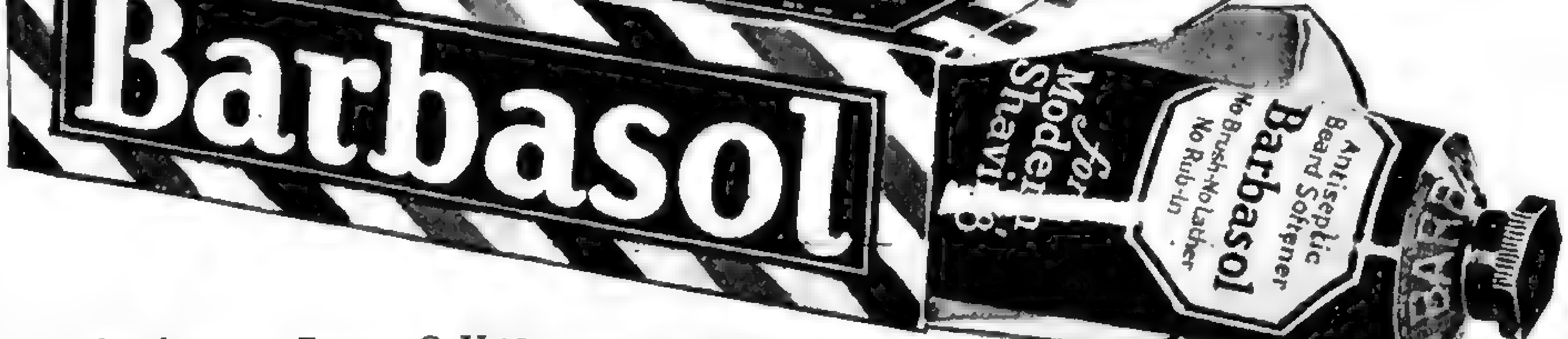

● *Barbasol presents* EDWIN C. HILL, *news commentator, nightly, C. B. S. See local newspapers for time*

. . . and a Cup of Coffee

Continued from page 35

Coffee itself is a simple little vegetable. There are many kinds of it and it is offered to the consumer in a number of blends and at varying prices. The type known to the trade as Number One Santos will answer all the requirements of good coffee: the bean should be healthy, well developed and firm. If properly roasted and ground, there is no more limit to what a cook can do with it than to what a painter can do with a set of prime colors. My cook buys green Number One Santos, roasts it herself and grinds it to the fineness of sand. There are dozens of brands of coffee on the market similarly roasted and ground, but my cook, who happens to be an artist with coffee and food, insists that she is the only person who can roast coffee exactly to her liking.

A good coffee pot has but two parts: the pot, and the biggin. The biggin is a tin-can-looking arrangement with small perforations in the bottom, and it fits into the top of the pot. Anything else about a coffee pot is superfluous. Oval coffee supports to set in the bottom of the biggin, or trick water spreaders that fit into the top of it, not only are added nuisances but actual hindrances to the process. The more elaborate pots that have automatic water feeds, filtering-paper appliances or thermostatic controls are intriguing to housewives but failures as coffee pots.

The coffee and the pot having been selected, the next step is the dripping. It might be timely to point out what the finished product should look like: inky black, of almost syrupy consistency, and should leave a dark brown stain inside a white china cup.

To get that strength, there are two requirements: use plenty of grounds, and drip very slowly. For four cups of coffee, a measuring cup full of grounds is not too much. The grounds should be moistened with cold water and then the boiling water poured very slowly. Serious coffee drinkers insist that nothing but rain water be used, but unless your palate is exceptionally well developed, not to say educated, ordinary tap water serves as well.

The actual mechanics of dripping coffee is simple.

Set a large flat pan of water to boiling. Set the coffee pot into the pan. Then, with a spoon, dip the boiling water, bit by bit, into the biggin which has been at least half filled with coffee grounds. My cook warns me that the process must be accomplished very slowly.

"Ef'n you kin hyar hit drip," she declares, "well, dat's drippin' too fast. Hit's got to *sweat* through."

Incidentally, no more than four cups should be made at one time. More than that and you get the mass-production effect. And while mass production in anything answers the general requirements, it lacks that personal touch which divides the field of art from machinery. Mass production, probably, is the worst curse that first-class eating establishments have to combat, and while many of them do so very effectively with their more solid food, I have yet to find as many as a half dozen restaurants that will go to the trouble to serve good coffee.

Coffee, once dripped correctly, may be saved, reheated, and served when needed. Only the most acute taste can distinguish between freshly dripped coffee and reheated coffee. It should never be allowed to come to boiling temperature in the reheating, however. It is best to reheat it by setting the pot back into the pan of boiling water.

The final step, of course, is the drinking. Coffee should be drunk whenever and in such quantities as desired. Too much coffee at a time or at too frequent intervals is, like any other excess, unpleasant instead of the inspiring, joyous experience it should be. Conventional times include coffee at breakfast and after dinner, and occasionally with luncheon. Personally, I take it with each meal, and I have an additional pick-up about ten o'clock in the morning and another at five in the afternoon. More often than not, I drink a large cup just before going to bed.

But the thing that makes my own life worth living, the experience that starts the day right for me, the one ceremony I insist upon if it's at all possible—is my early morning coffee in bed. I am asleep until the coffee arrives; then I sit up in bed, smoke a cigarette and drink coffee. After that I may either lie down for a few more winks, or go about my ablutions with philosophical grace. Even a dull razor before breakfast cannot darken my day if I have had coffee in bed.

It isn't a large cup, either; in fact, it's somewhat smaller than the average cup. But such coffee! Half syrupy essence, half milk, heated, with one spoonful of sugar, and the world is jake.

The coffee-in-bed luxury isn't beyond the reach of people in the most moderate circumstances. I know one delightful young couple who alternate serving the other coffee in bed in the mornings. Another case that has come to my knowledge is one in which a pair of newlyweds shake dice to determine which gets the coffee.

There is still another case, which came to an unhappy ending, and which I blame upon a weakness in the husband's character rather than upon the wholly meritorious habit of coffee in bed, for normal people. The serving was decided by a cut of the cards. The husband won the cut four times in succession, and the wife grew suspicious. The fifth cut she watched him closely and discovered him pulling an ace from his pajama pocket. Naturally, she shot him.

The reformers raised their usual hullabaloo, decrying the pernicious influence of coffee in bed, and collected funds with which to lobby into the Federal Constitution an amendment prohibiting the sale and use of coffee. However, psychiatrists for the defense uncovered many unpleasant phases of the deceased's ancestry, and the court, who was a good poker player, ruled that cheating at cards was indulged in only by moral idiots who deserved to be shot anyway. The lady was acquitted and not only collected enough life insurance to pay her lawyers, but had enough left over to afford her own maid who serves her coffee in bed each morning.

The move to abolish coffee legally failed temporarily but it is expected to come up again in the next presidential campaign. When, as and if that happens, I will trade my cotton plantation in Louisiana for a coffee farm in Brazil.

Dogs Are Tailor Made

Continued from page 119

eties were designed exclusively for the luxury of a satin pillow in the drawing room. These and their kind are the "ladies' dogs" of the clinging vine era. And since we've already mentioned the influence of social conditions on dogs' characters, it is interesting to observe that the women of today demand the spunky dogs like the Scotty and the Wire-hair in cities where size must be limited, or the Airedale, the Shepherd and the Collie where suburban space makes them practicable.

Be that as it may, the fact remains that all this tailoring goes on its merry way without the conscious knowledge of the average dog owner. There are probably 20,000,000 licensed dogs in this country and something like 91 distinct breeds recognized by the American Kennel Club, while the number of unlicensed dogs and mongrel breeds is impossible of calculation. Probably not one dog owner in fifty is much concerned about the show points of his pet, and the bloody wrangles waged about the relative beauty of a prick ear as against a rose ear simply come in the great category of things which don't keep him awake nights.

To breeders, and fans, however, such things are vital; so vital that they sometimes lead to such cruelties as nose-breaking or that bitterly painful practice of ear-cropping which, by the way, is absolutely prohibited in England and in several States over here. To most laymen, indeed, these ideas as well as the emphasis placed on other points by professionals, appear silly and arbitrary. Why, they ask, shouldn't a dog be his natural self? Why should he hold his tail at just this angle or place his forelegs just that far apart or tilt his chin in exactly that manner? One outsider at a show, smirking at a perspiring exhibitor on his knees in the ring with one hand under the dog's tail and the other under his chin, offered a sarcastic comment which sums up this lay attitude:

"That's just rot to me," he said. "Of course a dog has points that ought to show. But so have Ziegfeld's Glorified Girls, yet you never saw Flo groveling around on the stage like that to show them!"

Which simmers down to the individual point of view. There's no disputing that a dog can be ideal for the layman's purpose even if he is far from perfect on show points. But the people who foster the shows are the "tailors," the folks who cut their dogs to a pattern or a standard, and their success depends upon their fidelity to that design. Likewise, the quality of a given breed depends upon sound, logical standards, and if those requirements aren't stiffly maintained, the dog will deteriorate. The approach to perfection may interest only a comparative few, yet it represents the difference between the two dollars you pay for a dog at the pound and the $8,000 said to have been paid not so long ago for the champion Wire-hair, Talavera Margaret.

Generally speaking, these arbitrary distinctions are gradually becoming increasingly important in the lay mind. True, the average man is not buying a dog for badgers or fox, quail or pheasant, sheep-herding or hare-coursing. But the features which make a dog good or bad for those functions likewise make him a thoroughbred or a mongrel in his class. Consequently dogs are still tailor made—and will be to the end of time—simply because that is the only way to get good dogs.

It's time, now, for "Shelters"—those swagger new waterproofs offered in such an appealing variety of attractive styles and materials. "Shelters" give you *topcoat* cut with *poncho* protection—and you can choose from eggshell twills, wool flannels, tweeds, broadcloths, or novel suede-like fabrics. There's a type for every taste. Ask for "Shelters"—made only by the United States Rubber Company.

The Wound Stripe

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The adjutant nodded. Sickening fear settled in the pit of Lieutenant Peck's stomach.

"But—but—the major said I could make it," he pleaded, his eyes puzzled. His face blanched. "Don't you think I got a chance, just a chance?"

Tapping his teeth the adjutant pondered the question.

"If you can beat a Camp Upton rabbit caught out on the target range—maybe you got a chance." A pregnant silence followed. Then Peck felt his hand clasped strongly. "Good luck, kid."

With wavering heart Peck climbed the dugout steps. At the top he looked down. By the light of the three grease weeping candles he saw the adjutant sitting before the map covered table, the end of his red pencil clamped between his teeth.

Pushing through the gas curtain Peck hesitated, looking into the night. He must plunge into that unknown blackness where every tree hid death. He must go out there alone; he was always alone; he had been alone since he had started back from the hospital; nobody gave a damn about him—

"The trail runs between them two oaks, Lieutenant." A muffled figure pointed over the trench to a path wandering back under ghostly trees. "I hope you make it, sir." The sentry saluted. "Good luck, sir." Peck scrambled over the top of the trench and plunged into the woods. The muttered words followed him through the darkness.

Second Lieutenant Peck picked his way from tree to tree along the trail. He peered nervously into the forest. He could see nothing save the thick tree trunks rising from the dense underbrush. He raced along the trail. Overhanging branches switched his face, blinding him. Roots caught his feet, sending him sprawling on all fours. Panting, he rose again redoubling his struggles. His legs jerked spasmodically as if his knee-joints were rusted hinges; sharp pains ran through his calves. Fear whipped him on relentlessly. Shells sailed overhead like keening hawks. These roused new fears, speeding him forward till the breath rushed through his throat like gushing water. His lungs wheezed; his temples throbbed. Gasping with painful intakes, he slackened his pace. Suddenly he halted, crouching closely to the earth.

Somewhere deep in the thicket a twig snapped. His arteries throbbed in his ears. He revolved his head slowly, his eyes striving to penetrate the blackness. The thicket surrounded him like a menacing wall. His trembling fingers clutched the grip of his automatic. Twice he thought he heard that sharp twig-snap, then silence. Listening he felt his skin suddenly chill. His nerves quivered like the prongs of a tuning fork. But no further sound came from the thicket.

He stumbled ahead. Directly in his path a crater opened, relic of an earlier battle. He slid down its side. Hidden he had a narrow view of the trail. He started down it, his eyeballs burning. He knew—yes—there—skulking behind that tree! He cowered below the crater rim. His heart thumped like a broken piston-rod. Peck waited—waited. How long he did not know. He felt the chilled blood creep up his legs, the dawn breezes, like the touch of phantom hands, swept his face till the sweat felt like ice. Inch by inch he lifted his head above the crater rim. His eyes searched the trail. The phantom behind the tree had vanished. Cautiously he crept out of the crater. He spied a patch of clouded sky above the tree tops. The mist ahead cleared revealing faintly lighted clearings, beyond these an open wheat field. The brightening dawn brought the trees, bush, the wheat field clearly before him. Summoning all his remaining strength, he ran frantically through the wheat.

Ahead he saw a ghostly something menacing him. Grotesque arms reached for him. He raised both hands above his head, as if to ward off this new danger. Suddenly he stumbled. His left arm doubled under his body with a sharp crack. Pain pierced his old wound. He writhed amid a heap of shattered iron. . . .

A group of officers stood in a sunken road. One of their number wore a cap with a silver star.

"See who that is, captain," said the Brigade Commander. "Some man all tangled up in that wrecked field kitchen."

An aide strode swiftly to Lieutenant Peck's side. He sat on the ground leering at his shattered forearm. He laughed as if that jagged bone sticking through his flesh were a joke he alone relished. Seeing the captain beside him, Lieutenant Peck held up his dangling wrist. Laughing hysterically, he pointed to the broken ulna.

"What do you know about that?" he demanded, "almost in the same—" His expression changed. Untangling his legs he stood up unsteadily; his hand sought his helmet rim. "Messenger—Nth battalion—to Brigade—" Fumbling the message blank and the tracing from his pocket, Second Lieutenant Peck fainted. . . .

Captain Fred Williams, "H" company, 10th regiment, One Hundred and Eighty-Eighth Division stood before his colonel in the cellar of a shell wrecked chateau. Wearing an amused smile, the colonel handed the solemn Captain Williams a special order from Chaumont to the effect that "Second Lieutenant Peck, "H" company, 10th U. S. Infantry, having greatly distinguished himself carrying important despatches through enemy lines is hereby cited for bravery and awarded the Distinguished Service Cross . . ."

"Kin of yours?"

Captain Williams nodded. The colonel shuffled through other papers on his table. "Here's something you ought to see, Williams." Without looking up, he handed the solemn officer another paper. Captain Williams read—

"Judge Advocate General's Office. One Hundred and Eighty-Eighth Division. One trunk, containing papers from this office received prior to date, lost in action. Copies of all previous court-martial charges will be transcribed and reforwarded—" Captain Williams looked straight at the colonel.

The older officer spoke slowly. "There is one set of charges I think it were better should rest forever lost in action. This is an occasion when we may compromise with our consciences, and—"

In the silence that followed the regimental adjutant bustled in. The colonel turned to him.

"Just write an order and send it to Second Lieutenant Adolphus Peck, Alleray Hospital, authorizing him to wear—eh—one wound stripe."

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 121

der of an editor by his former mistress, or the burial of a Socialist orator in the Pantheon. The American hero of *L'Affaire Jones* goes to France to write a cook book and by losing his overcoat in a restaurant suddenly finds himself declared an enemy of the republic, an international spy, a modern Dreyfus. He can't find out what it is all about and, indeed, as usual the original issue is lost sight of, while the turmoil of French emotions exhausts itself in talk of Royalism and Communism, military secrets, murders in the Bois, etcetera, etcetera. A really diverting squib.

Better even than André Maurois' *The Edwardian Era* which I found brilliant and amusing, a combination of tact and indiscretion, and lightened by a sly French irony, is, to my mind, Esmé Wingfield-Stratford's *The Victorian Aftermath* (Morrow, $3.50). This is a philosophical, but not too "philosophical," narrative of events in England from the death of Queen Victoria to the dark days of the present when the British empire seems no longer capable of even "muddling through" (the British always prided themselves that they could muddle through). The economic collapse was inaugurated, according to Wingfield-Stratford by the South African fiasco and by the rise of jingoism, at a time, too, when the old responsible leaders of Toryism were giving way to the grasping new rich. It is possible that the author's understanding of the economic factor does not cut very deep, but his book is an absorbing and comprehensive history of a period and is most entertaining.

The most important literary discovery of the year is, undoubtedly, *A Nest of Simple Folk* (Viking, $2.50) by Séan O'Faoláin (pronounced Shawn O'Phelan). O'Faoláin has been known to a few for some time because of his fine short stories published under the title, *Midsummer Madness;* but in this, his first novel, he rises to heights rare even among Irish writers of the productive days of Synge, Yeats, Moore and Stephens. This novel of three generations of Irish folk, peopled as it is with a multitude of alive and interesting characters, is a sort of *The Good Earth* of Ireland and I predict for it a growing popularity which may make it as much of a book to buy and read as was Mrs. Buck's of a Chinese family's struggle with the

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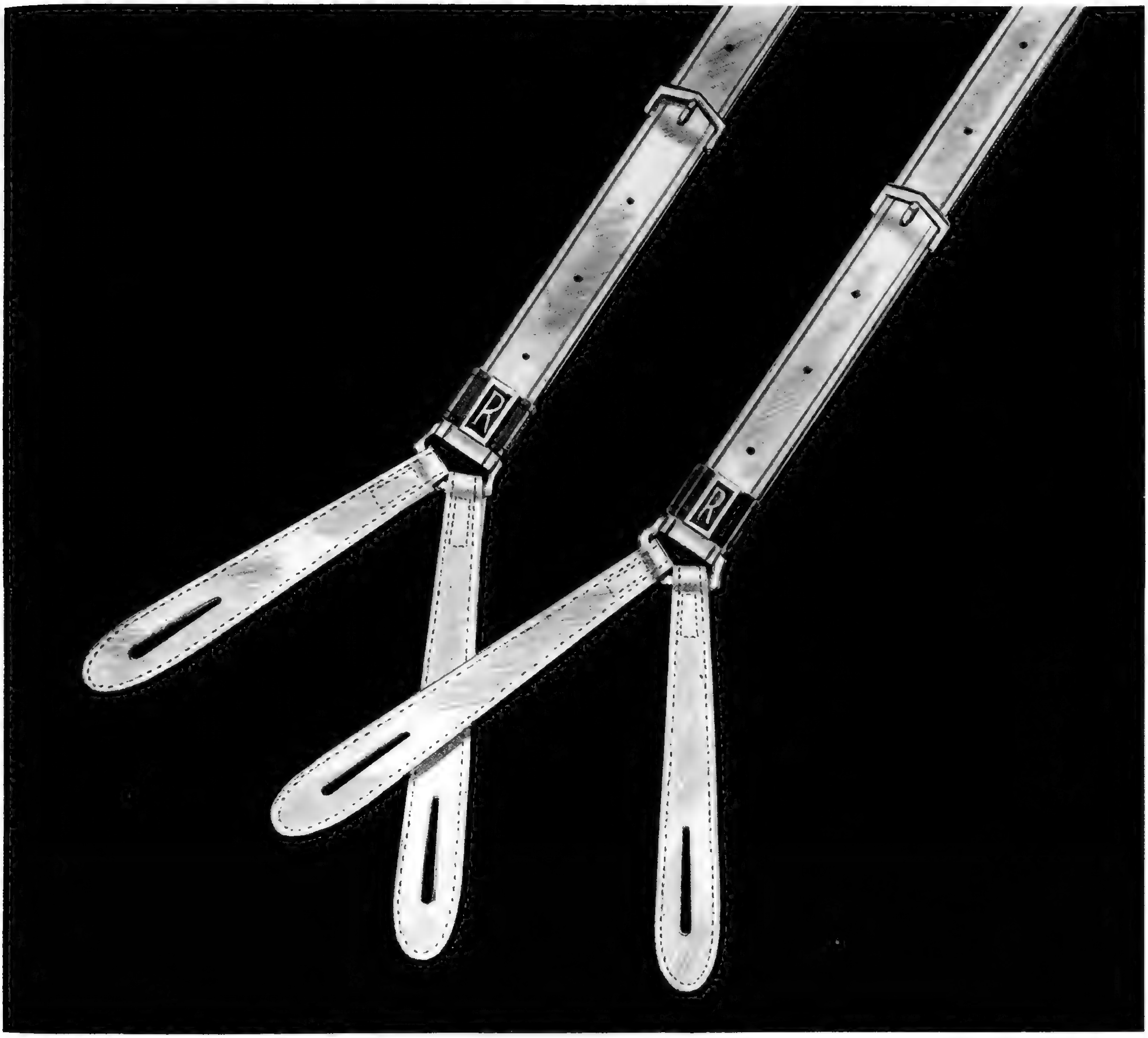

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HICKOK, sponsor of the leather brace in America, presents the KENT — in finest selected calfskin, smartly narrow in cut, and finished off with specially designed Oxford links and swagger buckles. In line with the trend each pair bears the individual touch of the wearer's initials.... Light, comfortable, sturdy — the KENT sets a new standard of value at $1.

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The Sick Horse

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when Benton opened the house door and came down towards the barn. Just then a car drove up, but Benton was too busy thinking about something else to hear it; and two men got out and came on down towards the barn where we were.

Benton had his head down, and I couldn't motion to him till he got to the barn door, and then it was too late. Henry Trask and Fred Welch were too close to the barn by then to head off. I couldn't do a thing but just stand there and pray that they would never get inside to see King.

"Well," Benton said, "I guess we'd better go take a look."

It wasn't till then that he heard Henry and Fred behind him. Benton jumped like he was trying to get out of his skin.

"I heard you've got a new horse, Benton," Henry said. "Trying to keep it a secret? Tell Clyde to lead him out and let us get a look at him. And don't go trying to tell me he's a better horse than Jim-Dandy, Benton."

Benton didn't know what to say then. He knew there was no way to get Henry and Fred away before they saw the horse. They had already got to the door, and nothing in the world could stop them then. They'd come eight miles to take a look at King.

"Henry," Benton said, "I wish you and Fred hadn't come here today."

"Why?" Fred asked. "What's the trouble, Benton? Your wife sick or something?"

"My horse is sick," Benton said, reaching out for the side of the barn to find support. Nobody could have looked more sick than Benton did right then, but somehow both Henry and Fred failed to notice it.

"That's all right, Benton," Henry said. "You won't have to lead him out. We'll go inside and look at him in the stall."

We all walked inside and went down through the harness room and opened the door to the stall. Benton stood back. He looked as if he did not wish to see King again that day. Anyway, he opened the door and stepped back instead of leading the way inside as he usually did when he was proud to show the horse he owned.

"There's no horse in here, Benton," Henry said, coming back through the door. "Is this a joke or something? The stall's as empty as a church."

Both me and Benton stepped to the door and looked inside. Sure enough, King wasn't there. We didn't know what to think.

"He was there right after dinner," Benton said excitedly, "because me and Clyde came in here and gave him a gunful of castor oil, didn't we, Clyde?"

"Sure as I've got legs to stand on," I said. "And he couldn't have got out, because this door has been latched all day long."

We ran inside, Benton and me. Then we saw what had happened. The side of the stall next to the areaway had been kicked down. All but the two bottom boards had been smashed to pieces.

Henry and Fred were standing behind us.

"That's the quickest I ever saw a horse get well," Benton said. "Here I've been all day trying to keep people from coming in to see King, and here he goes and gets well and kicks the side of the stall down."

Benton was all excited, thinking that King had turned out to be a fine spirited horse after all, in spite of his looks.

"Come on," Benton said, leaping over the splintered boards. "He's back in the areaway. I know he's not out, because all the doors stay locked."

The four of us ran out into the areaway, where all the harnessing is done, but King wasn't anywhere in sight. The outside door was shut and latched just like Benton had said it was and just like I knew it was. But King wasn't in the areaway, either.

"Maybe he got into another stall or into the grain room," Henry said.

We went down towards the other end of the barn.

"He couldn't have got into another stall," Benton said, "because the rest of the stalls are on the other side of the one he was in. There's no other way for him to go, that I can see. The grain room door is shut tight."

Just the same, to make sure, I opened it and looked around inside, but King wasn't there and hadn't been there.

It was the strangest thing I'd ever seen. I was stumped. Benton didn't know what to do next, either.

"What's that door lead into?" Henry said, walking to the door beyond the grain room.

"Shucks," Benton said, "there's no sense opening that door, because that's just a sort of privy me and Clyde use in the winter when we're working in the barn."

Henry took a couple of steps, and stopped short around the corner of the grain room.

"There's no sense in opening the door, all right," Henry said. "It's already open."

The rest of us ran down so we could see what he was talking about.

Right then—well, I don't know what anybody said after that. It was—I had to look three or four times myself before I knew what I was doing, and even then—sometimes I still can't believe what I saw. Benton—if Benton—but there's no use in trying to tell what Benton said. The whole thing—

We all finally got outside the barn some way. Benton sat down on a bench and looked off across the hills. Both Fred and Henry were laughing too much to talk sense any more. First they'd say something about Benton's new horse, and then they'd look at each other, and then they'd burst out laughing all over again.

"Benton," Henry said after they had quieted down some, "it was worth your losing a horse just to know that your stock is the smartest in the country, wasn't it? I've seen horses do smart things, but this is the first time I ever saw or heard of one being smart enough to go to the privy when he took sick."

Benton got up.

"But King died in there, though," he said. "I've lost him, Henry."

"That's just it, Benton," Fred said. "Any horse that had enough sense to back in there and die on the bench proves that even when your horses are nothing to look at, they are still the smartest in the country."

Benton could not see it in that light then. He was still worried to think that the tale would hurt his reputation as a horseman. Henry and Fred left soon afterwards, still laughing like I knew they would be for the next four or five days, and I didn't see much of Benton till late in the evening.

At bedtime Benton came upstairs while I was undressing to pass the night. He walked across the room and back before he said anything.

"I wouldn't have had that to happen for anything in the world, Clyde," he said. "I'd a heap rather have a horse of mine drop dead in the show ring—than that."

"I don't know, Benton," I said. "It takes a smart animal to do a thing like that. Maybe King figgured that he had to make up someway for his lack of looks."

Benton came over to the table.

After awhile he looked up at me. A change had come over his face.

"You're right, Clyde," he said. "It just goes to prove what I've felt ever since I was ten years old, when I started handling horses, and that is that there's no bad horses. Some of them have good looks, some have good sense, and the ones that don't have looks have the other, because all horses have some sense."

"Well, King didn't have any looks, but he sure had horse sense," I said.

Benton jumped to his feet.

"That's it, Clyde! Horse sense! I knew as well as I knew my name that that fellow I traded with thought he had stung me, and so did you and everybody else; but I could tell by watching King that day that he had what every horse ought to have. By God, Clyde. King had horse sense!"

The Way to War

Continued from page 23

of peace is restless not only because of Hitler's attitude and of the danger of Germany trying to seize again Northern Schleswig (the disputed border province which was taken by Germany from Denmark in 1864 and returned to Denmark at the time of the Versailles treaty), but also against England because of its pork. Denmark is the great pork country of Europe and has to sell its pork abroad as well as its butter and eggs, and England used to be the great pork, butter and egg importing country which bought from Denmark most of its surplus, but now England in trying to organize its empire and to satisfy her dominions is excluding the Danish products. Denmark feels it acutely and can't have such a love for England any more. It's a queer merry-go-round of hatreds, antipathies and quarrels. New systems and groups are constantly forming and disappearing. Race problems, labor trouble, religious difficulties, economic competition—all contribute to make people dissatisfied, angry at each other, and trying to hurt each other. So war is everywhere, but where is the next war going to take place and when is it going to come—the real big war which will look like the war of 1914-1918 but which will be much larger and much more horrible and which scares even the scientists and the most cold-blooded generals—When and where is this war going to start?

Many people would say, "Tomorrow morning." But my answer is, "Not before a good many years." And this simply because there are too many hatreds to make a good war. A certain amount of hatred is the necessary background for a war, but too much hatred is of no avail. It leads nowhere. It even creates good feeling accidentally. Whoever happened to be in Rome in March felt that the Italian government was going straight to a war with France and that nothing on earth could prevent it. Whoever happened to be in Rome in August felt that the Italian government had a deep and somewhat affectionate understanding of French

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Keeping Cool at Conneaut

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"There he is in the doorway now, waitin' for you, Curley," suggested Lawson of the *Post*.

A stout, jolly looking fellow stood perspiring in the entrance to the dining room. He looked us over, and measured us, automatically. We were beginning to get used to that.

"As a consequence of using Osmotone," droned the *Times-Eagle* man, who had stolen a book on embalming from one of the exhibits, "the complexion shows precisely as in life."

"Oh, Jesus," said Curley, and pushed the fish away from him.

"I don't blame you," said the waitress. "It don't look very good. Wanna try the barbecued ham?"

"Three parts Osmotone with a dash of skin bleach is very fine on barbecued ham," continued the *Times-Eagle* man, cheerfully.

In the first parlor opening off the lobby, the cosmetic displays were pyramided on tables against a tasteful background of potted palms, and rubber flowers. All the paraphernalia for the last make-up.

On the center table in a glass-covered blue velvet lined box, rested the Derma-Surgery outfit, with the white wax contents listed on a white card—12 ears, 6 noses, 2 masks, 1 extra cake molding wax, 1 bottle blendine, 4 tubes Creme de Paris cosmetic enamel, 1 jar ruby red for the lips, 1 tinting brush, 2 powder brushes, 2 cans silk face powder, 7 shades hair for scalp, mustache and eyebrows, 1 set embalmer's flesh tints, 4 nickel plated plastic instruments, 1 bottle Fleshine, eye brow pencils, 1 tube lid lip for cementing hair. The two white face masks lay in separate compartments, and around them the ears and noses were alternated in a pleasing design. $25.00 complete.

"For God's sake," said Curley, shoving his hands deep in his pockets, "what the hell is *that* for?"

"Eh?" said the salesman in charge. He came over to the table mopping his brow with a blue handkerchief. He was a tall, sallow man with large bony hands. His coat, vest, collar and tie were off and the shirt was turned in at the neckband. "Them? My boy, was you ever in a real serious accident, because if you was you wouldn't ask. You get smashed up serious in a automobile and get brought home with a nose or an ear missin', your family don't want to see you that way, do they?"

"The man's right, Curley," said Lawson —"this number three nose is just about your style if you ever get smashed up serious."

"You boys ain't in the trade, are you? Like to demonstrate our line if you are."

"You know what I hope," said Curley, as we wandered into the writing room which had been turned into a clothing store, "I hope that Schmeling gets his brains knocked out for training in a place like this"

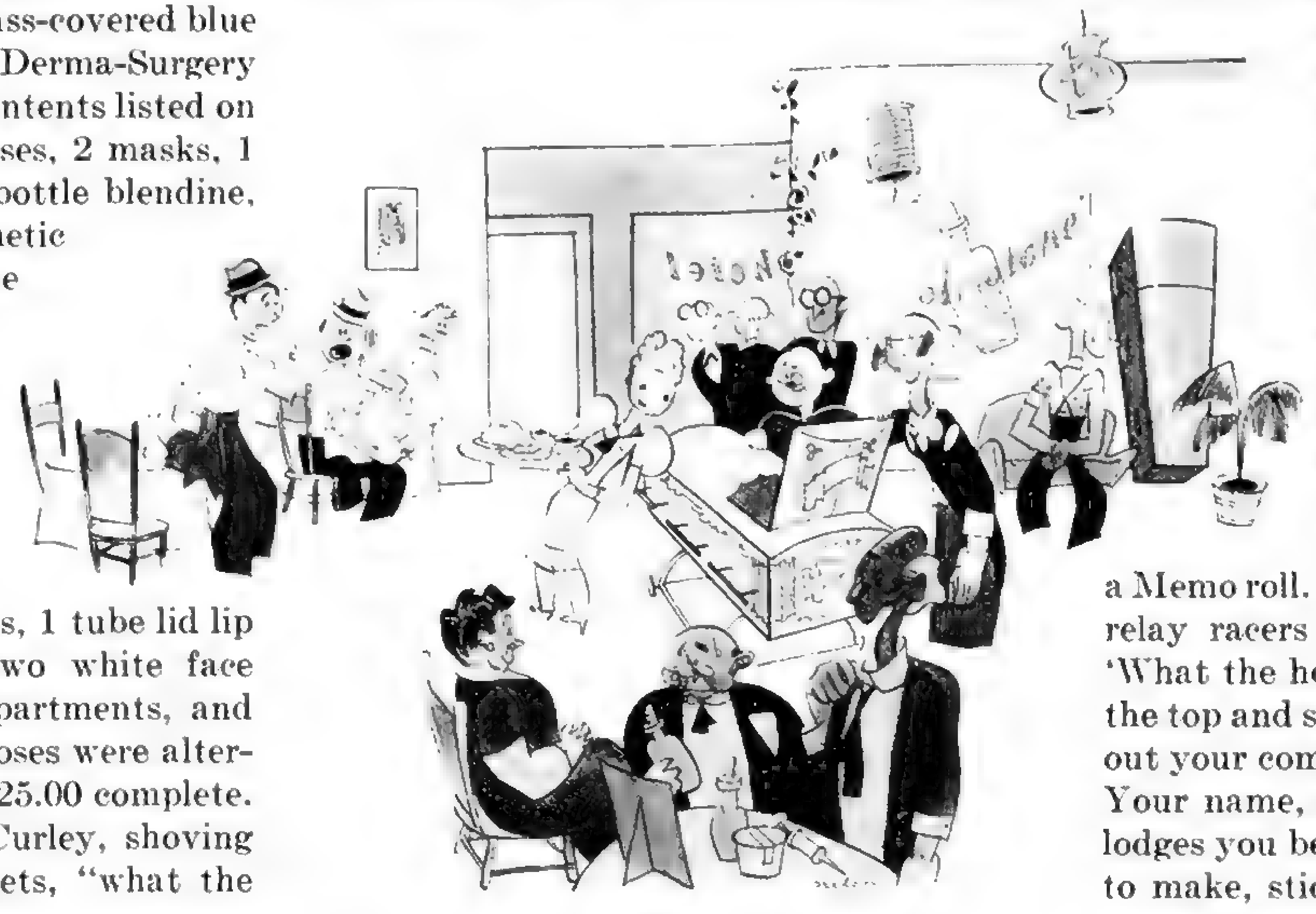
There was a woman in charge of a display of burial clothing which hung dispiritedly on racks as though the garments themselves knew that no living form would ever fill them. She was a stout, hot female with an enormous bust. She wore a white dress that looked like some of the numbers on the rack. She was fanning herself with a copy of *The Casket and Sunnyside*. She said, "Can I show you anything?" but made no attempt to get up from the rocker in which she sat. Nobody said anything.

"We got real classy styles this year," she said, waving the magazine in front of her broad face. "Folks want class nowadays. We have to keep up with the styles. Mosta this stuff comes from Chicago. You can looka those dresses. Some of them are the very latest styles."

"Looka the size of those dogs," said Dan, pointing to a row of slippers. "Must be all western trade."

The woman blew some stray hairs off her face by jutting out her lower lip. She nodded. "A lotta times the feet swells," she said. "Those are all the latest styles. It don't show when they're on. You boys going to the dance later?"

The portable organ in the exhibit in the grill room on the floor below began to whine *Nearer My God to Thee* again. It had been playing that tune off and on all day long. Curley fidgetted and even Lawson looked nervous. The stout lady began to fan herself and nod her head in time to the thin, reedy complaint of the organ.



We went on down the hall; we passed the portable bronze "Funeral, No Parking" signs. Curley said, "I'd like to know what son-of-a-bitch put that sign out in front of my door last night."

Lawson's laugh clattered down the corridor again. "Ho ho ho! You'd like to know . . . *you'd* like to know. *I'd* like to know who the guy was sneaked into my room last night. I wake up this morning and there's one of those wax wreaths on the end of my bed with 'Rest in Peace' on it."

"Nuts," said Charley. "Let's go across the way to the Beetle Inn." This was the title given, in the natural course of events, to press headquarters, a frowsy cottage opposite the hotel. "Maybe Sam's got some more beer up from Cleveland."

Rounding the corner of the corridor we ran smack into a half dozen little dancing girls wearing lavender fleshings, short spangled skirts and pink bonnets perched on the sides of their heads. They had been brought over from Pittsburgh for the "Entertainment, Cabaret Show and Dancing in the Crystal Room." With them were two musicians in rustic costume. One had an accordion slung from his shoulders and a wire contraption which fitted around his neck holding a mouth organ in front of his face, so that he could play both instruments at once. The other had a fiddle and a ukelele. The one with the accordion began to wheeze *Turkey in the Straw*. A red-faced man, quite drunk, stuck his head out the door of a room labelled "New Little Giant Morgue Table" and yelled "Wow, wow, wow, Yahoooo!" The door of the Crane Breed Casket Company's room was open, and caskets glinted dully in the shadow. The dancing girls looked frightened. Their rouge stood out like fever spots. Curley looked the girls over and brightened up.

The convention's attractions were announced on the huge bulletin board that stood in the lobby.

Curley on his way back from Schmeling's cottage stopped at the board.

"Jesus," he said, reading over my shoulder, "there's the prize." He pointed to an item for Thursday at 8:30. It read: "Visit the displays and find the Lucky Numbers."

Curley began to curse. "Find the lucky numbers! Can you tie that? They probably got 'em hidden in a can of embalming fluid, or inside one of those God damn suits with the dickey shirts and collars that lace up the back. How can a guy ever be lucky again after living in this cemetery for three days? Jesus, can you imagine playing hunt the slipper down among that layout of fancy iron boxes they got in the grill room? This afternoon a guy comes up to me and wants to sell me a bronze tube to stick in my coffin. Called it a Memo roll. It looks like one of those things relay racers hand each other. So I says 'What the hell is that for'. So he unscrews the top and says—'There you are. You write out your complete record and put it in here. Your name, address, birthday, occupation, lodges you belong to, any remarks you want to make, stick it in here, seal it up and it keeps forever. A thousand years from now someone opening this will be able to read all about you.' So I says, 'So *what?* . . .' These guys think of the God damnedest things."

The undertakers got drunk according to schedule. They didn't look or act like undertakers, but just like a lot of guys named Joe who are drunk. They attached themselves to the hick character who played the ukelele and went whooping and singing through the corridors like the V.F.W. It was so hot the men danced in their shirts and the women's light dresses clung to them before the evening was half through. The "Crystal Ball Room" was jammed and airless. It smelled of powder, cheap perfume and hot bodies. The noise of the crowd, the crash of the roller coaster behind the hotel, and the creaking of the Aeroplane Whirl drowned out five pieces of the six-piece orchestra and let nothing through but the "boomp-boomp-boomp-boomp" of the bass drum worked by the drummer's foot pedal. Occasionally a man whooped or a woman screamed, but mostly they shuffled, shuffled, shuffled to the beat of the tomtom, and then went out among the exhibits during intermission to drink and cool off.

A group sat around in their shirt sleeves on gilt funeral chairs in the exhibition space

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The Way to War

Continued from page 138

politics and was in many ways coöperating with it. The tide of hatred had turned and Mussolini was then distrusting Hitler a little more than Tardieu or Poincaré.

Not long ago French people traveling in Germany arrived in a small town where there was going to be a big Nazi parade. They were in a French car with a French international license. They stopped for a minute at an inn to have a hot drink because it was a biting cold day. After having drunk, and deciding that it was better to leave quickly this Nazi demonstration, they left the inn to go to their car. But while they were going to their car a German boy said "Bonjour." They answered, "Guten tag," and then while they were starting their car the other boys in Nazi uniforms gave them a beautiful Nazi salute with a "Heil Hitler." What was the matter? There is a lot of discipline in Germany, and on that day in that area the trend of hatred was running more against Russia than against France. It was an area where there had been a good many communists and where the Nazi movement had been a crusade against Bolshevism. Out of hatred a kind of affection had risen.

The same thing is happening all over Europe. Jugoslavia and Germany don't have much use for each other, but sometimes they do smile to each other. Though Jugoslavia is allied with France and an arch-enemy of Germany, there was a rumor in Europe during November that if Germany invaded and occupied Austria, Italy would at once attack Germany and occupy part of Austria, which would have started at once a counter-attack of Jugoslavia siding suddenly with Germany and falling on the Italians. The same thing seems to be true with Germany and Poland. They are divided by the problem of the Danzig corridor, but their common hatred of Russia is so deep that a kind of queer understanding has developed between them. They are even now speaking of the possibility of a German-Polish-Japanese alliance against Russia which would bring together in a counter-group Russia, Italy and the United States, France and England being on the side-lines. And as a matter of fact, Signor Mussolini's newspapers have been barking very loudly at Japan during the months of November and December.

To sum it up, France, Jugoslavia, Rumania, Poland, Czechoslovakia and more or less England agree on the necessity of preserving the Versailles treaty, while Germany, Italy, Austria, Bulgaria and Hungary agree on the necessity of breaking it to pieces. But Germany, Poland, Sweden, Rumania, Hungary, Jugoslavia and Bulgaria agree on the necessity of a common front against Russia, and with Japan, while Italy is most opposed to it. France, Italy, Czechoslovakia and Poland are all energetically set against the reunion of Germany and Austria, but their ally Jugoslavia, and Hungary and Bulgaria and Turkey don't feel the same way at all. Italy is on the side of the enemies of the Versailles treaty to ask for a new repartition of the German colonies, but on the side of the allies and the war victors to protest against any of these colonies being given back to Germany. Many European countries have much sympathy for the policy of Japan against Russia, but nearly all of them are antagonistic to the Japan economic invasion of the world markets by cheap goods.

In 1914 there were two groups and two systems of alliances. In 1933 there are more than ten different groups, and no clear cut system of alliances. There are many hatreds, but there is a complete disorder in these hatreds. Europe is filled with acute but unripe hatreds. And people who believe that war is going to come tomorrow morning forget that war is an organized social fact and is organized hatred well and systematically utilized. War, after all, is a special kind of order. Where there is no order you can have a lot of fighting but you can't have a war. Such is the situation of Europe today.

Each nation hates so many other nations that they have no real pet enemy on whom they could concentrate their energies and against whom they could organize their war machinery. As long as this vague period lasts, only vague results can be achieved. It was already quite difficult during the war of 1914-1918 to keep alive and crystallized the national hatreds which were the necessary background of the war. Few governments are strong enough now to do it, and those governments who are strong enough to do it haven't made up their minds how to do it, when to do it, and against whom to do it. Their vacillating policies (and the same thing can be said of the Russians and the Italians and the Germans) makes a war possible at any minute, but also most unlikely.

That is where the League of Nations has really been a help. Before problems came to the League they were fairly simple and clear. The issues were sharp and acute and people could understand more or less what was the matter. But once the problems had been brought to the League of Nations they gradually became more complicated, more involved and more messy. Of course they were not solved—none of them was. And in a way they grew worse. But also people understood them less and less and started to see less and less their way out of them. They had come with one single purpose and one single hatred, and after a few months at Geneva they had many purposes and many hatreds.

It has been the great contribution of the League of Nations to the peace of the world. By making a mess of all the international relations it has made impossible, at least temporarily, a great big conflict such as the one which raged from 1914 to 1918.

War is everywhere, but it is diluted war, and as long as people hate each other so generally and so clumsily I am betting that there won't be any immense well-organized efficient war like the last one. People will have to be content with killing each other at home and sneering at the rest of the world.

But let us beware of the time when there will be a beginning of order and some clarity of purpose. Until then we'll keep our muddy peace.

Mud-Hens and Loons

Continued from page 84

had proved, beyond the doubtings of the most skeptical, that it was here to stay, the North American Dinghy Association was formed. And, as every boatman knows, such an organization means committees, stipulations, rules, regulations, *et cetera.* Whether the Association was created specifically to legislate for and police the regattas, or whether the frostbite bugs became so confused about the racing ethics that they "got together" in order to settle arguments—in short, whether They organized the Association or the Association organized them, is not terribly important; but soon after the N.A.D.A. got under way, there appeared two classes of dinghy racers: A and B.

This naming of the two classes "A" and "B" is considered by many racing followers to be the first mistake the Association made. It does seem reasonable to presume that a group of racers as unique as these frostbiters should also wish to be off-the-beaten-track in labeling their two classes—but A and B they remained.

Instead of calling the first Class A, the officers of the organization might easily have discarded all convention in such matters and given it a tag that would have quickly and tersely described the boat: they might have called it Class U, meaning Utility—for it is precisely this characteristic that qualifies boats to race in the first class. The hull of this type of boat must weigh at least 150 pounds and must be capable of carrying 750 pounds of weight, propelled by oars. It must be lug-rigged, and capable of standing a rigid towing test.

The second, or B Class, is well named, and for the purpose of continuing our taxonomy, we can interpret B to stand for Bastard, since it is the illegitimate offspring of the union of a racing idea and a utility idea. The original dinghies were tenders for battleships; the Class B boat is a dinghy of a sort. Built strictly for racing, the B hull may be considerably lighter than the A, it is not required to carry fenders, and may be equipped with any sort of rig so long as it doesn't go more than seventeen and a half feet above the gunwale, most of them having found the Marconi rig to be fastest.

But the intention here is not to be captious, and it is very natural to assume that the purpose of racing is to win, however much a boat may differ from a specific type.

The fact remains that here is the jolly gang, no matter what class they prefer, the gay gang that keeps more than a few Yacht Clubs open, Clubs that otherwise would be closed during the winter months; the group that have more in common than any boat-racing fraternity for the simple reason that each skipper is also the ordinary seaman, the able-bodied seaman, the mate, the helmsman, and the captain. He is more than a Commander—every command he gives must also be executed by himself. And, whether the boat is a homemade affair that cost a hundred dollars, or a specially-designed, beautiful arrangement of slimness and grace at $650, there is that characteristic of dinghy racing which not only brings boat against boat, but man against man. His tiller in one hand, his halyard in the other, he alone is responsible for the clever thinking—also

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Keeping Cool at Conneaut

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of the R. and F. Casket Company. A pint of Four Aces and three bottles of dry ginger ale, a pitcher of ice and some glasses stood on the silvery lid of a large aluminum casket. One of them told about a job that his partner had done on a jaundice case in Allentown, and another mentioned with pride the job *his* firm had done on a 460 pound man who died during a hot spell worse than this. A third said that his wife had been disappointed at not being able to come. She had been looking forward to it all year, especially the parading at night. He didn't think he'd parade without her. He added that some of those cabaret girls were pretty cute. A chunky little fellow asked if anyone wanted to shoot some golf in the morning, but they all said it was too God damn hot. The rye vanished. Their glasses left wet circles on the casket top.

An undertaker in a pair of pants and his B.V.D. top went tearing down the hall to the rear of the hotel with two girls chasing him. He had a woman's hat on his head. His convention badge was pinned to his back, and stood out behind him.

A thin bald-headed man and a stoutish woman wearing eyeglasses sat locked in a damp embrace in one corner of the display room, in front of a portable stained glass window representing, on one panel, the Virgin Mary and on the other Madonna and Child. They were a little drunk and kissed with loud smacks.

We were gathered in Curley's room. There were Dan, Lawson, Farrell, a couple of boxing writers from Chicago, one from Pittsburgh and three girls who had been sent down from Cleveland. Lawson was over by the window banging out an overnight story on his portable typewriter, quite oblivious to everyone else in the room. Suddenly from down the hall came strains of "Turkey in the Straw," whoops, catcalls and the sound of feet.

"Oh Christ," moaned Curley. He was in his pyjamas with the top unbuttoned. "Here they come again."

The music rendered on the accordion, banjo and mouth organ changed to *There's A Long Long Trail A-Winding.* Mixed voices began to sing it lustily, marching feet beat the time and many hands clapped a further rhythm. The parade drew nearer.

"They'll keep that up all night," said Curley. Lawson's typewriter went "clackety-clack clack, clack-clack-clack, clickety clack, ding." "What the hell are you writing, an epic?" asked Curley, irritably.

"A classic, my boy, just a classic," replied Lawson, cheerfully slamming the carriage back. "I am reserving my epic for the evening of the combat. If my constituents could see in what vulgar surroundings their literature is prepared . . ."

"Where's the beer?" said Dan.

Somebody said "Tony's bringing it over." There was a kick on the door, and Tony, the boy of all work at the training camp, came in with two heavy packages wrapped in brown paper under his arms. As he did so the undertakers, snake-dancing in lockstep, went by. They were now chanting *Pack Up Your Troubles In Your Old Kit Bag.*

"Christ," shouted Curley, "shut the door."

"I got a couple of stink bombs," volun-

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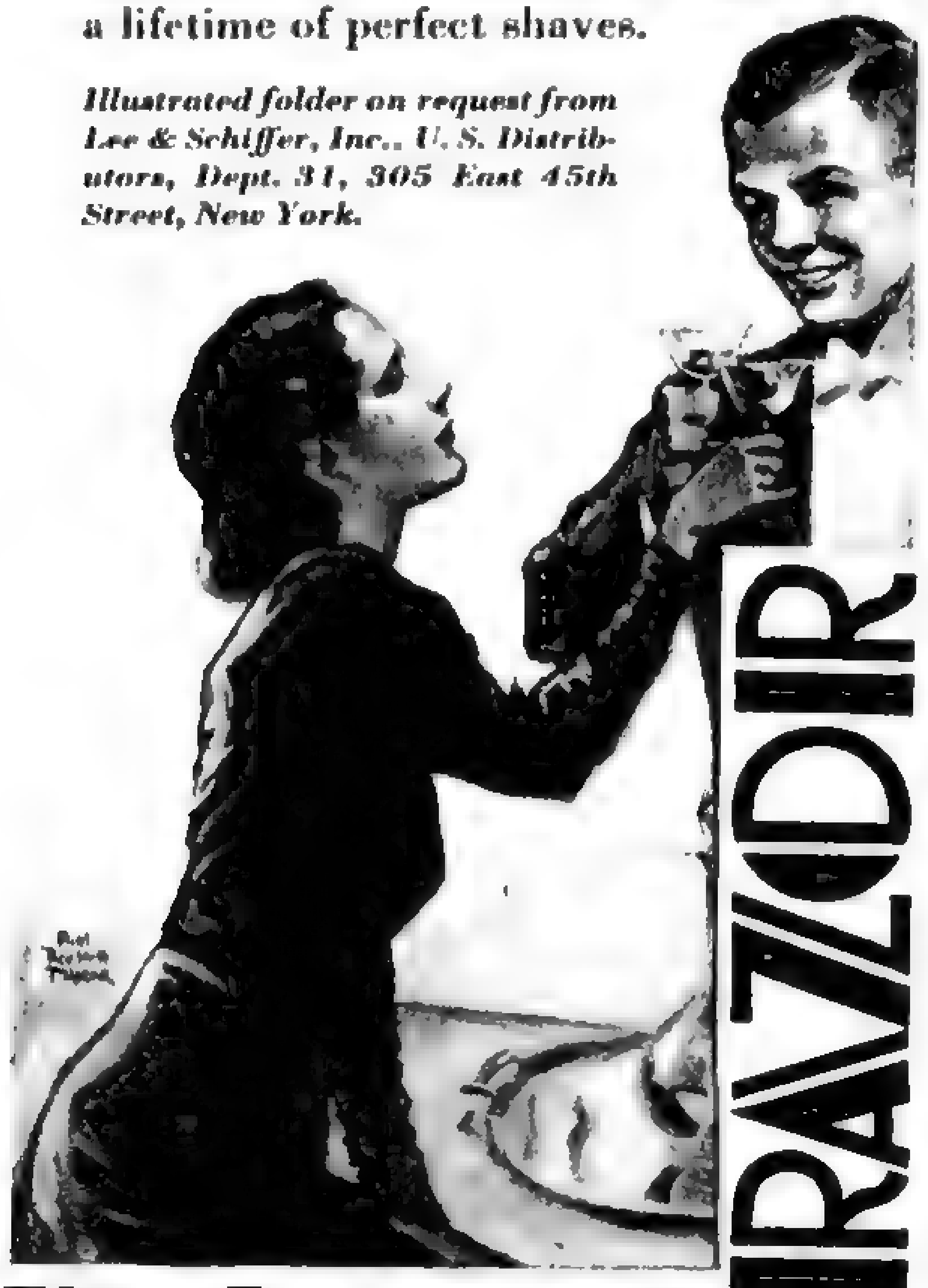


ROLLS
WITH A LIFETIME BLADE

Wrecking the Records

Continued from page 109

run in less than 49 seconds in practice, having been convinced they can do so, and consequently reach less than 47 seconds in meets. The same is true of sprinters. Only ten years ago a 9.8 second runner was a real star. Today such speed is reached by many high school boys and the answer is largely mental attitude. There has been some betterment in training methods, particularly for long distance runners. Here the Finns, led by Nurmi, have developed new theories which are evidently superior to the old methods, though we in America have failed to adopt them. In hurdling and the field events a study of form has led to great improvement. With these changes in mental attitude and in style the champions of today would easily defeat those of yesterday, if they could meet. But there are a few exceptions. George, for instance, certainly must have been in a class with our great milers, and Maxie Long rates with Eastman and Carr.

Fifty years ago all the world records were held by men of England and the United States. With increasing interest other nations have developed champions and world marks are now held by men of many different races. Today there is a tremendous athletic interest in the South American and Oriental countries, as was shown in the recent Olympiad, and tomorrow will bring new stars from every section of the globe, with a very considerable improvement in all the records.

Les Plombiers Français

Continued from page 55

replied the foreman proudly.

"Yes, but they aren't going to remain in the room this way, are they?"

"But why not?" asked the foreman, rather amazed.

"Why not! You ask me why not? It looks terrible. It spoils the whole room."

The workmen looked at one another in surprise. One of them said weakly, incredulously, "You don't like the pipes, monsieur?"

"Like the pipes!" Charlie raged. "Sure I like the pipes. I love the pipes! See?"

"Thank you very much, monsieur," said the foreman, relieved. He patted the pipes affectionately.

"But," continued Charlie, that dangerous calm coming into his voice, "I want them concealed in the wall. Understand?"

"Concealed in the wall!" The workers were horrified. "But—but monsieur, if they are concealed in the wall no one will know they are there. No one will ever *see* them!"

"That's right," said Charlie, "no one will ever see them if they are in the wall. That's right." He began to laugh a little wildly and went out and got drunk on *Pernods.*

The next day Charlie, feeling like a convalescent, sat with M. Pettit in the plumbing office. M. Pettit was very kind and patient. He explained everything. If the pipes were to be concealed in the wall, the whole wall would have to be torn down and rebuilt. It would be very expensive. It would take very much time. And besides, why should monsieur wish to conceal the pipes? After all it was not everyone in Paris who could afford such splendid pipes. Why Monsieur Ha-*rees* could be *proud* of those pipes!

When the job was finished, two iron pipes graced his living room wall.

Some time later Charlie was entertaining a friend one Sunday afternoon when the door bell rang. He opened the door and found the foreman of the plumbers with two people—a man and a woman. They were all dressed in their Sunday best. They wore expectant expressions.

"Pardon this intrusion," said the plumber, "would monsieur be so kind as to permit me to show my friends the work we have done in your studio—the shower bath and the pipes?"

Marching Feet

Continued from page 125

"Is there no such a thing as the common sense of Europe?" I asked my host, Baron Louis Rothschild, head of the Vienna branch of the famous banking house.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"What do you expect me to say?" he muttered. "To blame it all on Hitler? To pretend that all the others are perfectly innocent? To deny that it takes fifteen years of uninterrupted, universal and international blunders to create a Hitler? To close my eyes on the fact that right here in Austria we have to cope with 125,000 registered and sworn followers of Hitler? To express a pious wish that eighty million Germans would accept the dictates of a small coterie of politicians in Geneva? Don't you realize that Hitler and his aides are pursuing their insane policies, not because they do not know better but because no other policies would please the millions of men who put them in power?"

"So it's war?"

"It's much worse. It's a perennial war hysteria deprived of even that dubious benefit of certainty which goes with a war. It's a trial by fear. It is choking all business. It is turning us into a herd of maniacs."

Two weeks in Vienna showed me what Baron Rothschild meant when he said that it was "much worse" than a war. Never in the four years of the World War had I seen such tension in the streets of a big capital. Paris may have been swept by panic in the spring of 1918 but that was a "reasonable" panic. Soldiers and civilians alike, we all knew then who were our enemies and who were our friends. The thing to do in 1918 was to fight for every inch of ground and wait for the arrival of the American troops. I doubt whether there is a single human being in Vienna today, or in Paris and London for that matter, who has the remotest conception of "the thing to do." To sit tight and give Hitler enough rope? "The risk is too great," say the strategists. "He might have an extra ace up his sleeve. A mysterious gas or a fleet of super-bombers." To present him with an ultimatum and then invade the Rhineland? But there is no government in Europe today that would dare sign the order of mobilization unless the enemy had invaded its country. . . . To enlist the good services of someone whom the Nazis respect and ask him to act as a referee? But this has already been tried, tried unsuccessfully, when the representatives of the Great Powers made their pilgrimage to Rome last spring. Even Mussolini, admired as he is by Hitler, Goering and Goebbels, failed to prevent Germany's withdrawal from the League of Nations and the ensuing war hysteria.

"I envy you Americans," sighed Baron Rothschild wistfully. "To think that you have those thirty-five hundred miles of water between you and this panicky Continent!"

Strange as his words sounded to one who had only recently witnessed the milk-strike in Iowa and the clash between the police and the miners in Pennsylvania, I agreed with him whole-heartedly and I blessed the stars for those "thirty-five hundred miles of water." I wished I could bring some of my "internationally-minded" compatriots here to Vienna and make them listen to the tense silence of fear-stricken Europe. I wished someone would record with a sound-camera all that takes place on a Sunday morning between the Bay of Biscay and the Ural Mountains: the marching Nazis, the marching horizon-blue "poilus," the marching Austrian Heimwehr, the marching fascisti, the marching Yugo-Slavians, the marching Poles, the marching red soldiers of Stalin. . . . Marching feet . . . Five million pairs of marching feet . . . Five million haggard faces marked by that peculiar touch of dull, fatalistic reconciliation which is known as "thorough preparedness" to the gentlemen of General Staffs but which we laymen recognize as Despair.

"What are you doing in Europe?" I was asked by Lord Beaverbrook, the proprietor of a chain of daily newspapers in Great Britain. "Don't you know that the Big Story today is in America?"

"Today," perhaps. But I am very much afraid that the Big Story of tomorrow will be in Europe.

Another Redskin Bites the Dust

Continued from page 115

As they were riding down to Tepaltzingo he said to one of his companions: "You must tell them in the villages, that so long as I live, the land is theirs, but that when I die they must trust nobody but themselves and defend the commonlands with arms in their hands."

Here is the account of a man who was present at the assassination of Zapata:

"Guajardo was in Jonocatepec, which place he claimed to have captured from the enemy (the Carranzista troops of Pablo Gonzalez). When we heard this we went to the railroadstation of Pastor, and there Palacios was ordered by the Chief (Zapata) to write him to meet us in Tepaltzingo, to which place General Zapata would repair with thirty men, and that he should do the same. The Chief ordered his men to retire and with thirty men we went to Tepaltzingo, where we waited for Guajardo. He presented himself there around four in the afternoon, but instead of with thirty soldiers, with six hundred cavalrymen and a machinegun. When the column reached Tepaltzingo, we went out to meet it. There we saw for the first time the man who the next day was to be the assassin of our General-in-Chief whom, with all nobleness of soul, he received with open arms. 'Colonel Guajardo, I congratulate you sincerely,' he said smiling. At 10 P.M. we left Tepaltzingo for Chinameca, which was occupied by Guajardo and his column, while we spent the night at a place called the Duck Pond. Around eight in the morning we went down to Chinameca. Once there, the Chief ordered his men (a hundred and fifty who had joined us in Tepaltzingo) to form up in the square of the place while he, Guajardo, Generals Castrejón, Casales, and Camaño, Palacios and the undersigned, should go to a quiet place and discuss plans for the future campaign. A few minutes later rumors began to circulate that an enemy force was drawing near. The Chief ordered Colonel José Rodriguez of his escort to go out scouting with some men in the direction of Santa Rita. As they were leaving, Guajardo, who had gone out to give orders to his men, came back saying, 'General, you give the orders, shall I go out with infantry or cavalry?' 'The plain is very much broken up, you'd better send out infantry,' replied General Zapata, and we retired. From Piedra Encimada we looked over a wide stretch of country, but not seeing any sign of enemy troopmovements in any direction we went back to the hacienda buildings of Chinameca. It was approximately half past twelve in the afternoon. The Chief had sent Colonel Palacios to talk to Guajardo, who was going to turn over five thousand cartridges, and when we arrived at Chinameca immediately asked for him. There presented themselves Captain Ignacio Castillo and a sergeant, and in the name of Guajardo, Castillo invited the Chief to come into the inner court of the hacienda buildings where Guajardo was arranging the subject of the munitions with Palacios. We chatted for about half an hour with Castillo, and after reiterated invitations the Chief assented. 'We'll go to see the Colonel. Let only ten men come with me,' he ordered. And jumping on his horse —a sorrel that Guajardo had presented to him the day before—he started for the gate of the hacienda. Ten of us followed him as he had ordered, the rest of our people remaining confidently stretched out in the shade of some trees with their rifles stacked. The guard drawn up at the gate made as if to get ready to do him the honors. The bugle sounded the salute three times and as the last note died out, just as the General-in-Chief arrived at the threshold of the gate, in a most miserable villainous cowardly way, point blank, without giving us time even to draw our pistols, the soldiers who were presenting arms twice discharged their rifles, and our General Zapata fell never to rise again. His faithful assistant, Augustín Corres, died at the same time. Palacios must have been assassinated inside the hacienda. The surprise was terrible. The soldiers of the traitor Guajardo, entrenched in the heights, in the plain, in the ravine, from all directions (there were about a thousand men) discharged their rifles on us. Resistance soon proved to be useless. On one side we were a mere handful of men, in consternation over the loss of our Chief, on the other side a thousand enemies taking the advantage of our confusion to punish us unmercifully. Thus was the tragedy. Thus did the perfidious Guajardo repay the noble confidence of our General-in-Chief. So died Emiliano Zapata, so die brave men, men of honor, when their enemies, unable to defeat them in any other way, have recourse to treason and crime. As I said before, my General, enclosed are all the documents relating to the event. And offering you my deep and sincere condolences for the death of our fellowcitizen, the General-in-Chief, who can never be mourned enough, let me repeat to you, my General, the assurances of my subordination and respect.

Reform, Liberty, Justice and Law.
At the revolutionary camp at Sauces,
State of Morelos
April 10, 1919
The private secretary,
Major Salvador Reyes Aviles."

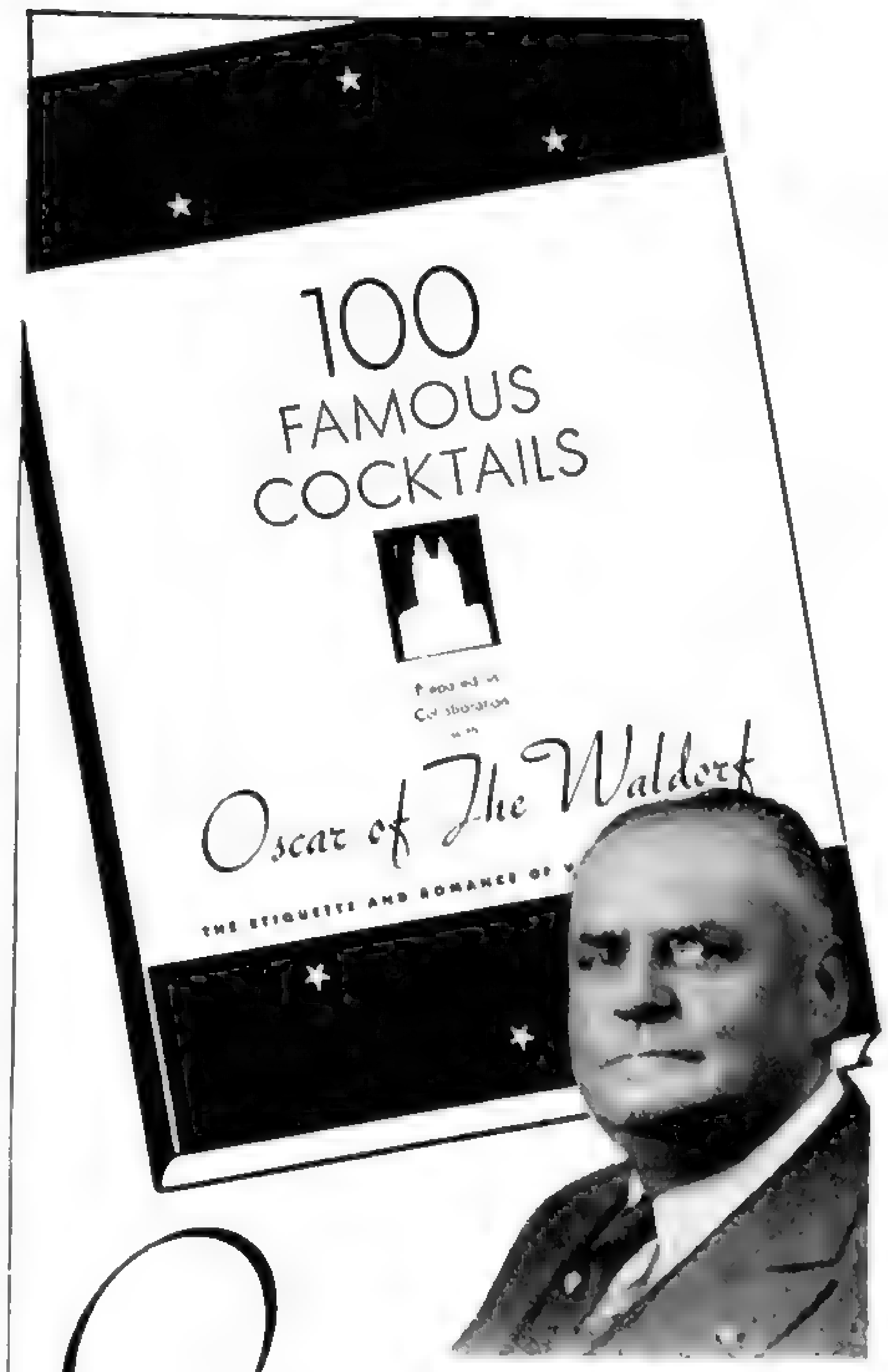
The Candid Camera Man

Continued from page 127

adapts his tunes to jazz, gets famous, and buys an orchestral performance for the old man's symphony. "It is remarkable," the conductor says, "what one has to do to give the world what it has been waiting for." "Beloved" keeps a lump in the throat for seventy minutes.

The campaign for "new faces" in the films brings us Anna Sten, Russian, in "Nana." The little lady is quite beautiful to look at, with much s.a. of a simple fleshly variety, but the picture is stodgy, pretentious, and utterly without the Zola verve. One can't quite decide about Anna. Maybe it was the wrong picture, or maybe she really can't act.

Garbo, whom they are so frantic to replace, is noble as "Queen Christina," a Swedish historical part tailored to her measure. The final closeup of her face, suggesting a boat's figurehead, is austerely beautiful and the sum of all her art.



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A Day with a Broadbill

Continued from page 37

then the other. I worked my arms back and forth. That helped. I took off my hat and tossed it onto the cockpit seat and opened my shirt collar. Sweat was pouring off in rivers.

For half an hour he kept steadily on his way, then, and without the slightest warning, went into high gear.

"WHRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!" The reel actually screamed, the scream of tortured metal. We speeded up but still the line seemed to melt from the spool. A thousand feet must have been gone! Things were getting dangerous. I looked back at Joe and pointed toward the fast dwindling line. He nodded and increased our speed. This helped a little but not too much. A few minutes more and both fish and line would be gone.

With scarcely two hundred feet left on the spool the run slowed down and stopped, to be followed by heavy, surging blows that jarred me clear down to my feet. That was not so good, with all that line out, nor was it so bad, either. After all, his run had stopped and it was my turn now. If ever I was to get that lost line back I had better be about it.

Tightening up the drag as much as I dared, I started to pump and reel, Joe helping me as much as he could by working the boat toward where we thought the fish should be. Pump and reel, pump and reel, pump and reel, that damnable formula in big game fishing—that back-breaking lift and drop of the rod and picking up of the slack with each downward thrust, without which no big fish can be landed. Wet line began to pile upon the spool. Water ran off the guides and down the rod, until it slipped and slithered in my grasp. A puddle formed under my feet. Trouser legs were soaked. But I was getting line! Getting it! Getting it! Doing what you must do in this kind of fishing. Get it when you can, while you can, as you can—but get it!

Joe came aft with words of encouragement.

"Atta boy! Yuh got him comin'! Sock him now! Don't give him no chance at all!"

Humph! Maybe yes—maybe no. One does what one can in broadbill fishing and thanks God for small favors. Actually, though, it did seem as though I was getting the upper hand. He seemed to come more easily with every minute. Line was piling up like magic—nearly nine hundred feet, perhaps more, were back on the spool. I was getting it yards at a time. I tightened up more and tried to lift harder and faster. Right there I made a mistake! That fish was of no mind to be horsed up to any boat. He started off again!

"WHRRRRRRRRRR!" Once again he headed for Long Point!

"Guess he's got a compass on him!" Joe grinned.

Well—that was that. One thing, there was not so much line out. I eased back, called for a cigarette, a drink of water, and looked at my watch. One o'clock! Three hours! We should be eating lunch but only the good Lord knew when I would eat again! Anyhow we had the whole afternoon before us and so far the water was perfect although a dark line to westward told of the coming of wind and sea. It is no fun to fight a big fish with a nasty afternoon chop running, but we have all done it and will do it again.

The haze had lifted and broken. The tops of Catalina's twin peaks, Black Jack and Orizaba, showed, but the bulk of the island was hidden. Behind us the houses and concrete streets on the sloping Point Fermin headland by San Pedro were like a varicolored checkerboard. The wind was coming up fast, blowing the fog to shreds, sweeping the haze away to leeward and whipping up whitecaps. Joe came aft and tapped me on the shoulder.

"He's got a friend to keep him company!" he announced pointing.

Sure enough there was another broadbill almost over where our fish should be. For a minute I thought it was ours and wondered how he had surfaced without my knowing it.

"WHRRRRRRRRRRRRR!" The voice of the reel pealed shrill and sharp. The line seemed to lift into the air as though pulled by invisible fingers. Further and further away from the boat it entered the water. He was surfacing. Suddenly Joe yelled:

"I'll be go to hell! He's goin' to feed!"

Here is one for Ripley. That swordfish headed straight for a school of milling sardines. Into it he went, his great sword lashing back and forth. Then he calmly went about gobbling up his prey! That, after three hours and a half of my fighting him with everything I had!

I looked at Joe—he looked at me. We will just skip what we both said, but I was mad clear through. I felt as though I had suffered a deliberate slap in the face! Screwing up the drag I really went to work.

The next hour and a half is a nightmare! Pump and reel, pump and reel, pump and reel! Sometimes I got a little line, inches at a time. More often I lost it—and by feet. Sometimes we both just surged up and down against each other, neither of us able to get an inch. The fibres of the rod creaked and groaned. My hands blistered. The blisters broke. Salt water ran down into them and chafed them on the rod until they were little more than two pieces of raw meat. Blood squeezed from between fingers. Arms, legs, back, head all ached and throbbed. The horizon seemed to spin crazily. Everything blended into one white hell of pain and fatigue. The sea had come up and water slopped over the side and stern and sloshed around underfoot. The fishing chair twisted and spun. Joe was right beside me most of the time, his face grim and drawn. I had only the vaguest idea of his presence other than to dimly realize that someone was there, steadying my chair.

After an hour and a half of this and with no appreciable gain or loss, I gave up. Flesh and blood could stand no more. Slumping back in the chair I eased the drags and wiped the sweat out of my eyes.

"Some fight, feller!" Joe said quietly. "I never seen a fish worked on so hard before! Better take it easy for a while. We got all night and tomorrow."

"Thanks. Gimme some water and a cigarette."

"WHRRRR!" sang the reel, its voice throaty, tired and sullen.

He was sinking again, going straight down! God! I couldn't stand much of that! To have to hold on through half an hour or so of steady sinking and then to have to pump and reel him up again—would be just beyond endurance!

I didn't have to. Thank Heaven he stopped after pulling off about two hundred feet. I could feel him jerking, twisting, rolling, beating with his sword. By all the rules of the game this was the time for me to go after him hard—but I simply had not the strength. I had given everything I had.

Suddenly the tip jerked up. The line began to surface again, moving swiftly away from the boat. A dark fin, a great purple body appeared off about two hundred yards. A flick of the great tail and he started straight for us. I could not reel fast enough to keep the line taut. Joe yelled and jumped for the controls. I got out of my chair and slipped the rod into my belt socket. God only knew what might happen next!

This fellow had all the earmarks of charging us. Sometimes they do. Both of us had experienced the thrills of that the year before and had no wish to repeat. For half an hour a huge fish had rushed our boat furiously and why he did not hit us, or leap aboard, I don't know to this day.

Our alarm passed. About fifty feet away he slowed down and stopped, lying in the swell and looking us over, seeming to be figuring what next to do. Being so close aboard there was little danger of breaking the twenty-four thread line, so I tightened up and tried to drag him over within reach of the gaff. I might as well have tried to pull Catalina Island!

Apparently satisfied with what he had seen, he started circling us again, his tail throwing white water ten feet on either side. We could neither head him nor follow him. We tried stopping the boat and letting him tow us, but that was too much for me.

Pretty soon he sounded again, this time on a long slant and as fresh as a daisy.

"WHRRRR! WHRRRR! WHRRRR!"

By this time Joe and I both knew that we were beaten—that only by a miracle would we ever get that fish. Sooner or later something was bound to give way. Six and a half hours of that sort of usage and the best tackle in the world begins to weaken. Strange sounds were coming from within my B-Ocean reel.

After three or four hundred feet he stopped and started his twisting, rolling tactics again. Realizing that whatever happened must happen quickly and seeming to have gathered a second or tenth wind from somewhere or another, I started to pump and reel. Without paying much attention to the moderately big seas which were rolling down under the drive of the afternoon westerly, I worked hard and seemed to be getting the upper hand again. Suddenly, just as I lifted, and without my having seen it coming, a big sea rolled up under us, tossing us away from the fish. There was a sharp jerk, I almost fell back out of the chair—and the fight was over!

Wearily I reeled in. There it was—a broken line! Well—that was that. Probably we swore a little. I don't remember. I do remember taking a drink of something stronger than water, however. 'Fore God, I needed it!

Joe lighted a cigarette, took one last look at the purpling sea into which our late adversary had faded, and headed back to Avalon. Six and a half long hours of heart-breaking struggle and at the end of it all, a broken line, a bent and twisted rod, and two weary men! That is broadbill sword-fishing!

Stage-Door Johnny, Esq.

Continued from page 133

young lady within a few minutes after their first encounter. This feat of emancipation is quite understandable, however, in view of the fact that the lady is Irene Purcell, attractive of person and gifted with a captivating something-or-other in her voice. The play is mildly funny, and by no means a waste of time.

"Jezebel," despite the engaging presence of Miriam Hopkins, is a false, hollow, tentwent'-thirt' attempt at romanticizing some dark deeds in the Louisiana swamps of befo' de wah. Its phoney plot is set forth in banal dialogue.

STOP PRESS: Eugene O'Neill's "Days Without End" is terrible! Details later.

The Paradox of Hollywood

Continued from page 29

gradually for their work. While all concerned work strenuously while a picture is being made, that is, at most, four weeks, between pictures hundreds are idle, and innumerable secretaries, typists and chauffeurs furnish a mass of work which is uselessly tripled because their masters are spoiled. This squandering on copies and conferences, and above all the waste in hours of sheer idleness, are something the like of which I have never seen in any business in any country in the world.

The symbol of this waste is the telephone. The intensity of these phone calls, the length of these conversations (mostly leading to nothing), the endless repetition of opinions, contradictions, changes of mind, the whims, accidents, and particularly the jealousies, which determine the decisions of the all-powerful—all of this creates a thoroughly feminine atmosphere. If the telephone in a studio broke down for four weeks, twice as much would be achieved, because it would be more difficult to exchange useless and idiotic conversation, while the few who are really working together could meet and understand each other.

This excess wealth is expressed only in the squandering of production costs, not in the private lives of those who own the money. Their fine but never ostentatious houses are the only pleasure which these potentates permit themselves. But, as they have no opportunity in America to eat or drink well, as they read nothing but the stock market reports, and collect nothing but money, they create a kind of middle-class life which the stranger to this fabulous place least expects. One of the leading actors was so proud neither of his work, nor his fame, nor his salary as of his market investments. But he did all this without excitement, with quiet caution.

HOLLYWOOD is a huge factory in which art is tolerated so long as it does not interfere with business, a rather boring, but very decent collection of technicians, craftsmen and artists, who have been completely tamed by a handful of business men, so that they form a handsome group, like trained tigers, and are rewarded by being well fed in their comfortable cages. If it had less money it would produce finer things, but if it produced only fine things, it would soon have no money at all. (*Translated by Ernest Boyd.*)

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They All Meet at Abie's at Eight

Continued from page 126

ufacture centered in Havana, where the raw material for this kind of ART has official police connivance.

But in American towns, this phase of popular entertainment has never been widely tolerated. An occasional sergeant, captain or lieutenant may get wind of a display and let it proceed without other penalty than his private tax. Plain-clothes men are always about to get tips on these shows. A raid and arrests make rich merits for assiduous flatfeet.

Their diligence brought about side rackets.

In Brooklyn a gathering filled their lungs with smoke and their stomachs with beer and their vision with vileness one night when six cops broke in, six plain-clothes cops who were exceedingly rough. Boys hopped out of loft windows and shinnied down fire-escapes. Many of them were grabbed, and when one cop phoned for a wagon, their alarm was great. Names in the papers might instantly require their perusal of other parts of the papers—the want ads, for new jobs.

One cop whispered a word, and his idea caught on. The boys pooled a fund of fifty dollars, which the cops divided, and the boys were released while the films and the operator were piled in a cab and the driver directed to go to headquarters. He didn't. He stopped at a hang-out, where the money was divided, and the cops and the operator enjoyed a drink and proceeded to stage the same shake-down act at a different place.

Enterprising business men like Abie deal only with a reliable merchant of these forbidden fruits of art, one not allied with acting and active extortionists.

Yet there's another side racket much safer for the racketeer. A smart young man in Chicago practiced it and remained well within the law although he could never get away with it in the same place twice. He arranged with a group for lascivious pictures; sent two burly boys out with the cans.

The audience sat on edge for the illustrated lecture. They got one. The saloon cellar on the south side where the fiesta was held echoed with roars of disappointment. Instead of frankly ribald females and their mercenary male companions, the pictures were outrageously educational—of scenes of the world's best architecture and one prolonged exposition of the late Luther Burbank demonstrating the results of intensive horticulture. There might easily have been a minor riot, but the film-men, as noted, were burly boys who had collected, as is the custom, c.o.d., for their art. That particular gag has been worked many times, in many towns, by a slick syndicate that knows very well no comeback can be inflicted by the police for all they contract to produce are pictures, without specifying whether or not the pictures shall be of anatomy or architectonics.

Figures in a nefarious trade are always difficult to get, and unauthoritative when obtained. The fact that the nefarious art exists manifests its profit. The fact also that adequate police forces in America maintain morality squads to detect and suppress these by-products of general aphrodisiacism, implies their prevalence.

Once on a train from Nice to Genoa I found myself in a compartment with a pair of news-reel photographers on their way to Milan to pan the stern-panned Mussolini. One of them was a cockney who had fled to France, as he frankly admitted, dropping all h's behind him. The police of London made English geography obnoxious and undesirable to him. His conversation quickly identified him as one of the rare and nauseating cameramen who lend their talent to libidinous productions.

"I'm going to South America when I get some lucre," he announced. "This live art racket gets a big play down there."

He confided, as he saw that our interest was much livelier than our admiration, that his poor old father had always said that some day he would be hanged.

I have heard few truer expressions of paternal devotion.

The Forest of Light

Continued from page 94

portant."

"I'll soon show that," said Holburn with heat.

"Let the questioning proceed," the judge ruled.

Holburn leaned toward Margaret Younge. "You have testified that you felt certain a deer was ahead of you in the trees when you fired. Am I correct?"

She nodded slowly and touched a small handkerchief to her eyes. Holburn waited with respect he did not feel. When she appeared to have composed herself, he went on.

"All right. What kind of trees were about you?"

She appeared thoughtful. "Birch, I think."

"You're not certain?"

"Yes, they were birch trees."

He continued, as if in a resumé for himself. "It was nearing five o'clock. Was there much underbrush?"

She seemed to have difficulty in recalling such a detailed picture of the scene. "Some, I think."

He said suddenly, "What kind of trees were in the place your husband met his death . . . thirty yards away from you?"

She answered hesitantly, "The same kind."

He waved an arm, as if to indicate the entire forest. "Only birch trees around both of you?"

She was growing tired and somewhat nervous. Her voice was fretful. "We were in a birch forest."

"That's all," said Holburn with finality, and turned to the judge as Margaret Younge left the stand. "I'd like to recall Jacques Brulé, Mrs. Younge's guide."

The French-Indian's dark shoebutton eyes ran swiftly about the courtroom as he came in. He moved lithely, stepping easily up on the witness stand. Holburn launched his examination immediately.

"You have testified that you were at the scene of Hammond Younge's death, that you helped to carry his body back to camp. That's right?"

The woodsman nodded several times. "Yes."

"Then you are familiar with the place?"

"Well, sure. How many times before have I been there to make camp, I don't know. Maybe more."

"I see," said Holburn. "Then you are capable of describing the place in detail."

"Certain."

"What kind of trees are there?"

"Birch trees," was the quick reply.

"What other kind of trees are there?"

"No. Only birch trees there."

Holburn asked for no more description, but changed his course abruptly. "How far could you see in that birch forest at five o'clock on the day Mr. Younge was killed?"

"Oh, maybe I could see fifty yards. Yes."

"Did you see fifty yards?"

"Sure. I see the people that far."

Holburn's voice rose in pitch. "If there had been pine or spruce or any other kind of trees, except birch trees, in that place at that time, could you have seen that far?"

"No."

"Could any one, in your opinion, have seen clearly for that distance?"

"No."

Bent toward the guide, his feet wide apart, as if he were ready to meet a physical shock, Holburn barked at Brulé, "Why not?"

"Because the birch trees are white, and it is light in a birch forest after other forests are dark."

"Then," shouted Holburn, "in the birch forest where Hammond Younge was killed by his wife it was light, because the white birch trees held enough light for a person to see a distance of . . ."

But Margaret Younge did not let him finish. She stood up screaming in a wild, incoherent manner, and bailiffs quickly took her from the courtroom.

Entr'acte at The Folies-Bergeres

Continued from page 63

thing!' Art! You're the best in the world, I tell you, and you won't let yourself be just that. You'll let your own little self stand in the way. Because a white man can't kiss your hands. Because you can't be charming and sweet to a little white boy."

Again the knock on the door.

"Joe! You! You! Give me that contract. Give it to me now. I'm going back to Harlem. Harlem! Boy!—You know what it is you're doing to me?"

"Yes. Sure. I'm bringing you home. As many dollars as francs, I said, that's—"

"Oh, here. I'll sign it, you fill it in. Get out, now. See you after the show. Boy, you're going to see Lily Johnson's farewell. Bye, bye, blackbird—But I'll never sing the St. Louis Blues again, you hear?"

"Want to bet? For me, you'll sing what you like. Up in Lennox Avenue you'll sing everything you know—Listen, Lily. This is business for me, of course. But I'm not telling you wrong, kid. You're the best in the world."

"Will you get out, or will I wrap this iron around your neck?—See you after the show —You—you're sure I won't flop in New York, Joe?"

"When did you ever flop? Give me that contract, then. O.K. After the show, Lily."

The second act was slow in starting, but they're used to that in Paris. There was a little novelty in it. Instead of singing "Je rappelerai" for her second number, Miss Lily Johnson sang "Depuis le jour" from the opera "Louise." She stopped the show. As she took her bows, there were tears in her eyes.

Science into Fantasy

Continued from page 24

geometrical structure of the Universe."

After this circuitous tour of ingenious and presumptuous affirmations, which do not even explain their own meanderings, we are back face to face with a mystery identical with that of Newton's system and with that of all systems and all religions. All we have done is to tinkle our little bells of words and figures in the presence of the unknowable. That is something, no doubt, but we are only too tempted to believe that it is everything.

Becquerel concludes in the following terms: "Whatever may be the evolution of ideas in the future, the union of space and time, the inertia and weight of energy, the law of gravity, the dynamics of relativity, the curvature of the Universe, the general laws of electro-magnetism are results, almost all due to the genius of Einstein, which will remain the permanent possession of science.

"The present theory may be retouched or completed, especially as regards the cosmological hypotheses and the generalization of Einstein's theory. But one thing can be definitely stated: a return to the ideas still rooted in certain minds is impossible."

With reservations as to the law of gravity, which remains frankly Newtonian, in the absence of anything better, and as to the dynamics of relativity, which practically do not exist, and as to the curvature of the Universe, which is admissible only in a restricted universe, I can agree with this opinion.

For the rest, the new theories do not agree on essential points. It is said, for example, that the universe is a bubble, or rather that it is on the surface of a four dimensional bubble, three of space and one of time, and that between this bubble and the other bubble-universes which may exist, there is a void which no radiation can traverse.

It is also said that matter becomes manifest only through the deformation of four dimensional Space-Time, that space curves inward because of the matter it contains, or that it would not exist if there were no mat-

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Styling for Airliners

Continued from page 44

usually reserved to the pilot. We show, in the bottom illustration of the second color page, a suggestion for the partition between the cabin and the operator's compartment. The door itself is shaped after the human body, i. e., the widest point being at the shoulders, has a bluish corrugated glass in the center and the same corrugated decorations carried out in the leather trim around it.

Two chrome handles give you something to hang on to in bumpy weather whilst you open the door. Above, arranged in a decorative stainless steel frame with engraved lettering, are encased oversized dials of the four instruments, which give to the novice an idea about the speed of the motors, relative air-speed, altitude, and direction. Both decorative and practical, these instruments ought to be edge-lighted at night, making them visible, on account of their size, to rear passengers of the cabin.

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No More Trouble for Jedwick

Continued from page 59

train rattled on, carriages hitting track-cracks with ever-increasing crescendo. Fool, anyone who risked life unnecessarily. That trackman. Why hadn't he let well enough alone? Dead now, and nothing gained. Never would *he* risk the quickness of life except in the defense of his own.

On into the night the bumping freight train sped. North. Where he could achieve that departure from the old and sink into the blissful anonymity of its millions, renascence, born again, with only dead memories to remind him of the past. Yassuh, he speculated. Dassit. Goin' git free in *New* York. But gotta watch out fo' that bull. Whereat I wonder is fust division stop on thisyere line? Some'rs 'long hyeah. He pried the door open a crack. The sun had set and blue darkness had fallen over the countryside that bobbed swiftly by his limited vision. A hot wind blew in his face.

Yassuh. Like sho' nuff git me a lettle shet-eye, can't takin' no chances. Bull goin' look in thesehyeah cars fust crack outn the box do we make a division stop. We git in the Junction mornin' sometime . . . then, nigger, you is free. Yassuh. Dassit—free! The thought made his brain spin airily. No more trouble for Jedwick!

Well, no more later; but just now the cars pulled up under brakes and came to a jerking halt. He shoved open the door and glanced out. Blackness. Tall brush alongside the cinder roadbed. Lucky. Jedwick was always lucky. He jumped down and squatted behind the weeds. Sure enough. The bull had a flash, and he peered into the recesses of every car. Another train, a passenger, thundered on past in the opposite direction. Jedwick waited until the freight train began to move, then he hopped out like a big rabbit scooting across an open space, and swung himself up into the car. That was all right. He was good for another hour.

That hour found him asleep. Fatigue fells all men. Jedwick fell asleep, woke when the train stopped again—which was too late. He was on his knees when the light flashed in.

"What the hell you doin' in there?" the bull shouted.

Jedwick, a thinking animal in danger, murmured in a much broader accent than his own, "Cain't po' man rahd in disyere train, yo' honah?"

"Comin' outa there?"

"Sho gwine come out, yassuh."

He jumped down, but squatted his great frame into a much smaller figure. The railroad bull clicked his light into Jedwick's face. "Say, ain't you the same nigger I chased in Alexandria?"

"Whut Alesandria?"

"Din I tell yer to stay outa them cars?"

"Me, yo' honah? Nossuh," Jedwick exhibited surprise.

"Hell I ain't!"

"Nossuh," Jedwick said gently but firmly.

"Where'd y' git on?"

"Bout a nour back yander, yo' honah, suh. Ah bo'd de train when de cyahs stoppin' sahd them there weeds. 'Scuse me, suh."

"Well," said the man, not exactly satisfied, "git on outa here. You can't ride in these here trains. An' I ketch y' ridin' agin," he showed Jedwick an army Colt strapped to his trousers, "I'm gonna plug ya." He meant it. "I see you agin," the white man added, "you git it."

Jedwick hunched his shoulders. "I'se so'y, yo honah. Ah gone git away f'om hyeah jes lahk y'all say. Gone right now." He started off toward the rear of the train. "Ain't meant nary hahm, suh," he murmured.

"See you stay 'way," the bull called after him.

When the freight train pulled out again Jedwick was on it. After the next stop the bull knew he was on it. It was a game of hide and seek. At each stop the Negro ran for cover in the weeds, and thanked the night for being darker than the ace of spades. He saw the blue steel of a gun behind the flash as the detective prowled through the cars.

Jedwick wondered why the man wouldn't let well enough alone. Damn me!, but people sho' huntin' trouble wid big guns. Why fo' ever body come messin' 'round me? What I wanna harm nobody fo'? They keeps messin' 'round stid leavin' me be, an' mo' trouble happen fo' you know it. That man goin' kill me ifn he ketches me, he thought, or I goin' try to kill him. Why anybody want kill someone else?

The bull wouldn't of course, let well enough alone. He knew there was only one way to nab the black bastard—that was on the moving train. There was some danger in that, but the bull didn't consider danger. His job was to get that pernicky nigger the hell and gone off his train.

Crawling along the tops of the cars, he swung himself down over the one he suspected. He gently wedged it open and slipped in. Jedwick sat square in front of the door, his legs spread and tensed, waiting. The bull plopped between the black man's outstretched legs, and Jedwick caught him full in the face with a large but cunning heel. The man's pistol cracked against the side of the car, and the white bull's body dropped out like a sack of potatoes and hit the cinders with a thud. Jedwick sighed as at the completion of an unpleasant duty. Trouble, he thought philosophically; why people allus huntin' 'round fo' trouble?

The sunrise got pink in the east. He sized up the land about him. Wasn't but a few minutes out of the Junction. Better slip off before that cop was missed. Shortly the freight slowed. He hopped it from the ladder.

It was a mile or so to the highway. The sun was just blazing up properly. Another boiling day. A truck was the thing.

Free. Escape was almost certain now. They couldn't pin the railroad bull's accident on him. And Alabama would never get him if he reached New York. Of course he'd reach New York. One of those wonderful red vans came chugging up the highway. By God, this was luck! A colored chauffeur was at the wheel. Going right into the city. Jedwick's luck was an enchanted affair. When the truck approached he flicked his hand and smiled teethily. The driver jammed his brakes. Didn't he say his luck was magic?

"Sho' nice of you," he said as he skipped up on the seat. He sank into the leather cushion blissfully. "Yassuh."

"Goin' into New York?"

"Yassuh."

"Where you from?"

"Been bummin' my way up from the District," said Jedwick. "Ole feller goin' far as the las' town in a little Fo'd brang me thus far."

"I got a samwich I ain't et," said the driver. "You're perfectly welcome to it."

"Sho' nice of you," he repeated. He took the sandwich and swallowed it whole. "My name Jedwick," he grunted past the last mouthful.

At Canal and Sixth Avenue the driver said, "Like you to drop off here, buddy. I get caught ridin' anybody in, it's jes' too bad fo' me."

"Yassuh," said Jedwick gratefully. "Sho' nice of you." He dropped down and the truck turned up Sixth Avenue.

Mud-Hens and Loons

Continued from page 140

the clever acting; and this is the punch of the sport, the *raison d'etre.*

Of course, there is always a passenger taken along, affectionately called "the crew" but such a person is aboard in order to qualify for the committee's regulation that "dead ballast is not permitted." The skipper and "crew" must weigh at least 275 pounds.

With appropriate festival and foolishment, the Frostbite Yacht Club recently celebrated its third birthday. The causes for commemoration were adequate indeed, for, in that short period of time, dinghy racing has become a firmly-established sport. Every single month for three years a race has been held in Northern waters! The North American Dinghy Association has grown into an organization with chapters in several states, and with a membership of nearly 300. This sporty and easy-going class includes quite a number of yachtsmen from other classes; and it is not difficult to understand why a boating organization which offers the maximum of fun for individual achievement and a minimum of fuss and bother, should grow to great popularity.

But it isn't so simple to understand why certain of these fellows christened their boats the way they did. People who are willing—even eager—to sacrifice personal comfort for personal sport (and boatmen in general are characterized by this quality), and, in the case of dinghy races, those people who are carried by this eagerness to do their stuff in cold and snow—it follows immediately that these enthusiasts should give their boats such names as *Eskimo, Iceberg, Pneumonia, Blizzard, Snow Ball* or *Frozen Asset.* But what could prompt such a quaint name as *Wiggles?* Or *Barnacle?* Or *Taps? Feather* suggests a pleasant fleetness and buoyancy; but, there's another one called *Baby Hippo!* And what sort of mental peregrinations would cause an owner to arrive at *Tub?* Is it because his boat makes him think of a tub (a possibility not too far-fetched), or is it because he associates the pleasantness he gets in the tub with the same satisfaction he gets in *Tub?* Such names as *High Ball* and *Floating Kidney* will come into greater popularity with the repeal era. Hobart Ford's yacht *Mother Goose* carries one of these frostbite dinghies appropriately named *Golden Egg.* Curiously, the dink *Fanny Dunker* is owned by a man who is neither a mud-hen nor a loon.

Prima Donna's Husband

Continued from page 21

masculine, with an extra measure of male hormones in their composition.)

While I am at it, I may as well give the world what is known as the low-down on the affair between Madame Altissima and her octogenarian multi-millionaire "lover." It illustrates perfectly the difference between inside-looking-out and outside-looking-in. Here are the facts:

Horace Livy Juvenilia (I cannot give his right name, of course) was a nice old gentleman of the old school, a widower of long standing, with great grandchildren, and a fortune estimated at a hundred million.

As a young man he had fallen in love with Patti from afar, and almost committed suicide in his hopeless passion. Later, he fell in love with Lilli Lehmann and Nordica. A beautiful opera singer was a goddess to him. He burned incense of adoration at the three shrines of these ladies for fifty years. When the flame was dying, Altissima sent it flaring in his old heart again.

Like a shy, incoherent adolescent, he sent my wife mash notes, bushels of flowers, rare perfumes and vintages, but never even hinted at a meeting.

It piqued Mizzi. She wanted to see him, and invited him on one of her less occupied afternoons. Politely, profusely apologetic, he refused. But a prima donna will have her way.

He came tremblingly into the room. I felt sorry for the old gentleman in his nervous excitement. But Madame Altissima soon put him at his ease, and was extremely kind and considerate.

After that first break, he called whenever he could, though he asserted she had, as he had feared, destroyed his delightful pretense with himself of being a youth in love. However, he enjoyed her rare moments of company, and they became good friends. I liked the old fellow very much myself.

But his relatives made a big fuss, fearing, I suppose, that they were going to lose him and his money to Madame Altissima. They tried to stop what they thought was senile folly, and the newspapers got hold of the story and made the most and worst of it.

Furious at their meddling, Mr. Juvenilia as a defiant gesture bought a necklace for a half million dollars and sent it to my wife!

With a note (which I wrote), in which she sadly decided they had better sever their friendship, Madame Altissima returned the glorious string of pearls, thanking him, sending him her love, and telling him she would always think of him when she sang *Il Trovatore*, his favorite.

Mr. Juvenilia is still hale and hearty, and is always in his box alone when Altissima sings. And that night when she appeared as *Mimi*, and those two standees gossiped, it was just as well they didn't know that her prima donna husband had visited her lonely old "lover" in his box, after the second act, with a note and a birthday gift of the cigars he likes—one of the cigars having been kissed by her, which she challenged him to discover!

Yes, the prima donna husband has to know what all of them know, and see all sides of the situation, and sense his own true place in the complex and delicate relationship.

His success, I think, will be measured by his humility and understanding.

I take my pen in hand

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Keeping Cool at Conneaut

Continued from page 141

teered Tony, "why don't you throw 'em among 'em?"

"You'd be doing the bastards a favor," said Lawson without looking up from his typewriter.

The noise of the parade began to fade. "Get Edgar to bring us some ice." One of the Chicago reporters reached over and pushed the button. There was a silence through which the keys of Lawson's typewriter sounded like triphammers. Lawson looked around and said—"For Pete's sake, somebody say something. I can't work when it's quiet."

"Who shall I bet on in the fight?" asked a blonde and giggled.

"The Dutchman'll knock him out," said Dan.

"He will in a—" began Curley when Edgar kicked open the door.

"Ice," said Curley. "A couple-abuckets full and make it snappy. Madame du Barry over here has a great thirst."

Edgar grinned. "There ain't any."

"Isn't any what?"

"Ice. We're all out of it."

"You're all out of it? A hotel running short of ice in this weather? Holy . . ."

"They hadda use it up this afternoon. They got more coming in the morning. They hadda use it on account of it bein' so awful hot for them two stiffs they had sent over from the penitentiary. This is the hottest I can remember around here."

"Jesus!" said Curley. Lawson's big laugh filled the room. "Ho ho ho ho! Can you beat that? Nobody can get a drink around here because they've used up the ice keeping a couple of *dead* guys cool when everybody who's still alive is dying of heat? Ho, ho ho!"

Curley uncapped a bottle of beer savagely and the warm liquid shot up like a geyser, hitting the ceiling and leaving a yellow stain. Curley looked up at the mark while the beer continued to foam over the bottle neck. "I hope," he said, and his face was composed for prayer, "I hope that Dutch bastard gets killed when he gets in the ring, for bringing us to a joint like this to train!"

"I'll drink it warm," said one of the girls, and reached out her hand for a bottle. "Gimme."

Science into Fantasy

Continued from page 147

ter, because the latter creates it when its position changes, while others hold that matter destroys space by occupying it.

There are some who state that space is an elastic solid, but others declare that it is incompressible. Certain people maintain that gravity is caused by the longitudinal waves associated with ordinary light and radiating heat, or that it is due to centered shocks of electrons.

The most accepted thinkers, and the most peremptory, conclude that it is a geometrical property of the universe, which explains everything and puts an end to all discussion.

When Paul Langevin, one of our most eminent men of science, declares that "we must consider a geometry determined by the real content of the Universe," one wonders if anybody ever thought of geometry determined by anything else. The difficulty is to know just what is this real content, and I do not believe that, even today, we can flatter ourselves that we do.

In short, what they add to our knowledge of gravity is very deceptive. The most reasonable of their statements, which are merely more or less crazy hypotheses, is that the forces of gravity, like the forces of inertia, are determined by the Space-Time distribution of matter in the universe.

This influence of the totality of matter scattered throughout the Cosmos as an explanation of the phenomenon of gravity and inertia is very convenient, a stroke of genious or a sheer platitude, since everything obviously depends upon what is in the whole, but it cannot be verified and leads nowhere, since we shall never know what is the totality of this matter.

The new law is essentially a mathematical victory. As Eddington says, it governs a geometric quantity, the curvature, whereas Newton's law governs a mechanical quantity, force. It would seem to establish the idea that the mind—if there is a mind—which presides over the destinies of the universe is not the mind of a mechanician, as in Newton's theory, but the mind of a mathematician or geometrist.

We do not yet know to what extent the equations of Einstein and his disciples correspond with reality. It is by no means proved, as they affirm, that gravity is a geometrical property of the universe. The weak point is that almost everything is based upon calculations, which are not necessarily based upon observations.

I may add that Einstein's cosmology has for some time been modified by a new cosmology whose first elements were expounded some fifteen years ago by Van Sitter of Leyden. Van Sitter's universe is at bottom merely another cosmological solution of Einstein's equations. This universe is empty and absolute time is absent from it. It is apparently similar to an Einsteinian universe, whose radius varied with time. In brief, it is rather a matter of mathematical pastimes and dissident equations whose formulae are too complicated to be mentioned here. At this point it is well to recall the words of Langevin, to wit, "science is nothing but common sense a little more advanced."

Such are a few of the principal points in the indictment and the essential arguments for the defense. Elsewhere, I am writing of them in much greater detail. These arguments do not conceal the weaknesses of the system. As for the arguments of attack, or for the prosecution, they would lead us too far into the most arid deserts of mathematics. It is, moreover, difficult to contradict or destroy what has only begun to exist. The texts are available. I am not qualified to take sides. It little matters who wins or loses, provided truth prevails.

The main point is the intangible dogma regarding the absolute constancy of the speed of light, a constancy which, as Lieutenant-Colonel Corps points out in his "Theories of Relativity," "has no other basis than the arbitrary determination of a fictitious local hour." In addition, there are the curvature of the Universe and of Time and the question of the ether, first denied, then partially re-established by Einstein, but admitted by most exponents of relativity.

To sum up finally, the problem is not ripe, and that is not surprising. The theory of Newton encountered the same resistance in the beginning, and it took more than two hundred and fifty years of observations and verifications to establish its infallibility definitely. The prodromes of relativity are scarcely half a century old. It would be wiser, therefore, to wait until it has, in its turn, stood the test of time and of innumerable observations, because only those facts which are the voice of Nature or the Universe can reveal and sanction the discoveries which it pretends to offer. (*Translated by Ernest Boyd.*)

Dining without Pain

Continued from page 113

and biscuits to riders who chance to pass your house returning from the hunt.

If yours is a non-sporting community or if you live in town, you may still entertain with buffet luncheons or suppers. Lots of hosts make a regular thing of Sunday night suppers of this order, and Sunday morning breakfasts, held at about one o'clock, are popular in many cities, the form of the hunt breakfast being followed.

If it happens that you have engaged professional entertainers for your guests, remember that these people are human and will appreciate food. It is not necessary to introduce professional entertainers to your guests unless they chance to be musicians or artists of considerable prominence with a concomitant social standing. Upon the other hand, even an accordion player takes nourishment and is not to be hustled supperless through the pantry and out the back door.

If you have a houseful of people, many of them unknown to one another, it is not required of you as a host to escort each new arrival from group to group performing introductions. It is your function to put people at their ease and this is not most happily accomplished by interrupting one conversation after another to present Mr. and Mrs. Throttlebottom or Dr. Blotz. Greet a guest with, "How do you do? It is pleasant that you could come." Engage him in a brief conversation and then take him to some group to whom he is known or to whom you can introduce him. Leave him alone, then, and do not bother him unless you observe that he is shy or for some other reason is having a dull time. Then try him on another group. Of course, if he's tongue-tied or just a retiring violet, or if he speaks nothing but Afghan dialects, you are up against it. Further advice from me will not help you out of this.

If your house is large enough you may give an informal dance after a buffet supper. It is not then essential to serve further food later in the evening, although if the party is a success and lasts into the small hours it may be advisable to offer your guests something ere they descend on your kitchen. This practice is to be discouraged if you have any regard for the feelings of your cook. If you have children of dancing age (and what age is not?), this is a good way to entertain for them. Substitute a cup of some sort, mildly alcoholic, for the harder liquor recommended for adult parties. This practice should keep at least half the boys and two-thirds of the girls in a state of comparative sobriety.

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Kittens Can Climb

Continued from page 82

So September began, which is the worst month of all, because all through it you are hoping for the heat to break, and your letters from home tell of the leaves turning. Gladys was with me almost half the time. Dick wrote to her at my address, because of the careless way they had of losing or just idly reading letters over at Farthing's. The gossip among my friends became juicier than ever. Her mother had a couple more rampages; Gladys came over bringing her book and a knick-knack; so it went. And it all seemed so useless. I started in several times to write Dick that I was tired of being a charitable ass, and that I was through with the whole business, but I figured I'd got myself in through my own fool fault, and I couldn't very well back out now. But there was no end in sight, and I was determined that it couldn't keep up indefinitely.

Then he wrote that his job was permanent, that he was starting at three hundred a month, and that shortly Gladys should come to Biloxi and they would be married. This put her into the seventh heaven, and relieved me more than a little. I hadn't thought Dick had that much staying power, he was a pleasant surprise, and I would be more than glad to know that the girl was out of Farthing's, and also out of my sight.

Well, she depended on me to arrange everything. She brought her clothing and possessions over piece-meal, and packed them at my house. I told her to wait until Dick sent definite word, but she wanted to be ready. I had to look up trains and find out about fares, and plan how to get her off without attracting attention. Yes, I thought, you're a kitten afraid of heights, and someone has to do everything for you. It's a wonder you don't let this fall out of your hands, too. I thanked God it was not I who was to marry her.

Then a week passed, and I got a letter from Dick. It was a bad letter, embarrassed, ashamed, weaseling. The very fact that he wrote it to me, and not to her, was sideways. He was going to the central publicity office in Chicago, he didn't know how long he'd stay there, he wasn't going to send for Gladys just yet, he wasn't this and that and the other thing, and here was twenty dollars to buy her a present. Well, I thought, here's one bit of hard luck she didn't make for herself. Of course I knew that the steady job and good pay, and the prospect of Chicago, had finally cleared the French Quarter-Bohemian atmosphere out of his mind, and he had simply seen the girl in clear perspective, but he made me sick.

Next time she came over I began putting it as gently as I could. She asked for the letter, read it, took the twenty dollars, and said she had to go now. No comment, no scene. I felt worse.

I worked at home the next morning, finishing a big oil study of work on the levee down by Chalmette. About ten o'clock the peace of a good job was broken by more and worse noise than I had ever heard before coming over from across the way. I'd heard plenty of rows going on there, but this was the king of them all, with Mrs. Farthing's voice running high and angry like a buzz-saw, someone saying "don't hit her," various people shouting, and a crash of something falling over. It was in the room next the balcony, I could tell. I knew I wanted to keep completely out of it, but for some reason I just had to see; I was afraid of something, I don't know what, and so I went across the roof again.

The old woman, about half drunk, had Gladys cornered and was calling her all the hard names there are. The girl's bright hair was fallen onto her shoulders, there was a scratch on her face, she was crying, and yet she didn't exactly look frightened, more desperate. A couple of boarders, a man and a woman, were timidly trying to pacify Mrs. Farthing from a distance. As far as I could make out from what was said, the trouble was partly over the twenty dollars Gladys had received, and spent, and partly because of some threat she made to go away. It was a nasty scene. Gladys kept saying,

"Let me go, Momma, let me go."

The old woman's torrent never ceased. She called her a prostitute, flat out and shorter than that, accused her of grafting and two-timing with Dick and me, and being too mean to come across with any of what she got to pay for her keep.

Gladys kept on saying "Let me go, Momma, let me go."

Her clear, childish voice beat against that stream and was swept away. Then she tried to duck past her mother, and Mrs. Farthing hit her on the side of the head and then reached for a bottle that was on the table. I let out a yell and jumped into the room.

"You keep out o' this, Mr. Brenton."

"Well now, Mrs. Farthing—"

She poured the enormous vials of her wrath upon me. I was struck speechless under it, it was a major phenomenon of nature, like Niagara Falls. All of a sudden she stopped and stared.

"My Gawd, Gladys!"

I turned. The girl had tried the jump from the balcony rail to the roof, and all but missed it, so that now she lay ludicrously on her stomach with her legs dangling, clawing at the slates. With a slowness that was choking to watch, she got onto her knees and stood up. I jumped across after her, and I didn't find it an easy jump. She said, "Don't touch me, don't touch me."

She walked like a stiff-jointed automaton, very straight, eyes fixed ahead, with no balancing. I followed close behind, but not as close as I should have liked to, for fear of disturbing her into falling. At the middle of the roof she stopped, said "Now," and dove, head-first onto the stone paved courtyard below.

I could hear Mrs. Farthing screaming. I looked down to where she lay, curled up, her hair spread around her head, with blood in it, the small hands that never got hold of anything relaxed. The old woman's useless screaming went on and on. I wanted to shout at her to shut up, to stop it, to let me understand. I could hear one of the boarders telephoning for an ambulance, in a flat, Cajun voice which trembled, and a woman saying, "Is she dead, sure enough?" Someone else was repeating, "My Gawd, my Gawd." They were beginning to be awfully sorry and tragic about it, and Mrs. Farthing's screams were slowly evolving into weeping.

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 136

soil. In a calm and sensitive prose, in which at every point the author gives evidence of a firm grasp of his material, he has created a teeming world concerning the lives of a small community. Romance, pathos, tragedy, humor, simplex and complex emotions play in and out of the pages of this moving masterpiece.

One of the neglected books of a high degree of excellence of 1930 is James M. Cain's *Our Government*, a series of realistico-satirical sketches showing the slip-shod, selfish, opportunistic and ignorant methods whereby legislation is effected and justice misdealt in our democracy. In his new novel, *The Postman Always Rings Twice* (Knopf, $2.) Mr. Cain's sinewy, taut-muscled, economical style is still in evidence and the yarn races through to its tragic end. A handsome young bum murders the proprietor of a hot-dog stand in order to possess his wife.

A sinister psychological quirk develops in both the wife and her lover whereby, in time, she knows he wants to murder her to get rid of her. This is handled with great skill. But the book is as sensational as a Hollywood gangster movie and full of the same faults. In fact it has too many old movie tricks in it, the kind that don't make sense. To mention one: a rat, who has got hold of the fake confession the wife made in an attempt to save her lover, comes to the hot-dog stand at night and says he wants fifty grand for the document, right away; he compromises on twenty-five, when it is figured out just how much the hot-dog stand proprietor could get on his property—and the cash is to be delivered the next morning! How in hell is anybody going to talk a banker into making a loan, get into a safety deposit box, raise $25,000 cash and drive back twenty miles in the country to deliver it by ten o'clock the next morning?

In a class with *Tristam Shandy* and Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* is Robert Cortes Holliday's erudite, discursive, and quaintly humorous *Unmentionables* (Long & Smith, $3.), a history of ladies' underwear through the ages. The scheme of the book gives Mr. Holliday an opportunity to pack history, anthropology, moral ideas, religious and social customs, pure nonsense and grave reflections into a most uncommon sort of book. In the same amiable and ambling essay style that made *Broome Street Straws* and *Walking Stick Papers* delightful books of light essays, *Unmentionables* is Mr. Holliday's more ambitious work. It is one of those curiosities of literature that should find many fanciers.

It is good news to me that Sterling North, Chicago publisher, is to reissue in one volume Henry Justin Smith's classics of the newspaper game, *Josslyn* and *Deadlines*. The first mentioned should be on any list of the minor masterpieces of American fiction.

Speaking of Chicago publishers, their ranks have thinned since the old days, although the Argus Book Shop has carried on with occasional and sometimes quixotic limited edition efforts.

Their discursive booklet, "Along the North Wall," deserves classification as a book rather than a catalog, since it contains many contributions from famous authors, discussing their own works. (Argus, 25c.)

The book to end all books of Brazilian adventure or jungle adventure of any sort is Peter Fleming's *Brazilian Adventure* (Scribner's $2.75). This is the story of a trip that began as a lark and it is related as a lark. Some young English chaps saw an advertisement in the agony column of a London newspaper of an exploring expedition, "under experienced guidance to explore rivers Central Brazil, if possible ascertain fate Colonel Fawcett; abundance game, big and small; exceptional fishing; room two more guns; highest references expected and given"; and joined up. They didn't find Colonel Fawcett but they had a swell time. Fleming tells the story of the trip in a light-hearted but very thorough manner.

San Francisco is one of the most enchanting towns in the world, civilized and in a beautiful setting. It has had colorful history from the days of its establishment as a Spanish port in the reign of Don Carlos III in 1775 to the visit of Jimmy Walker in an effort to free Tom Mooney. Charles Caldwell Dobie has told this story in the grand manner in *San Francisco: A Pageant* (Appleton-Century, $5). Mr. Dobie loves the city with a love that is smilingly indulgent toward the many absurdities of its special history and toward the activities of its buccaneers of finance and grab in the days of its most hectic development. His book gives me a nostalgia for days atop the hills overlooking the Golden Gate and nights in the restaurants in a city where good eating is not a lost art.

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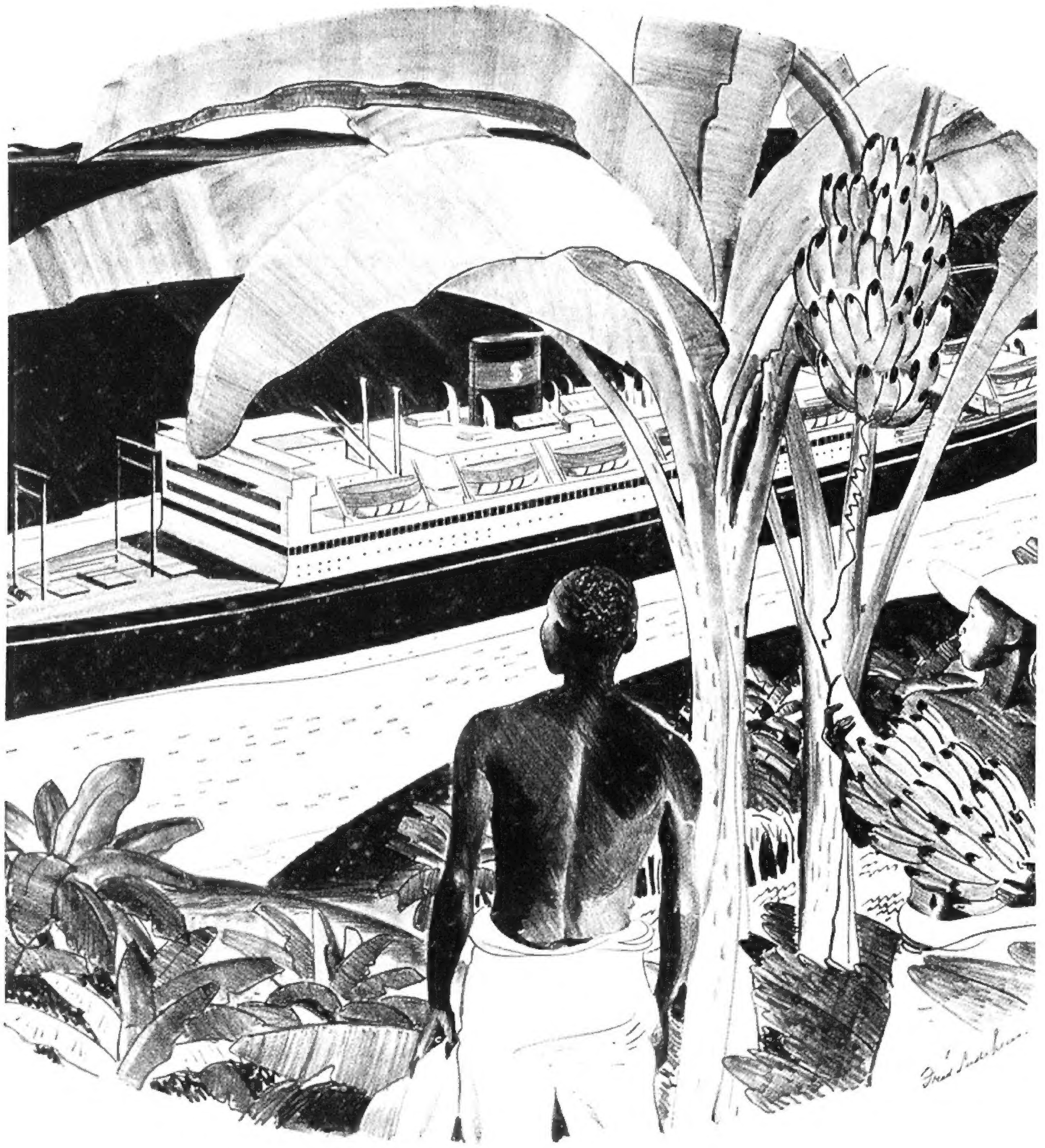

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Poor Man's Paradise

Continued from page 75

crescendo of *Hallelujah* each time. Those who have been unable to keep up with the words of the hymn now join in the shout of Hallelujah, and everybody claps hands and stomps to the beat of the music, thumpingly emphasized by Sister Platz.

Here and there the manifestations begin to break out. A woman starts squirming in her seat as if suddenly aware of sitting on an ant-hill. She throws herself about wildly, to the great discomfort of her less inspired neighbors, clasps her head between her hands and begins a weird ululation, her squirms constantly increasing in rapidity as her voice rises.

A man two rows ahead has been clapping his hands in a steady even beat. Now he doubles the time, then redoubles it, until finally his hands are beating with a machine-gun patter as he hunches himself up and down in his seat. Suddenly as the spasm started it stops and he sits with bowed head and eyes closed. After a few moments he repeats the strange procedure, seemingly oblivious of the stares of the ununderstanding.

As a fat woman and a little baldheaded shrimp get out in the aisle and begin bobbing up and down in a grotesque parody of a dancing position, Brother O'Neill raises his hand, Sister Platz stops her pounding, and the celebrants of salvation sit down again, limp and sweaty. Among the last shufflescuffling sounds made by the reseating of people in the close rows of camp chairs, there is a low sibilant moan, like the mixture of a sigh, a snore and a sob, from the sick one against the wall.

Now it's Brother O'Neill's turn to testify and he begins. His testimony quickly turns to preaching. He can't remember how sinful he once was without getting his dander up against all sin that has survived the day of his salvation. "They didn't ask me to preach," he says, "but I'm a'goin' right ahead anyhow." He says it again, very loudly. Again, in a veritable shriek.

"Don't think you can get by. Your sin will find you out. Lotta people kidding themselves these days. They think they can do as they please and fix it up with St. Peter later on. Mae Murray says, 'I'm no Angel,' and a lotta people following her example. Well, ol' Pete won't fool around with Mae Murray's gang; you can't go up to him and say 'I'm No Angel' . . ."

The faces up front are smug but blank at the mention of Mae Murray. From a few worldlings in the middle section, there are prompting whispers of "West! Mae West." From there back, the rest is titters.

"How 'bout it?" shouts Brother O'Neill, "are you one of Mae Murray's gang? Do you think you've been getting by with something? Well, then get up and say so—get washed in the blood of the lamb before it's too late—c'mon now, let's hear you."

This is the cue for ecstasy again. Shouts of "Thank you, Jesus" rise in a spontaneous chant, and the urge to sing and dance seems almost universal. Some get up and start to testify, not waiting for a chance to hold the floor alone, not caring whether their words are heard. But most get up to dance, to sing, to shout *Hallelujah*.

It's a great show and it goes on until almost morning. A great show, at any rate, for a free show.

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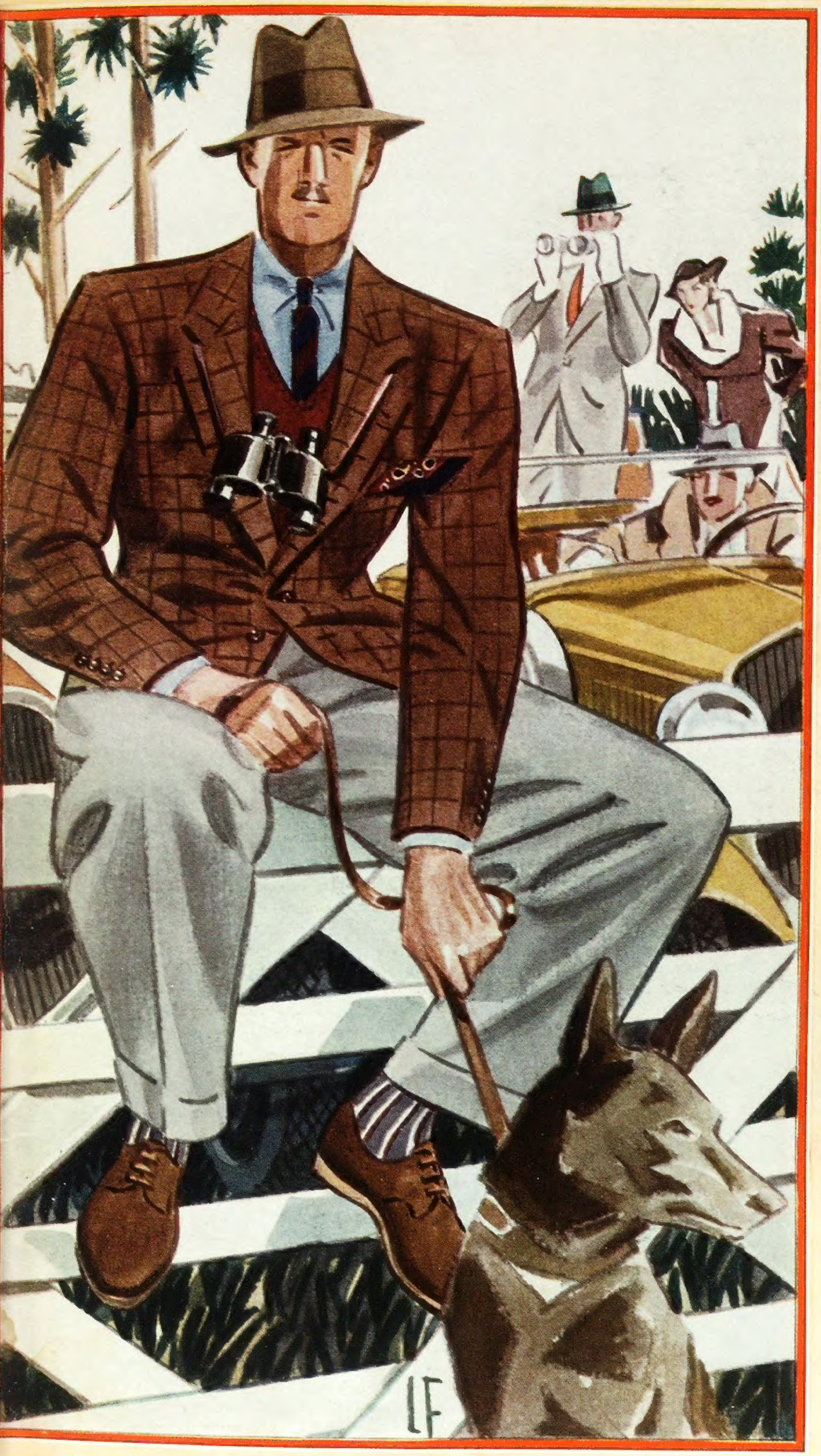

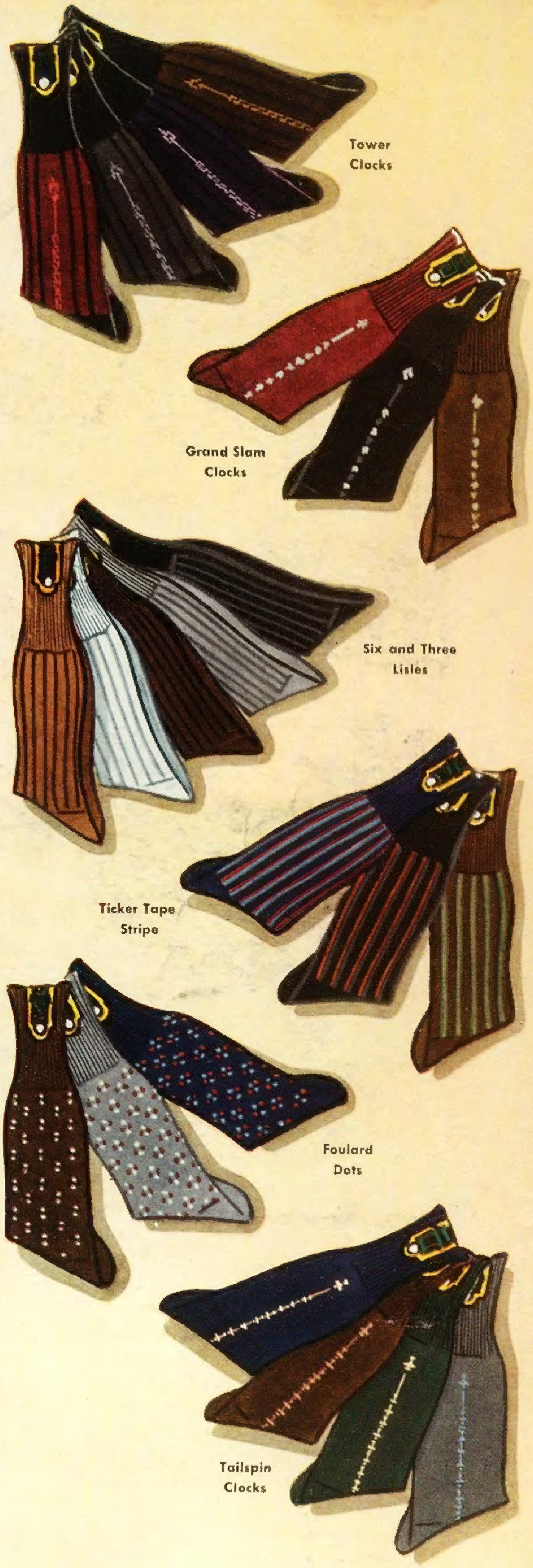
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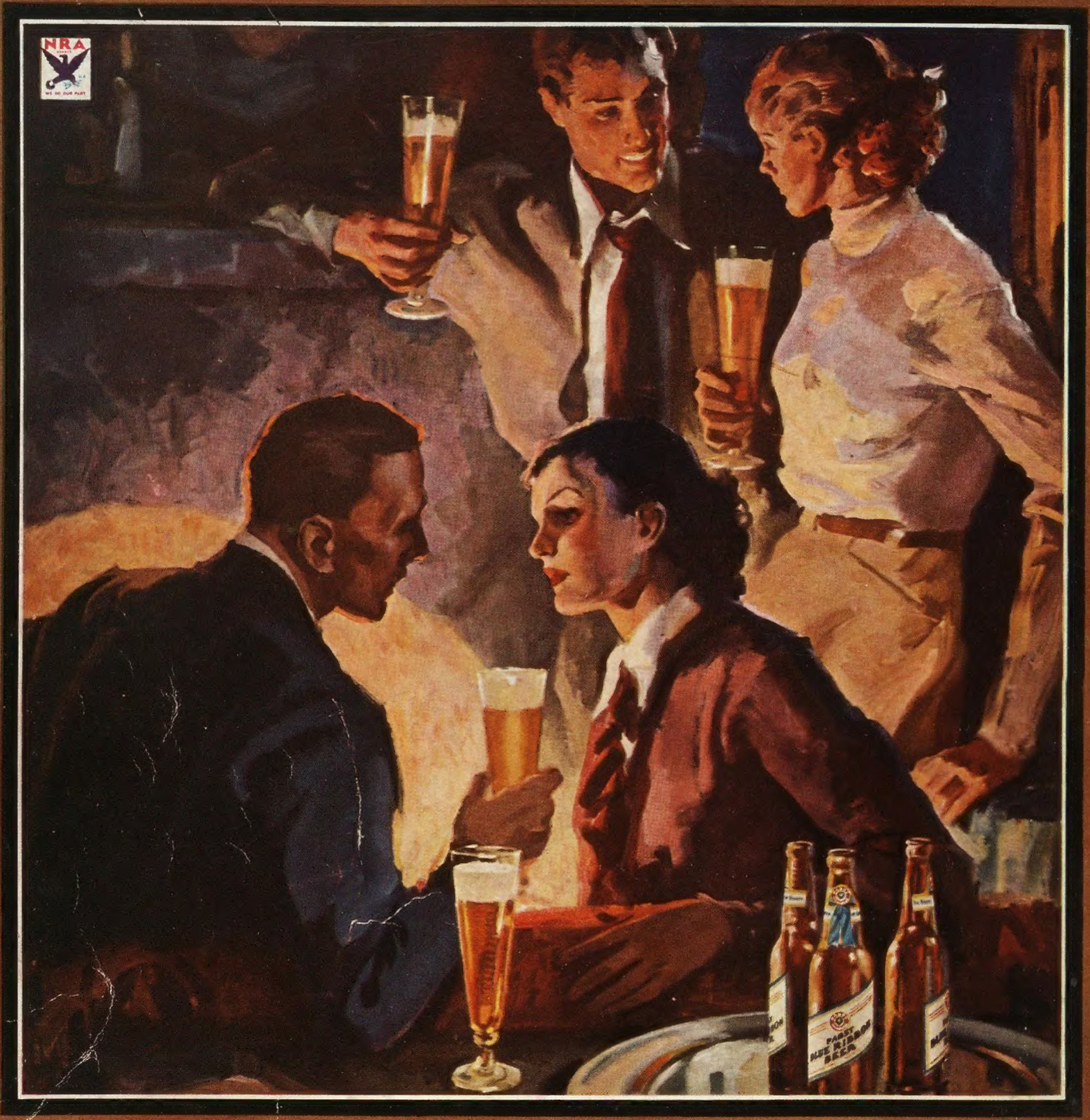
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WE DO OUR PART
PABST BLUE RIBBON BEER

GOOD BEER FOR GOOD FELLOWS

PABST BLUE RIBBON BEER

HOME from the ride to the cozy warmth of the cabin . . . a crackling log of flame and gold . . . good fellows . . . good beer . . . Pabst Blue Ribbon. Its full-bodied vigor and vibrant full strength are relished in town and country, wherever men and women work hard, play hard, and live life to the full. Blue Ribbon Beer responds to their most exacting demands. It will satisfy you too—completely.

PABST BLUE RIBBON BEER

Hear Ben Bernie on the Pabst Blue Ribbon Program every Tuesday Night. NBC Red Network

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